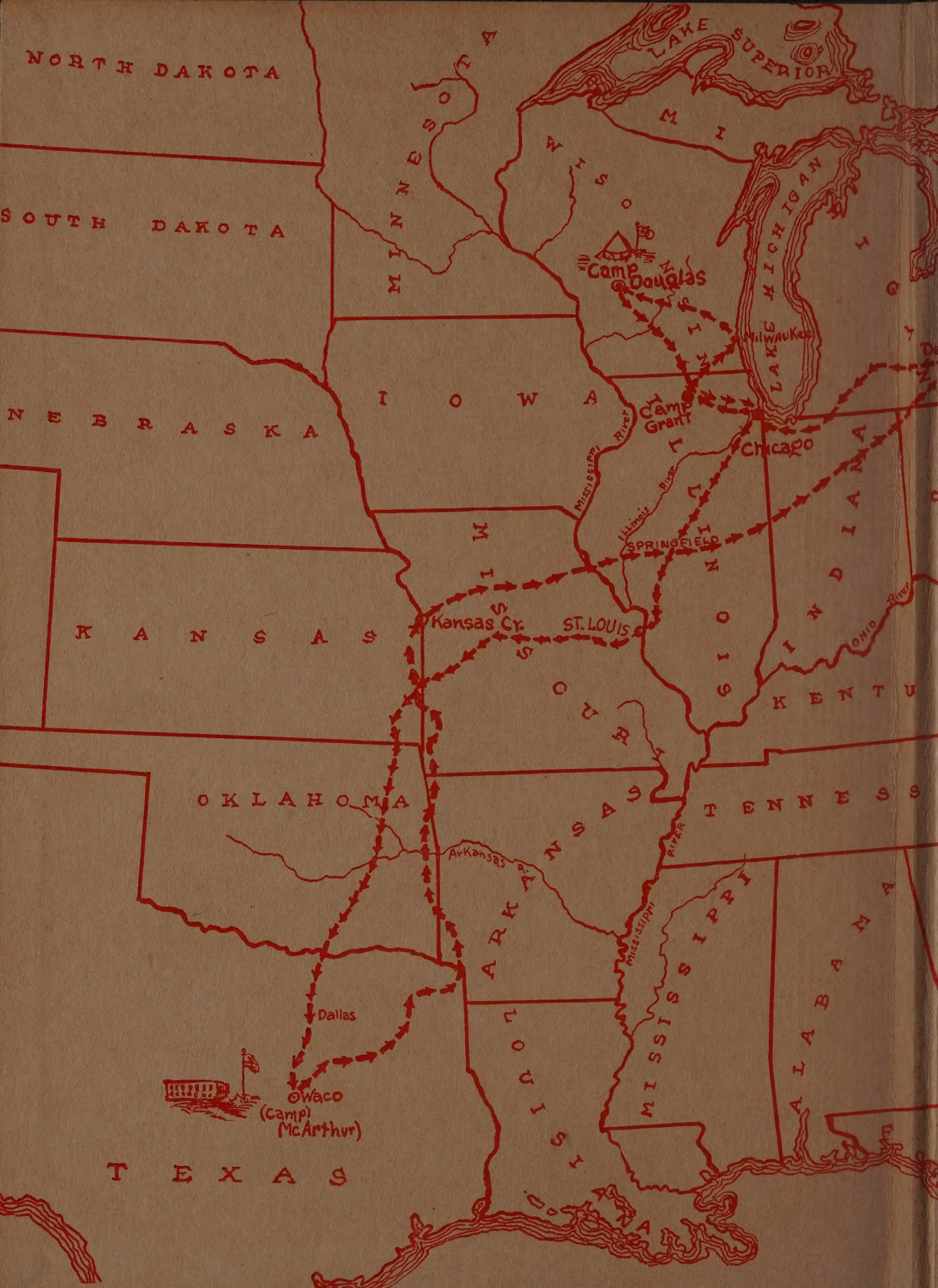
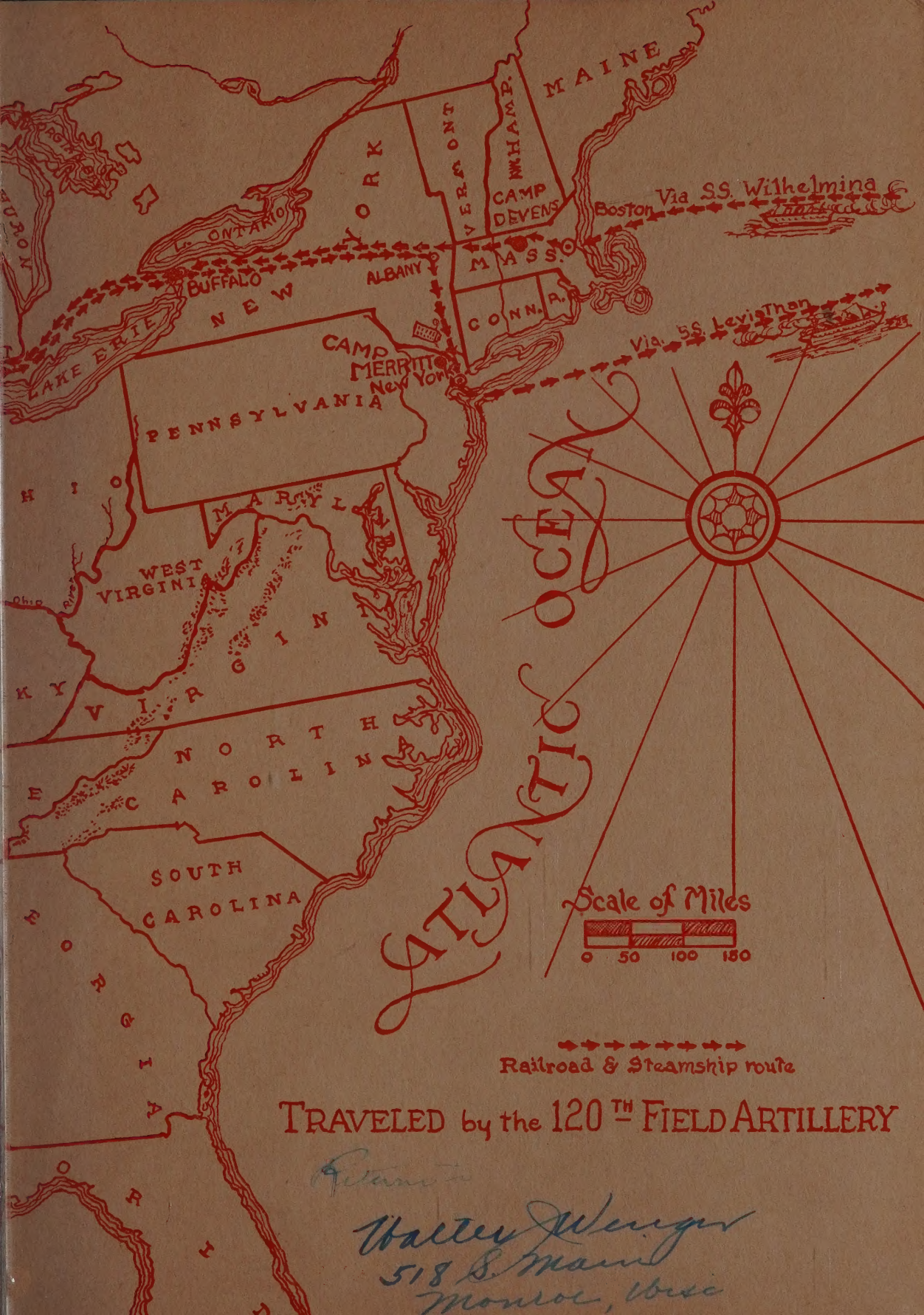
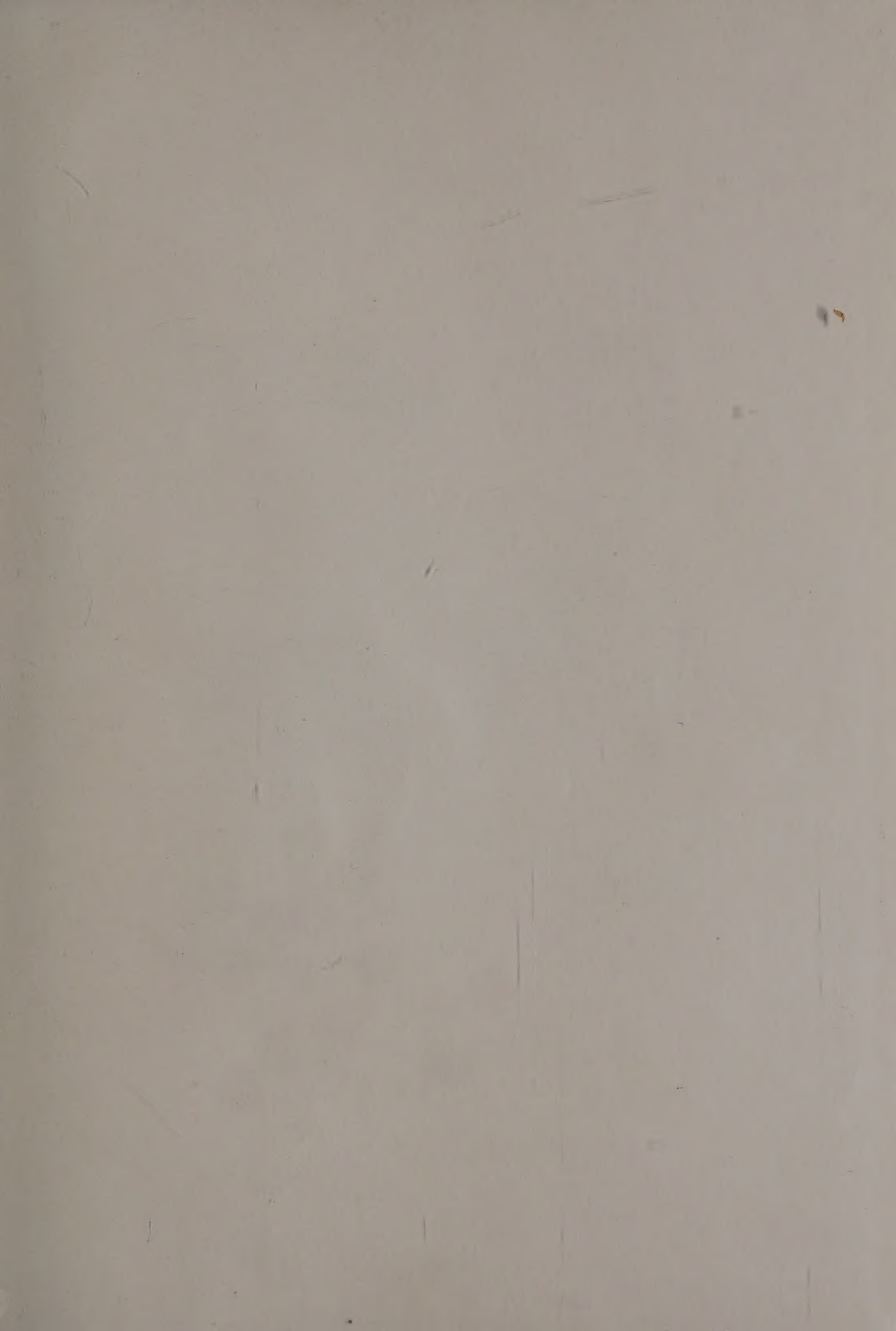






TRAVELED by the 120TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Return to
Walter Wenger
518 S. Main
Monroe, Wis.





Frederic Remondy's —
and my compliments to Group A 1st Cavalry 1898.

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By

CARL PENNER—FREDERIC SAMMOND

H. M. APPEL

Historical Committee

120th Field Artillery Association

Cover and Drawings

By

PETER ROTIER

Battery D, 120th Field Artillery

Publication Office

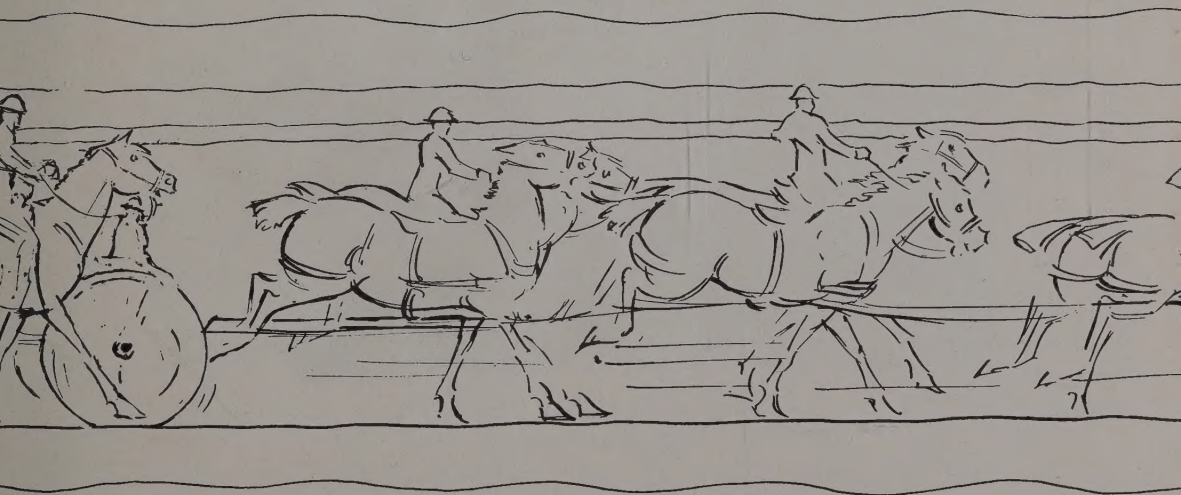
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The **120th.**
FIELD ARTILLERY
D I A R Y

1880-1919



Foreword

To write a history of the One Hundred Twentieth Field Artillery, by that name alone, would be to chronicle a period starting September 28th, 1917 and closing May 20th, 1919, for in that short space of time will be found the only official record of such a regiment. But with its Cavalry origin in 1880 and its successor regiments now proudly upholding the traditions of their sponsor, the organization by one name or another can look back on a span of over forty years.

This history is concerned mainly with the war years. Nevertheless, the task would not be complete, nor the picture intelligently presented without a brief survey of the longer though quieter periods of peace. With this end in view, "Chapter I, 'The Regiment before the war — 1880 to 1916' ", and Chapter III "The Regiment after the War — 1920 to 1923", have been included.

The interest of most readers of this volume, who are former members of the Regiment and their friends, is in the intimate daily life, the adventures, the tragedies large and small, and the comedies of soldier days. It is for this interest that the history is written, and it is on this account that we have chosen to devote the bulk of our pages to "The Diary". That chronicle is so close to our daily lives as they were, that while often presenting a clear view of a battle position or a billeting village, it shuts out the picture of the Regiment in its relation to its Division, its Army and the War. It is on this account that we have included Chapter II "The Regiment in the War — 1917-1919".

Men of the One Hundred Twentieth Field admit that there were other good regiments. Some outfits served by fighting often and hard. Others served only by training. Tasks in the war were a matter of luck. But if hard service, many battles, and a lively part in the war from start to finish is to be envied, then few regiments were luckier than ours.

The mark of a good regiment is its ability to succeed in its mission whatever its luck may bring it. And the fact that the "Hundred 'n twentieth", although always under a maximum demand, came forth from the war with a record of every mission accomplished and every task well done is what causes its members to be proud and its history to be written.

THE EDITORS.



COLONEL CARL PENNER
COMMANDING OFFICER, 120TH F. A.

Dedicated to Our Dead

THE UNRETURNING

On the Field of Honor in France tonight
You lie where the crosses are gleaming white,
And the fair moon shines, or the rain drops beat
On the scarlet poppies among the wheat.

Over the field you will hear no more
The screaming shell, or the cannon's roar.
Sweet you will sleep the young and brave
In the land that you gave your lives to save.

The unreturning, who come no more,
To the broken homes on the far off shore,
Where brave lips smile for your sake tonight
Though our hopes lie dead, 'neath your crosses white.

JULIETTE S. HARDING

*Mother of Lt. Stacy L. Harding
120th F. A., Killed in Action*

Antioch, California, March 6, 1920



MAJOR GENERAL HAAN
OUR DIVISION COMMANDER



Organizations to Which We Belonged

IN FRANCE

FIELD ARMIES

S. O. S.	March 12th	to June 6, 1918
VII French	June 7th	to July 22nd
Xth French	July 23rd	to July 27th
VI French	July 28th	to August 24th
X French	August 25th	to September 9th
II French	September 10th	to September 20th
1st U. S.	September 21st	to December 21st
2nd U. S.	December 22nd	to April 8th, 1919
S. O. S.	April 8th	to date of sailing.

ARMY CORPS

Base Section No. 3	March 12th	to March 19th, 1918
Base Section No. 4.	March 20th	to March 21st
Base Section No. 1	March 22nd	to June 7th
1st U. S.	March 22nd	to June 6th
40th French	June 7th	to July 22nd
5th U. S.	July 1st	to July 22nd
Xth French army	July 23rd	to July 27th
38th French	July 28th	to August 4th
3rd U. S.	August 5th	to August 24th
30th French	August 25th	to September 9th
II French army	September 10th	to September 20th
3rd U. S.	September 21st	to October 6th
5th U. S.	October 7th	to November 7th
No Corps	November 8th	to December 22nd
9th U. S.	December 22nd	to April 8th, 1919
Advance Sec. S. O. S.	April 8th	to date of sailing.

DIVISIONS

32nd U. S.	March 12th	to March 25th, 1918.
41st U. S.	March 26th	to June 6th
9th French	June 7th	to June 27th
53rd French	June 28th	to July 3rd
32nd U. S.	July 4th	to August 6th
Also to—Czecho-Slovak, Sengalese, French, 63rd U. S. Brigade during last mentioned period.		
28th U. S.	August 7th	to August 22nd
32nd U. S.	August 23rd	to September 1st
1st Moroccan	September 2nd	to September 6th
32nd U. S.	September 7th	to September 20th
79th U. S.	September 21st	to September 30th
3rd U. S.	October 1st	to October 6th
32nd U. S.	October 7th	to October 19th



89th U. S. October 20th to November 2nd
 32nd U. S. November 3rd to November 7th
 1st Army Artillery November 8th to November 16th
 40th U. S. November 17th to December 21st
 88th U. S. December 22nd to April 7th, 1919.
 32nd U. S. April 8th to date of sailing.

Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

American Expeditionary Forces

21 January 1919.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1

Pursuant to G. O. 4, c. s., G. H. Q. A. E. F., the following official list of sectors and actions in which this regiment engaged, is published.

Haute Alsace Sector 9 June—22 July 1918.
 Aisne-Marne Offensive 1 August—6 August 1918.
 Fismes Sector 7 August—22 August 1918.
 Oise-Aisne Offensive 28 August—6 September 1918.
 Avécourt Sector 22 September—25 September 1918.
 Meuse-Argonne Offensive 26 September—2 November 1918.

The above list, or such part of it as affects individuals, will be entered in the service record of enlisted men in this regiment.

By order of Colonel Penner:

CHARLES F. SAMMOND,

Captain, 120th Field Artillery
 Adjutant

(SEAL)

Citations

From 57th Brigade Hq. to 120th F. A. December 20, 1917.
 From 57th Brigade Hq. to 120th F. A. August 13, 1918.
 From 57th Brigade Hq. to 120th F. A. October 30, 1918.
 From 5th Army Corps to 57th Brigade, Gen. Summerral, October 30 1918.
 From Chief of Artillery to 57th Brig., Gen. Aultman, Oct. 30, 1918.
 From 5th Army Corps to Army Artillery, Gen. Summerral, Nov. 2, 1918.
 From 89th Div. Hq. to 57th F. A., Gen. Wright, Nov. 7, 1918.
 From Chief Army Art. to 57th F. A., Gen. McLachlin, Nov. 1, 1918.
 From General Haan to 32nd Div., Gen. Haan, August 6, 1918.
 From General Haan to 32nd Div., Gen. Haan, August 30th, 1918.
 From French to 32nd-40th Army Corp, Gen. Paulinier, July 8, 1918.
 From French 6th Army Commander, Gen. de Goutte, August 9, 1918.
 From French 38th Army Corps, Gen. de Mondesir, August 18, 1918.
 From 30th Corps, French Xth Army, Gen. Mangin, Sept. 7, 1918.
 From G. H. Q. to 32nd Division, Gen. Pershing, August 28, 1918.
 From G. H. Q. to 32nd Division, Gen. Pershing, Dec. 19, 1918.



Fire of The 120th F. A.

Alsace Sector	Rounds	2851	High Explosive
	Rounds	209	Gas
	Rounds	343	Shrapnel
Vesle Sector	Rounds	8576	High Explosive
Soissons Sector	Rounds	10028	High Explosive
	Rounds	1639	Gas
	Rounds	30570	High Explosive
Argonne Sector	Rounds	1376	Gas
	Rounds	896	Shrapnel

56488

Note: Army records show that our Brigade, the 57th F. A., fired more rounds than any other American Brigade; well over half a million shells thrown at the enemy.

Hq. 120th F. A. Am. E. F., APO 795, France, 1 March 1919, To Commanding General GHQ AEF.

1. Code names were used as follows:

Regimental Headquarters

June 9 to July 22	"Bayard F"
Aug. 1 to Aug. 5	"Hornet"
Aug. 5 to Sept. 8	"La Crosse"
Sept. 10 to Sept. 20	"Thomas"
Sept. 20 to Oct. 20	"Inject"

Headquarters 1st. Battalion

June 9 to July 22	"Bayonne F"
Aug. 1 to Aug. 5	"Bumble Bee"
Aug. 5 to Aug. 15	"Pink"
Aug. 15 to Sept. 8	"Elkhart"
Sept. 10 to Sept. 20	"Thomas"
Sept. 20 to Oct. 20	"Injector"
Oct. 20 to Nov. 11	"Folio 51"

Battery "A"

July 9 to July 22	"Vautour"
Aug. 1 to Nov. 11	"Swift"

Battery "B"

June 9 to July 22	"Bordeaux"
Aug. 1 to Nov. 11	"Kicky"

Battery "C"

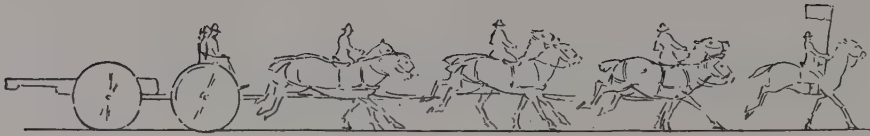
June 9 to Nov. 11	"Nancy"
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Our Casualties

<i>Killed in Action</i>		<i>Date of Death</i> 1918	
Conley, Earl J.	1cl Pvt.	By A	6 Aug.
Tanner, Harold E.	1cl Pvt.	By A	6 Aug.
Tallroth, Leo	1cl Pvt.	By B	7 Aug.
Cameron, Fred L.	1cl Pvt.	By A	14 Aug.
Wallber, Hilbert C.	1st Lieut.	By C	19 Aug.
Cudworth, Alonzo R.	Corp.	By C	29 Aug.
Ryan, Arthur	1cl Pvt.	By C	29 Aug.
Van Eimeren, Everhart	1cl Pvt.	By C	29 Aug.
Germershausen, Leo J.	1cl Pvt.	By A	3 Sept.
McHugh, Kenneth L.	Corp.	By A	4 Oct.
Harding, Stacy L.	2nd Lieut.	By B	11 Oct.
Weigell, Carl	Sgt.	By A	15 Oct.

<i>Died of Wounds</i>		<i>Date Wounded</i> 1918	
Kerlin, Arthur A.	Pvt.	By B	5 Aug.
Ethier, Alfred	Corp.	By A	6 Aug.
Kunkel, Frank	1cl Pvt.	By A	6 Aug.
Slaney, Maurice	1cl Pvt.	By A	6 Aug.
Hagerstrom, Charles R.	Pvt.	By B	7 Aug.
Porte, Alex	1cl Pvt.	By A	3 Sept.
Reiff, Myron	Sgt.	By A	3 Sept.
Harris, George W.	2nd Lieut.	By A	7 Oct.
Perryman, Fred.	Pvt.	By B	17 Oct.
Card, Glen H.	1cl Pvt.	By C	29 Oct.
Paulson, Otto A.	Pvt.	By C	29 Oct.
Melvin, Frank	Cook	By C	31 Oct.



Wounded

105 Men from the Regiment

Other Deaths

Le Baron, Paul K.	2nd Lieut.	Sup. Co.
McElderry, Aug. B.	2nd Lieut.	By C
Arnett, George	Pvt.	By E
Bates, Clarence F.	Pvt.	By C
Bissonnette, Harold F.	Corp.	By C
Brown, James A. E.	Pvt.	By A
Casper, Orvel N.	Pvt.	Med. Dept.
Crain, Albert	Pvt.	By C
Euper, Clarence A.	Pvt.	By C
Harris, Walter S.	Pvt.	By A
Hilferink, Hubert	Pvt.	Sup. Co.
Hollenberger, Floyd	Wag.	Sup. Co.
Johnson, Victor E.	Pvt.	By B
Kelly, Harry E.	1cl Pvt.	By F
Kresen, Frank A.	Corp.	By F
Kujuwa, Walter	Pvt.	Med. Dept.
Loftus, Glen E.	Pvt.	By C
Ludvigson, Earl	Wag.	Sup. Co.
Millar, James	Wag.	Sup. Co.
Morgan, Earnest P.	Pvt.	Sup. Co.
Myers, Carl J.	Pvt.	By D
Nehring, Wm. G.	Pvt.	By F
Quigg, Charles	Stab. Sgt.	By C
Sarazen, Aleck	Pvt.	By C
Schmitt, Peter D.	Pvt.	By F
Shaw, Robert C.	Pvt.	By B
Smith, Robert	1cl Pvt.	By F
Sproul, Harold J.	Pvt.	By B
Wilkins, Geo. A.	1cl Pvt.	Med. Dept.
Williams, Franklin C.	Sgt.	By C
Wright, Walker	Pvt.	By C

Many others have died since muster out of service.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

American Expeditionary Forces

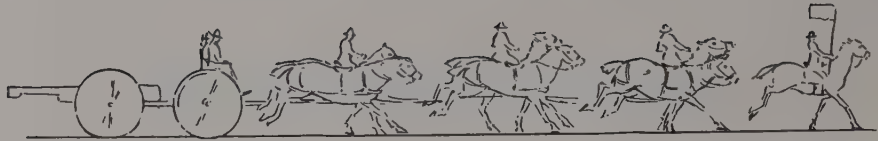
SPECIAL ORDER No. 176

16 September 1918.

EXTRACT

2. Pursuant to Par. 7, Section I, G. O. 110, c. s., G. H. Q., A. E. F., the following named officers and enlisted men in this organization are authorized to wear one Wound Chevron, they having been wounded in action with the enemy —

Name	Number	Place
Swift, James G.	Battery A Captain 4 Sept/18	Juvigny
Martin, William G.	Battery A 2nd Lt. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Little, Harold O.	Battery A 2nd Lt. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Headquarters Co.		
Zieman, Albert	2302110 Corp. 14 Aug/18	Courville
Prescott, Floyd	2302159 Corp. 14 Aug/18	Courville
Biwan, Joseph	2302111 Pvt. 1cl. 6 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Supply Co.		
Kohberg, Mathew	2302191 Wagoner 12 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Graunke, William	2302235 Wagoner 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Medical Det.		
Walsh, Raymond J.	2303319 Pvt. 1cl. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Rice, William H.	938710 Pvt. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Battery A		
Englehardt, William F.	2302275 Sgt. 8 July/18	Bourbach le Das
Hughes, Charles	2302278 Sgt. 29 Aug/18	Near Tartiers
Holt, Frank M.	2302277 Sgt. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Jackson, Benjamin F.	2302302 Sgt. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Jones, Charles J.	2302286 Sgt. 20 Aug/18	Courville
Reiff, Myron J.	2302801 Sgt. 2 Sept/18	Juvigny
Hayes, Daniel J.	2302314 Corp. 20 Aug/18	Courville
Dickens, Riddell	2302302 Corp. 20 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Toupal, Adolph C.	2302401 Corp. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Bougey, Quincy B.	2302332 Corp. 5 Aug/18	Courville
Hamilton, Donald	2302285 Corp. 20 Aug/18	Courville
Miller, Earl A.	2302258 Corp. 20 Aug/18	Courville
Stemper, Henry F.	2302323 Corp. 20 Aug/18	Courville
Kreuger, Harry	2302272 Corp. 20 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Bohn, Frank P.	2302295 Corp. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Bronkalla, Martin J.	2302336 Mec. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Brunette, Robert	2302336 Pvt. 1cl. 5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Clark, Elmer F.	2302338 Pvt. 5 Aug/18	Courville
Frick, Warren K.	2314357 Pvt. 1cl. 20 Aug/18	Courville
Goetz, Anton P.	2302352 Pvt. 1cl. 14 Aug/18	Courville
Kunkel, Frank, Jr.	2302316 Pvt. 1cl. 20 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Leverenz, Elmer F.	2302367 Pvt. 5 Aug/18	Courville
Porte, Alex	2302383 Pvt. 1cl. 20 Aug/18	Juvigny
Murphy, Max	2302319 Pvt. 1cl. 2 Sept/18	Courville



Sampson, Lloyd	2302387	Pvt. 1cl.	14 Aug/18	Courville
Smith, Don D.	2302322	Pvt. 1cl.	20 Aug/18	Courville
Woodruff, William B.	2302263	Pvt. 1cl.	20 Aug/18	Courville
Barnes, Francis	2302330	Pvt. 1cl.	20 Aug/18	Near Juvigny
Cousins, Leslie	Unknown	Pvt.	1 Sept/18	Juvigny
Egan, Edward J.	2302283	Pvt.	4 Sept/18	Juvigny
Humphrey, Fred E.	1432375	Pvt.	2 Sept/18	Juvigny
Krzykwa, Joseph	254680	Pvt.	2 Sept/18	St. Gilles
McDonald, Charles W.	2302370	Pvt.	6 Aug/18	Courville
Muschinsky, Joseph	2302376	Pvt.	20 Aug/18	Near Tartiers
Obey, Charles	2302377	Pvt.	29 Aug/18	Near Juvigny
Wedler, Fred	2302407	Pvt.	2 Sept/18	Near Tartiers
Wickberg, Albert	2302410	Pvt.	29 Aug/18	Near Tartiers
Farrell, Leo M.	1982959	Pvt.	29 Aug/18	Near Bieuxy
Battery B				
Cline, Reginald F.	2302448	Pvt.	30 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Golgonski, Albert W.	2302471	Corp.	7 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Pendergast, William E.	2302568	Mec.	5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Harroun, Frank	2302532	Mec.	5 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Tupper, Elmore M.	2302504	Pvt. 1cl.	7 Aug/18	St. Gilles
La Vigne, George H.	2302552	Pvt. 1cl.	7 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Gregory, John E.	1600874	Pvt. 1cl.	5 Aug/18	Juvigny
Walker, Vincent	2302505	Pvt. 1cl.	2 Sept/18	St. Gilles
Head, Kenneth L.	2302486	Pvt. 1cl.	11 Aug/18	Soppe Le Haute
Kearney, Matthew F.	2302546	Pvt.	16 June/18	St. Gilles
Koch, Fred J.	2302547	Pvt.	11 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Halsey, Horace M.	2302530	Pvt.	7 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Moore, James	2302496	Pvt.	7 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Battery C				
Singer, Michael T.	2302677	Pvt.	7 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Mueller, Arthur J.	2302613	Pvt. 1cl.	8 Aug/18	Courville
Higgins, Joseph J.	2302631	Sgt.	19 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Wussow, Ray J.	2302636	Sgt.	3 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Malone, Thomas J.	2302634	Corp.	5 Aug/18	Tartiers
Quinn, Bernard	2302674	Corp.	29 Aug/18	St. Gilles
Morisse, Robert	2297917	Pvt. 1cl.	7 Aug/18	Courville
Dusty, Earl N.	2302662	Pvt. 1cl.	16 Aug/18	Courville
Lockin, Howard W.	2302729	Pvt. 1cl.	18 Aug/18	Tartiers
Adams, Fred L.	1600857	Pvt. 1cl.	29 Aug/18	Tartiers
Travis, James E.	2356923	Pvt. 1cl.	29 Aug/18	Juvigny
Riebs, Louis R. Jr.	No Number	Pvt. 1cl.	3 Sept/18	Juvigny
Carver, Vincent	2302698	Pvt. 1cl.	3 Sept/18	Courville
Buchanan, Culver	1434954	Pvt.	17 Aug/18	Bieuxy
Gladfelter, George W.	2302649	Pvt.	1 Sept/18	Juvigny
Goodman, Hugo W.	2302668	Pvt.	3 Sept/18	Tartiers

3. Private 1st Class Theodore Janssen, Jr., No. 2302357, Battery A, 120th Field Artillery, having been wounded 5 August 1918, at St. Gilles and 2 September 1918, at Juvigny, is authorized to wear two Wound Chevrons.



SPECIAL ORDERS

No. 211.

28th November 1918

EXTRACT

1. Pursuant to Par. 7, Section I, G. O. 110, c. s., G. H. Q., A. E. F., the following named officers and enlisted men in this organization are authorized to wear one wound chevron, they having been wounded in action with the enemy —

Name	Number	Date	Date 1918	Place
Sheean, Joseph	Hqtrs. Co.	1st Lt.	17 Oct.	Near Epinonville
Harris, George	Battery A	2nd Lt.	7 Oct.	Near Gesnes
Pruett, Eugene F.	Battery C	2nd Lt.	27 Oct.	Near Gesnes

Headquarters Company

Quillen, Albert	2302161	Pvt.	11 Oct.	Near Malancourt
Smith, Karl K.	2302125	Pvt. 4cl.	27 Sept.	Fayel Farm
DeRuyter Cornelius	2357347	Corp.	3 Oct.	Near Gesnes
Strobele, John	213667	Corp.	14 Oct.	Near Fayel Farm

Battery A

Brandt, Richard W.	2303217	Bugler	4 Oct.	Near Fayel Farm
Sporisky, Walter W.	2302393	Pvt.	3 Oct.	Near Fayel Farm
Brill, Lawrence A.	2302335	Pvt.	3 Oct.	Near Epinonville
Mooney, Edward J.	2260800	Pvt.	16 Oct.	Cierges

Battery B

Hearn, Clifford W.	3362268	Pvt.	5 Oct.	Cierges
Slocum, Burl	2302462	Pvt.	5 Oct.	Near Gesnes
Prescott, Leon	388949	Mec.	14 Oct.	Near Gesnes
Murphy, James	3360374	Pvt.	14 Oct.	Near Epinonville
Nordin, Sigurd O.	2302470	Hs.	16 Oct.	Near Very
Monroe, John W.	2356829	Pvt.	17 Oct.	Near Gesnes
Dickman, Henry J.	3362175	Pvt.	17 Oct.	Courville

Battery C

Norris, Richard H.	2302619	Sgt.	17 Aug.	Near Romagne
Cramer, Lawrence W.	2302701	Corp.	28 Oct.	Near Romagne
McFadzen, Donald A.	2356940	Corp.	28 Oct.	Near Romagne
Melvin, Frank	3358686	Cook	31 Oct.	Near Romagne
Card, Glen H.	2302656	Pvt. 1cl.	28 Oct.	Near Romagne
Pearl, Atwood	2302740	Pvt. 1cl.	1 Nov.	
Paulson, Otto A.	997313	Pvt.	28 Oct.	Near Bois de Gesnes
McClasky, Robert J.	3359318	Pvt. 1cl.	28 Oct.	Near Bois de Gesnes

2 Captain James G. Swift, Battery "A", 120th Field Artillery, having been wounded 4th September 1918 at Juvigny, and 7th October 1918 near Epinonville, is authorized to wear two wound chevrons.

NOTE—These two orders may not cover all men wounded.

Sheet No. 1

Form Special S. D. Sta.

STATION LIST OF UNIT SINCE ARRIVAL IN THE AMERICAN E. F.

Unit 120th Field Artillery Company Headquarters Co Arrived (England) 12 Mar/18
 (Regt., Separate Bn., etc.)
 On Transport USS Leviathan At Liverpool
 (Port of Debarcation.) A. O. PRINTING DEPT., G. H. Q. A. E. F., 1918.

STATION (Give nearest Town and Department)	ARRIVED (Date)	LEFT (Date)	AUTHORITY	ATTACHED OR ASSIGNED TO	DETACHMENTS STATIONED AT
Winchester England	15 Mar/18	18 Mar/18	Memo Hq US Tr 17 Mar 1918	120th FA	St Nazaire
LeHavre, Seine Inferieure	20 Mar/18	21 Mar/18	VO Camp C O	120th FA	St Nazaire
Coetquidan Morbihan	23 Mar/18	6 Jun/18	Memo Hq 57FA Brig 5 June/18	120th FA	St Nazaire
Anjoutey, Belfort	9 June/18	23 July/18	FO #3 Hq 57 FA Brig 21 July 18	120th FA	Saumur Troyes
Pont St Maxence Oise	24 July/18	27 July/18	Memo Hq 57 FA Brig 27 July 19	120 FA	Saumur
Epieds, Aisne	31 July/18	3 Aug/18	VO Brig CO	120 FA	Saumur
Cierges, Aisne	3 Aug/18	26 Aug/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Pierre Fondes, A Oise	26 Aug/18	28 Aug/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Berry Aisne	28 Aug/18	6 S ept/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur

To be rendered by headquarters (F. & S.) and by companies, batteries, other independent units. Headquarters will collect reports for all units serving with it at present. All other detachments will forward their report to the Statistical Officers of the Division, Corps, Army, or sections of the S. O. S. in which they are serving. These reports will be forwarded to Statistical Officers in triplicate, one copy to be retained and two to be forwarded to the Statistical Division, A. O. O., G. H. Q.

Sheet No 2

Form Special S. D. Sta.

STATION LIST OF UNIT SINCE ARRIVAL IN THE AMERICAN E. F.

Unit 120th Field Artillery Company Headquarters Arrived (England) 12 Mar/18
 (Regt., Separate Bn., etc.)
 On Transport USS Leviathan At Liverpool
 (Port of Debarcation.) A. O. PRINTING DEPT., G. H. Q. A. E. F., 1918.

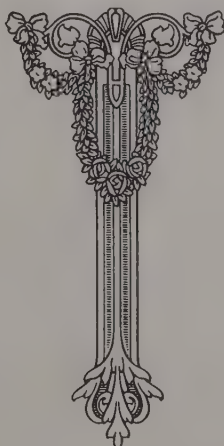
STATION (Give nearest Town and Department)	ARRIVED (Date)	LEFT (Date)	AUTHORITY	ATTACHED OR ASSIGNED TO	DETACHMENTS STATIONED AT
Pierrfonds Oise	6 Sept/18	9 Sept/18	FO #56 Hq 32 Div 9 Sep/18	120 FA	Saumur
Wassy, Haute Marne	10 Sept/18	17 Sept/18	FO #58 Hq 32 Div 17 Sep-18	120 FA	Saumur
Dombasle, Meuse	23 Sept/18	29 Sept/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Montfaucon Meuse	30 Sept/18	8 Oct/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Cheppy Meuse	8 Oct/18	23 Oct/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Epinonville, Meuse	23 Oct/18	9 Nov/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Brocourt, Meuse	9 Nov/18	16 Nov/18	Memo Hq 57FA Brig 15 Nov-18	120 FA	Saumur
Beurey, Meuse	21 Nov/18	21 Nov/18	VORC	120 FA	Saumur
Couvonges, Meuse	21 Nov/18	21 Dec/18	Memo No80 57 FA Brig 13-Dec-18	120FA	Saumur
Badonvilliers Meuse	23 Dec/18	15 Apr/19	Ent O #1 57 FA Brig 6 Apr-19	120th F.A.	

To be rendered by headquarters (F. & S.) and by companies, batteries, other independent units. Headquarters will collect reports for all units serving with it at present. All other detachments will forward their report to the Statistical Officers of the Division, Corps, Army, or sections of the S. O. S. in which they are serving. These reports will be forwarded to Statistical Officers in triplicate, one copy to be retained and two to be forwarded to the Statistical Division, A. O. O., G. H. Q.

The Regiment Before the World War

1880 - 1916

By General John G. Salsman
Former Adjutant General State of Wisconsin, and
Captain of Troop "A," 1st Wis. Cav., 1892-1894





The Regiment Before the War

1880 - 1916

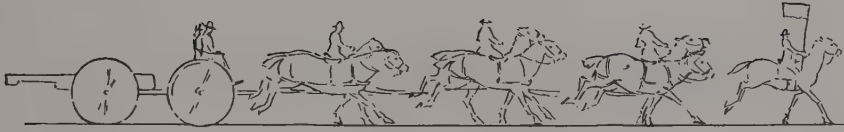
The original cavalry organization of the Wisconsin National Guard, The Light Horse Squadron, stationed in Milwaukee, owed its inception in 1880 to the necessity of preparing some sort of an organization available for duty as escort, to the prominent officers of the Civil War who were expected to visit Milwaukee as guests of the City during the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in June of that year. Prompted by this purpose, a party of active business men of the City, fond of horsemanship, assembled for the purpose of perfecting such an organization. Meeting with a most favorable response among men suitable and available for such duty, it was resolved, in order to perfect a troop to last and be available for other duty later, that application be made to the military authorities of the State for muster into the service of the State as a troop of cavalry. This application was granted, and on April 6, 1880, sixty-five applicants were mustered into service by General Edwin E. Bryant, the Adjutant General of the State. Among the number were several who had been officers and enlisted men in the service of the United States during the Civil War, thus affording a corps of instructors who in the shortest possible time brought the new troop into shape for duty. The official designation of the troop was The Light Horse Squadron, Wisconsin National Guard.

The first officers elected were:

CAPTAIN	Robert Hill
FIRST LIEUTENANT	Albert Blatz
SECOND LIEUTENANT	George W. Peck
SURGEON	Dr. C. D. Stanhope
CHAPLAIN	Rev. G. E. Gordon
VETERINARY SURGEON	Dr. W. M. Ormond
FIRST SERGEANT	W. E. Beacham

The new troop began training at once, under the instruction of these experienced officers and during the five days of the G. A. R. Encampment in June, were on constant duty, acting as escorts to Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hamilton, and other famous officers of the War, and with the other organizations of the National Guard acted as escort to the Grand Parade, and were accorded the highest praise for their soldierly appearance and attention to duty. At this time all the members of the Troop were obliged to furnish their own mounts, the State furnishing the arms, horse equipment and ammunition, a small allowance for armory rent, and subsistence at camp.

In 1881, Captain Hill removed to Chicago and severed his connection with the Squadron. William A. Collins, who had been Adjutant of the 10th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, Infantry, during the Civil War, was selected to fill the vacancy, with George W. Peck as First Lieutenant and George B. Van Norman as Second Lieutenant. At this time, the officers experienced difficulty in keeping the men to their military work, and were harassed with requests for discharges, as the older set of men could not with convenience give the time required to military duty. It was therefore



decided to attempt a reorganization on younger lines, so as to bring the troop to a higher military standard. The officers resigned for this purpose and George J. Schoeffel was unanimously elected captain, with C. H. M. Tobey and M. C. Goucher as First and Second Lieutenants. Lieutenant Tobey removing to Chicago and Lieutenant Goucher being called by death in September 1882, their places were filled by Frank W. Montgomery as First Lieutenant and Jacob Knoernschild as Second Lieutenant.

It was realized that the first necessity for the future maintenance of the Troop was a proper armory where there would be sufficient room for the stabling of horses, the care of the equipment, ample room for drill mounted and dismounted, proper rooms for assembly, and for individual lockers of the men. As the first venture to procure funds necessary for such a project, plans were laid out for a ball on a magnificent scale at the Exposition building. The building was beautifully decorated and this first ball was one of the greatest social successes ever held in Milwaukee, and yielded the first resources toward the erection of the Armory.

Another enterprise was the management of a week's military camp at Cold Spring Park in the summer of 1884 at which camp the entire National Guard of the State were for the first time brought together. The camp was conducted on strict military principles, and the exhibitions were in the nature of prize drills. Among the companies in attendance were the then famous Detroit Greys. There were sham battles and all the other military exercises. Thousands of visitors were present from all over the State, and another addition was made to the Armory fund.

The Troop was permitted to attend the national encampment at Dubuque, Iowa, held in 1884, and in the cavalry competition won first place over the St. Louis Light Cavalry, bringing home a bronze trophy, the design of which in miniature became the Troop emblem. The Troop also won a sum of money which was held up as the first prize, and which also added to the Armory fund. In the same summer the Troop had the pleasure of entertaining the Macon Volunteers, an infantry company of the Georgia National Guard, which was one of the celebrated military organizations of the country.

During this time the Troop had bought the property on Broadway near Oneida Street, which is now site of the Milwaukee Police Station. The Wisconsin Legislation passed a law authorizing a loan of \$30,000.00 to the Troop and with funds realized from the various ventures and with contributions by individual Troop members and business men construction was at once begun. The cornerstone of the building was laid with impressive ceremonies on August 5th, 1885. After the ceremony the Troop rode away, going to Oconomowoc for a week's camp of instruction.

The new Armory building had hardly been completed when labor disturbances ripened into riots during the early days of May, 1886. The seat of the disturbance was in the Menomonic Valley and the St. Paul Railway Shops, the E. P. Allis Works, and the Bay View Iron Works. Under instruction from higher authority, a guard was arranged at the Armory to take care of the arms and ammunition stored in the vault, and signals for calling troops in case of need were established. When the alarm came sixty-one of the sixty-five members of the Squadron reported, mounted and fully armed and equipped, within fifty-eight minutes. The four members lacking were absent from the City and reported immediately upon arrival.



General Rusk, the Governor of the State, established his headquarters at the Armory. The First Regiment of Infantry was ordered to Milwaukee and distributed at the points of danger. The Troop, with a reserve force of infantry was stationed at the Armory. The Troop was continually on duty, serving as mounted guard for ammunition transport, protecting the landing of incoming troops, and clearing the streets of disorderly crowds. A crowd of several thousand persons assembled at the Milwaukee Garden was dispersed by a movement of the Troop and two companies of infantry, all under the command of Colonel Charles King of the Governor's staff.

In the fall of 1887, the Troop was authorized to attend the international encampment at Garfield Park, Chicago. A competitive drill team of 29 members was formed and special instruction was started. Captain Charles King, U. S. A. retired, took charge of the drills on two evenings each week, and largely due to his interest a well trained team was ready for the contest. The Squadron came out as victors over its most powerful opponent, the Cleveland City Troop and won the match. The prize was a sum of \$2,500.00 for the Troop and a beautiful gold medal to each contestant.

The Troop being in possession of valuable real estate it was deemed best to vest the title of the property in a corporate body, which was organized under the name of The Light Horse Squadron Armory Association. No capital stock was issued, and the membership comprised all persons who were members of the Light Horse Squadron on January 1st, 1884, and all those who served after that date, the property to be maintained and used for military purposes. The management was vested in a board of directors, one member being elected annually for a term of seven years. Judge Lawrence W. Halsey was the first President, and has served continuously since the organization. The articles of incorporation were filed with the Secretary of State on February 13, 1888, and the property was deeded by the officers of the Squadron to the Association.

Early in the year 1888, Captain Schoeffel disposed of his business interests in Milwaukee, removing to St. Paul, Minnesota. There he continued his interest in military affairs, and was appointed by the Governor of Minnesota, Inspector General of the Minnesota National Guard.

The next commander of the Squadron was Captain Charles P. Huntington, who was a charter member and who had served as Quartermaster Sergeant until his appointment as First Lieutenant. Captain Huntington was a veteran of the Civil War, serving as Major of Engineers in the Army of the Tennessee, with a fine record for bravery and efficiency. His first and second lieutenants were Winslow A. Nowell and Rudolph G. Richter.

Up to this time the annual camp of instruction had been held in the vicinity of the lakes near Oconomowoc. But in 1888, Captain Huntington received an order from the Adjutant General, instructing him to march his command mounted under cavalry regulations from Milwaukee to Ripon, to camp at that place with the 2nd Infantry, Wisconsin National Guard. The Route of march selected was by way of Oconomowoc, Watertown, Beaver Dam, and Waupun to Ripon, the troop bivouacing for the night at each of these places. The distance, 120 miles, was covered in five days, and both men and horses were in fit condition at the end of the march.

In the year 1889, the officers of the Squadron resigned and First Sergeant William J. Grant was commissioned captain, Sergeant John G. Salsman, first Lieutenant and



Sergeant Clifford Chase, second lieutenant. Lieutenant Chase resigned in 1892, and was succeeded by Jacob M. Everly.

Captain Grant enlisted in the Troop in 1884, and had been first sergeant since 1886. He took charge of the Troop, and by his energy and spirit soon increased the membership and efficiency, and by thorough methods of instruction increased the interest of the men and attendance.

In 1892, the Squadron, in command of Captain Grant, was ordered to Chicago as escort to Governor George W. Peck, during the days designated for ceremonies of the opening of the World's Fair. The Troop marched from its quarters in Milwaukee to Jackson Park, Chicago, a distance of 96 miles, and was invited by General Carr, U. S. A., to join his command of United States Cavalry, in their maneuvers and escort to the President of the United States.

Urgent demands of business compelling Captain Grant to resign in the fall of 1892 First Lieutenant John G. Salsman was promoted to captain, with Jacob M. Everly and Alfred F. Millard as first and second lieutenants. At this time, the Squadron was ordered to its first camp of instruction on the Wisconsin State Military Reservation, where with a few exceptions, the camps have since been held.

The years of 1893 and 1894 were years of business depression and the effects were severely felt by the membership of the Troop. The personal expense of procuring and caring for mounts became a burden for many, and in an effort to reduce this expense, Dr. Frank Toussaint was sent to the west to purchase suitable mounts for the men not owning them. By this and other means the organization was maintained until the coming of better times. In 1894, Captain Salsman resigned, and was succeeded by Captain Grant, with William H. Halsey and Robert W. Mueller as first and second lieutenants.

In the winter of 1892, Dr. H. M. Brown resigned his commission as surgeon, and was succeeded by Dr. Harry W. Danforth, who in 1894 left Milwaukee and joined the Cuban insurrectionary army. He succeeded in returning and on the breaking out of the War with Spain, was appointed a contract surgeon with the United States Army and was killed while attending the wounded during the battle at San Juan Hill, near Santiago, Cuba. Dr. Danforth was succeeded by Dr. William J. Cronyn, who served with the Squadron until appointed by Governor McGovern as Colonel and Aid-de-Camp. He was the last Civil War veteran who was a member of the Wisconsin National Guard.

On June 27, 1894, the official designation of the Light Horse Squadron was by orders of the Adjutant General changed to Troop A, 1st Cavalry, Wisconsin National Guard. This was done to conform to the regulations of the War Department relative to the National Guard.

Upon the declaration of War with Spain, the Troop promptly offered its services to the government, but the offer was declined by the President for the reason that the regular Cavalry force was deemed sufficient for the peculiar service of that war.

In June 1898 the Troop with the other National Guard organization in the state not yet called for service, were ordered to Oshkosh on active service to maintain order and suppress riot that had broken out in that City in consequence of labor trouble.



The Troop was on duty for eight days guarding mills and patrolling the streets of that City. During the month of September 1898 the Troop was ordered on a third practice march under cavalry regulations. The route was to Hales Corners, Watford, Burlington, Rochester, Lake Geneva, Kenosha, Racine and to Milwaukee, a distance of 130 miles.

The everchanging requirements in instruction expected by the military authorities, in the course of time made the armory owned by the Troop unfit for mounted drills. The expansion of the City limited the adjacent fields for mounted drill and the need of such a field was found in the baseball park bounded by Seventh, Eighth, Burleigh and Chambers Streets. This park comprising about six acres of ground was leased and occupied in May, 1897. A barn for horse shelter, barracks for the men, quarters for the stable men, and guards, were constructed, and the whole given the appearance of a post of the Army. By this time the membership of the Troop had changed to a younger class of men who were present at the Troop ground almost every evening, the grounds being electrically illuminated. More liberal appropriations for the support of mounted organizations by the State made means available for the purchase and care of horses, and the number of mounts owned by the organization was increased to 45.

Captain Grant's business demanding all of his time, he resigned on February 2, 1900. He was succeeded by Captain Robert W. Mueller, with Walter L. O'Neil and James P. Balding as first and second lieutenants. These lieutenants tendered their resignations in December 1902, and were succeeded by First Lieutenant Wm. J. Claassen and Second Lieutenant Fred H. Coe, who in July 1903, was succeeded by Second Lieutenant F. E. Fitz. Lieutenant Claassen resigning in March 1907 was succeeded by First Lieutenant Fred E. Fitz, with Carl Penner as second lieutenant.

To this time, the annual tour of field duty and camp had been regularly held at the State Military Reservation near Camp Douglas, but in August 1909, the Troop was ordered to conduct a march from Milwaukee, via Mapleton, Minnesota Junction, Lake Emily, to Marquette. Camps were established at all these places. The Troop remained in camp of instruction at Marquette on Puckaway Lake for three days, returning the same way, having been absent ten days, and marching 222 miles.

In August 1910, the Troop was ordered on another march under similar conditions. The route was from Milwaukee to Port Washington, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Forest Junction, Neenah, Oshkosh, Van Dyne, Campbellsport, Cedarburg, and return to Milwaukee. Camps were established near all these cities. The Troop was on the march ten days and covered 235 miles, returning with all mounts and men in fine condition.

In May, 1906, the old Light Horse Squadron Armory was purchased by the City of Milwaukee, to be used as an annex and drill hall for the police station. With the proceeds from this sale and after the debt to the State had been liquidated, the Light Horse Squadron Association purchased in 1906 and 1907, about 29 acres of land just north of the City, on Oakland Avenue and the Atwater Road, and on November 13, 1909, the cornerstone of the present Armory was laid. The building was ready for occupancy in September, 1910, and since that time has served as the home of the cavalry in Milwaukee.



Captain Mueller having sold out his business interests in Milwaukee, and contemplating removal from the City, resigned from the command of the Troop, December 7, 1912. He was appointed Colonel and Aide-de-Camp by Governor Phillip, January 1915. With Mrs. Mueller he was foully murdered, September 25, 1915, at his summer home on Lake Puckaway.

The successor of Captain Mueller was Captain Ferdinand E. Fitz who was commissioned December 11, 1912, with Carl Penner as First Lieutenant and August H. Bengs as Second Lieutenant.

In July 1913 upon orders from the War Department, the Troop participated in a cavalry march with the regular cavalry garrison of Fort Sheridan and troops of cavalry of the Illinois National Guard, southwest of Chicago.

In July 1914, the Troop was present at a brigade camp comprising all the organizations of the Wisconsin National Guard at Camp Douglas. In May, 1915, Captain Fitz resigned and was succeeded by Captain Carl Penner in June 1915, with August H. Bengs as first lieutenant and August M. Krech as second lieutenant. The camp of 1915 was held at Fort Sheridan, Illinois where cavalry exercises were conducted in conjunction with the regular cavalry garrison at that post, and with the 1st Illinois Cavalry Regiment.

The Mexican troubles having culminated in armed raids across the border, and several actions in which troops of both nations participated against each other, the President called the organized militia of the United States for active duty, and Troop A as all the other organizations of the Wisconsin National Guard, was ordered to assemble at its armory on June 19, 1916, and on June 22, 1916, were transported to the Wisconsin Military Reservation for muster-in to the United States service. The Troop mustered at full strength, on June 27, 1916.

The War Department having authorized the formation of a second troop of cavalry, the Governor commissioned Second Lieutenant August M. Krech as captain to command Troop B, with First Sergeant Oliver O. Treadwell as first lieutenant and Sergeant Paul C. Burrill as second lieutenant. These officers with a detail of noncommissioned officers and men were ordered from Camp Douglas to Milwaukee to recruit the troop. The troop was recruited and organized in a short time, and was mustered into the United States service on July 24, 1916.

On July 1, Troop A entrained for San Antonio, Texas, where on arrival at Camp Wilson they spent some months in training. Early in September they were assigned as the Headquarters Troop of the 12th Provisional Division, commanded by Brigadier General Green of the United States Army. The Troop participated in all the drills, marches and maneuvers of the Division, and on their departure for home, October 7, 1916, were given this fine letter of appreciation by authority of the Commanding General.



Hq., 12th Provisional Division,
Camp Wilson, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas,
6—Oct. 1916.

From: The Chief of Staff.
To: Commanding Officer, Troop A,
Wisconsin National Guard.
Subject: Services of Troop at Division
Headquarters.

1. On the eve of your departure for your home station, I am directed by the Division Commander to express to you and through you to Troop A, Wisconsin National Guard, his appreciation of the service of your organization as Headquarters Troop.

The officers and men of your command have been alert and attentive at all times, and have displayed a high degree of intelligence. Their duties have been performed in a most soldierly and satisfactory manner, and the discipline of the command has been above reproach.

You are to be congratulated in commanding such an organization.

(Signed) T. ROSS

TR/b

Captain, General Staff.

Meanwhile, Troop B, which had been in the camp of instruction at the Wisconsin Military Reservation, was ordered to Camp Wilson, and on arrival was assigned as the Divisional Headquarters Troop until the final breaking up of the Division. They returned to their home station on March 6, 1917.

Both Troops were busy reorganizing for their duties at home, when on April 6, 1917, war was declared against Germany, and Wisconsin was directed to expand its two troops into a regiment of cavalry. After thirty-seven years, to a day, of vigorous and honorable service, the old troop was to enlarge and go to war. How they did it, and what they did, belongs to the next chapter.

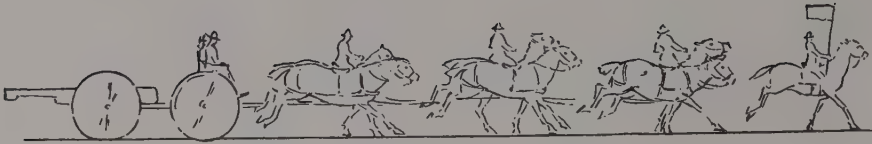
The Regiment In the World War

1917 - 1919

A BRIEF STORY OF THE REGIMENT'S ACTIVITIES
AS A PRELUDE TO THE DAILY DIARY OF EVENTS

By Lieut. Col. Frederic Sammond
Thirty-Second Division Staff
Formerly Captain and Adjutant, 120th Field Artillery





Training Days

War!! The "Extras" were shouted through the streets and Wisconsin realized that war had come. To the Guardsmen already on the rolls, that April 6th of 1917 will never be forgotten, for they knew that they, at least, were among the chosen. And they knew that this new job was not a repetition of their Border patrol, just completed, but war and a real one.

It was soon after the declaration of War, that the Adjutant General of Wisconsin directed Captain Carl Penner of Troop A to organize the Milwaukee cavalry into a squadron. Troop B under Captain Krech was in fighting trim, having returned from Texas less than a month before, and it was short work for 1st Lieut. H. B. Einfeldt to recruit Troop C. and to organize Troop D. The task was hardly completed, when word came from Madison that a regiment was needed, and that two more squadrons would be formed in various cities, the whole to comprise the First Wisconsin Cavalry.

The officers, although not yet officially called to arms practically abandoned their various civilian occupations. Captain Penner travelled the State from end to end, inspecting and arranging for new units.

So rapidly did the work proceed, that on May 29, 1917, the regiment officially came into existence, with practically all of the following units up to strength and "rarin' to go":

Headquarters Troop	Milwaukee	Troop H	Merrill
Troop A	Milwaukee	Troop I	Stevens Point
Troop B	Milwaukee	Troop K	Ladysmith
Troop C	Milwaukee	Troop L	Eau Claire
Troop D	Milwaukee	Troop M	Sheboygan
Troop E	Kenosha	Machine Gun Troop	Milwaukee
Troop F	Lake Geneva	Supply Troop	Milwaukee
Troop G	Grand Rapids	Medical Detachment	Milwaukee

Early in June all of the officers of the regiment were assembled in Milwaukee for a week of most intensive training. Every detail of military service was thrown at them, with the hope that some of it would adhere. Hours in the saddle, (using the private mounts of Troop A as victims), were followed by hours before the black-board, and on the drill floor. The short time allotted was welcome, cots having been set up in the armory and an adjacent school house. A lot of tired but enthusiastic officers "graduated" from the course and returned to their commands, determined to put as much training as possible into their recruits in the brief month that was known to be available before the "call".

July 15, 1917 was announced by President Wilson as the date on which the first contingent of Guardsmen were to join the colors. All Wisconsin units were included in the first call, and on the evening of the 15th, telegraphic reports at regimental headquarters disclosed the entire command awaiting its trains at various stations.



Train schedules were received from the ever efficient State Quartermaster, giving every detail, and on the afternoon of July 23 the first Wisconsin Cavalry coming from nine different cities rolled into Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, train by train, as smoothly as the oldest of outfits. Camp area was allotted on the North end of the reservation, and before nightfall the new soldiers had their canvas up and were inaugurating the famous battle cry that sustained them for the next two hard years—"When do we eat?"

A busy two months followed. Schools, drills, paper work, organization, inoculations, guard duty and equipment vied with each other for attention. The rapid arrival of supplies and equipment was marvelous, and before the next travel order arrived, everything for a complete cavalry regiment was on hand except the horses. Troop A, as a private corporation had supplied over forty fine animals, and these were purchased by officers individually and taken along, so the command was not entirely on foot.

During the Camp Douglas stay, thousands of relatives and friends came flocking to Camp from the home cities, and on Sundays the crowds nearly swamped the facilities for handling them.

Finally the orders came, and on September 11, the regiment entrained for Waco, Texas to become a part of the soon-to-be-famous 32nd Division.

The most important event of the busy season in Texas was the conversion of the regiment into field artillery. On September 28th, after a few days intensive planning and organizing on the part of the staff, the First Wisconsin Cavalry ceased to be, the One Hundred Twentieth Field Artillery was born, and with the 119th from Michigan and the 121st from Wisconsin Brigade the 57th Field Artillery Brigade was formed.

The new regiment was organized as follows:

Headquarters Company from Headquarters Troop and Troop M
Milwaukee and Sheboygan

Battery A from Troops A and Machine Gun Both Milwaukee
Battery B from Troops B and K Milwaukee and Ladysmith
Battery C from Troops C and L Milwaukee and Eau Claire
Battery D from Troops D and G ... Milwaukee and Grand Rapids
Battery E from Troops E and I Kenosha and Stevens Point
Battery F from Troops F and H Lake Geneva and Merrill
Supply Company from Supply Troop plus individuals from most
other units.

Then followed the most intensive, concentrated and practical four months of training that Wisconsin Guardsmen ever knew. Under the leadership of General Haan, who commanded both the 57th Field Artillery Brigade and the 32nd Division, every phase of field artillery soldiery was thoroughly worked out. Winds, sandstorms, freezing weather and even snow were only incidents which were not to be considered in connection with the work at hand. Men could not have assimilated



the work nor endured the grind except for the wonderful spirit and enthusiasm which imbued the entire camp. A determination to make the State, Division and Regiment preeminent, coupled with the knowledge that the way to win embarkation orders was to master the job at hand, served to drive the command and build up a morale seldom equalled.

Traveling Days

The results were realized, when War Department inspections in December showed the division to be so much ahead of schedule that its name was moved far up the embarkation list. In January, the infantry regiments began to depart, and in the artillery camp, everyone was on the *qui vive*. Active preparations for shipment were the orders of the day, and many a new thrill was found by the now blasé "wagon soldiers" as they marked the luggage with mysterious steamship symbols, and packed and sorted and checked the endless piles of equipment.

The first departure was taken by the "Horse Detachment" which started forth for Newport News, Virginia with trains of horses. Many months were to elapse, and great the adventures to be had before these lucky ones would rejoin the command at some mysterious point in France.

The rest of the command busied itself loading trains and policing the camp which had been home, workshop and playground for so many busy months. At last on February 5th, 1918, the three long trains pulled out for Camp Merritt, N. J., and much to their delight found themselves routed through a portion of Canada, and passing almost within shouting distance of Home itself. This proximity proved of little practical value, (though a few fortunate ones managed to telephone to their homes from Chicago and Detroit) but the north country and familiar scenes were heartily welcome to this much-travelled regiment.

Officially, Camp Merritt was a "closed" camp for regiments about to sail, and no passes were obtainable for New York. However, the soldiers of the 120th who didn't see Broadway during that three weeks of Merritt were the exception. The suspense of awaiting orders was great, but finally they came and at 3:00 A. M., March 3, 1918, the outfit trudged down to Tenaflly, N. J. and after a short rail journey found itself wending the streets of Hoboken. A few early rising householders leaned from their windows to bid us Godspeed, but in the main silent columns were left undisturbed to their own thoughts, which were legion, as that last mile of America was traversed.

The embarkation on the huge Leviathan was without incident, except for the parting smile, the doughnuts and coffee from the Ladies Canteen, and soon each soldier had his small collection of personal belongings deposited on one of the closely-packed five tiered bunks. The trip was only the second one for the "Levi Nathan" (as the ship was dubbed) since she had been taken over from internment. The enemy had boasted that the Leviathan (or Vaterland, as they called her) would be sunk and since her very size made disguise impossible, the voyage was packed with thrills. Shortly after leaving New York, we sped away from our convoy and the slower transports, and for many days saw nothing but ocean. No one had the remotest



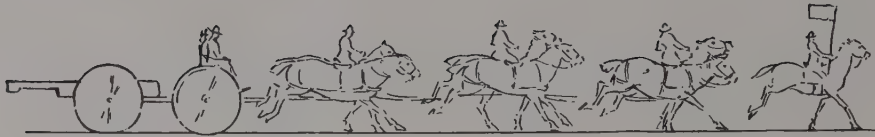
idea of our destination. After six days of strenuous life boat and abandon-ship drills, the announcement came down that the danger zone was at hand. Lifebelts were worn constantly and lights of every kind were ordered extinguished, with death announced as the penalty for disobedience. That was one order which was obeyed without question. The tension was relieved next morning by the arrival of half a dozen dashing torpedo boat destroyers, who convoyed us to Liverpool. There were several submarine scares, and on one occasion a determined depth bomb attack was made by our guardian ships at "something" about a quarter of a mile away. Like so many war glimpses, the observing soldiers never learned the tale or knew officially whether the "sub was got".

After twenty-four hours at dock in Liverpool, we disembarked on March 13, and with the band playing "On Wisconsin", marched through the city to our trains for the start across England. To these middle-western Americans, of whom 95% had never before seen foreign soil, the all day journey was a constant and never-ending thrill, and the historical old towns, carefully cultivated landscapes and one occasional glimpse of a stockaded prison camp with the closely guarded boche were a revelation. Detraining took place at ancient Winchester, and was followed by a march of several miles through the rain. The barracks at Winnal Down Camp (doubled Dwindle Down) were about as uncomfortable as barracks can be, and when the only meal of the day was served and proved to be cheese and bread with tea, no soldier was found to envy the lot of his ally "Tommy".

During the several days stay at Winchester, the ancient cathedral, and the old castle were visited, and the numerous ale shops were well patronized. Finally the orders came, and the regiment moved by train to Southampton, where it split and occupied the cramped cattle quarters of the Australind and the Monas Queen. To graduates of the Leviathan, these two little steamers seemed liked water beetles, and when the choppy English Channel was encountered, many a sea-sick artilleryman prayed for the success of the submarines about us. A "sub scare" held us in the mouth of the Solent for a full day and it was nearly forty-eight hours after embarking, before we set foot on the shores of France at Le Havre. It should have been a thrilling moment, but too many thrills per hour had already brought to the men of 120th that strange blasé attitude common to the A. E. F.; and from then on, the strangest wonders of the Seven Seas were received without undue interest or comment on the part of these young gentlemen of travel.

The night at Le Havre "rest camp", sleeping in British tents, without benefit of cot or heater is one long to be remembered. It was only one, however, and the next was spent in getting acquainted with the famous "Hommes 40-Chevaux 8" box cars of the French, as our one lengthy train was jerked across the Eastern side of France and down into beautiful Brittany. The regiment detrained at Guer, and after another heartbreaking hike arrived at its training camp, Coetquidan.

The 120th acquired more artillery technique at Coetquidan than in all other training camps together. In that sixty days, it pursued a most intensive program of training in the use of the famous "Seventy-fives", as well as covering a dozen specialties,—communications, orientation, radio, telephone, and gas. The regiment will always warmly remember its earnest, devoted and enthusiastic instructors, Captain Soton, and Lieutenant Raoul Du Val of the French Army. An influx of reserve officers



arrived every few days, until the officer list was at nearly twice its normal strength. These young training camp graduates were first taken on for experience, and were regarded as attached but in the course of the next six months they so entered into the spirit and work of the organization that their "foreignness" was forgotten and they became part and parcel of the regiment.

During all this training, both in the States and in France, the war had seemed a very distant thing to most of soldiers. There was a vague feeling that things were not going so well with our Allies, and that we had to "hurry". At Coetquidan, the 120th began to feel for the first time, how serious the situation really was and that perhaps America had come too late. The big German "push" in March, 1918, with the serious Allied defeats, the anxiety of our French associates, the communiqués, and finally General Pershing's offer of "all we had" to General Foch brought home the realities.

Finally, toward the end of May the prescribed course was completed, and we were ready for business. There was but a short wait for orders, and then they came "join the 32nd Division on the front in Alsace". With this thrilling message came one which was less welcome by far. "The Second Battalion of the 120th F. A. will be detached and proceed to Saumur to act as school troops for the officers school!" It was a blow, not only to the personnel of that unlucky battalion, but to the regiment. For nearly half of this smoothly working, "big family" type of regiment to go on detached service just as the time came to go to the front, was indeed a tragedy. While such disappointments are part of the life of a soldier, be it said to the credit of that battalion that it did its distasteful school job well, and though disappointed again and again on promise that it would soon "join the outfit" it finally returned after the armistice with a record of a task well done. Equally unpleasant to those concerned, and also a loss to the regiment were orders sending several of the best officers and non-commissioned officers away to irksome duties as instructors.

Alsatian Days

Many sad farewells were said, and the details started away. A few hours later, on June 6th, the somewhat reduced regiment entrained at Guer in four long trains. Each battery had a train to itself, and its new guns and rolling stock, and its complete issue of horses made the train a big one. It was a happy journey, with "sunny" France never sunnier and though the trip lasted two full days, it seemed none too long. We bisected France, and from a point almost on the Atlantic travelled to the eastern border and detrained in the ancient fortified city of Belfort. After a short march, the first experience with billeting was had in a picturesque little Alsatian village of Anjoutey. It was also the regiment's first experience with its normal fighting formation: the "fighting portion" or firing batteries and Command Posts going forward, and the larger administrative and supply portions occupying quarters some miles to the rear. This formation was quickly taken, and Batteries A and B went into position behind the 63rd Infantry Brigade of the 32nd, facing the city of Mulhausen or Mulhouse, and regimental headquarters of the "P. C." taking a house in La Chapelle. At this time, peculiarly, the P. C. was in France and the firing batteries were across the border in Germany. Battery C occupied a reserve position. The



following night, June 9th, 1918, Battery A let go with the first shot and thus started the war for the 120th Field Artillery. The first casualty was in Battery B, for Private Kenneth Head was seriously wounded on June 14th. He was the only casualty during the six weeks of that front, and later when the casualty rate was a matter of grave concern daily, we looked back on the happy days in Alsace as a dream. But to this green and eager regiment, the Alsatian front was real war, and it was pursued with all the seriousness and concern appropriate to the task. This "breaking in" process on a quiet front under the experienced eye of the French was a most fortunate one, and undoubtedly saved many lives. Later on, when we observed new regiments taking their baptism of fire under real battle conditions, we did not envy them.

The days were punctuated with occasional bursts of aerial activity, and a little shelling now and then. Occasionally raids and sorties were undertaken. Much of the time and attention of both armies was taken up with reporting what the other was doing.

From July 15th on, the communiqués told of the great German drive for Chateau Thierry, and Rheims and the stubborn fight which was being made to hold the line. The regiment was eager to be in it, and little knowing how completely its wishes were to be fulfilled, read with envy of the counter attack of July 18th, when the 1st, and 2nd Divisions attacked the side of the triangle up near Soissons, and the 26th and 3rd filled in to prevent a gap in our lines between the attacking point and the Chateau Thierry, which was still in our hands. That front was our goal, but we hardly dared hope to go there.

However, on July 19th, came orders to prepare to move, and on July 22nd, came the 29th Division to relieve us and take a little of the schooling. The 32nd entrained immediately at half a dozen nearby rail points, and while "wireless" rumors had our destination located at every point from the British Front to the Italian, even the Regimental Commanders did not know where our journey's end was to be. The train crews knew that we were to be transported from one rail division point to another, and that was all. Two impatient days of map studying, and watching station signs, and we looked out on the house tops of Paris itself! Paris, which considered itself being saved by the Americans turned out on the housetops to cheer, as the trains rolled by on the elevated tracks. That was enough and the eager soldiers of the 120th felt a prickling along the spine as they realized that they were on the way to the "real thing".



Chateau Thierry

First assigned to reserve behind the attacking forces near Soissons, the regiment detrained at Ormoy Viller, and marching all night camped and billeted at Pont Saint Maxence, a good sized city on the River Oise. After a day and a night there came orders to march to Chateau Thierry itself, as the front immediately ahead had quieted, and the Third Division down near Chateau Thierry was sorely in need of a rest. The 32nd's Infantry went ahead in buses and the artillery was given to understand that the sooner it arrived, the better. There followed one of the most gruelling marches ever made by troops, but in the excitement of the time, it passed unnoticed. Starting at 7:00 A. M. July 27th, we pushed along until 3:00 A. M. the following morning, and three hours later, after a few minutes sleep, and a feed for the horses, started off again. The limit of exhaustion had nearly been attained when by 4 P. M. we pulled into a designated field somewhat south of Viller Cotteret.

The tired outfit was somewhat revived by morning and again started off and by mid-afternoon, July 28th were encamped in La Buisson, a small village on the north bank of the Marne, overlooking Chateau Thierry. There was a day's wait for orders and then we swung up through the much trampled and war strewn country, and camped close behind the 32nd Division Infantry's line. The Division was preparing to drive the Germans from the north bank of the Ourcq, which they had occupied after falling back from the Marne. The 120th received orders to relieve the 10th Field Artillery of the 3rd Division, whose headquarters were found at Le Charnel. Our firing batteries took position just south of Roncheres and prepared for business.

For seven days and nights, the 32nd Division fought its offensive, with the two infantry brigades in action shoulder to shoulder, and the artillery supporting and following both of them closely. Starting from south of the Ourcq the Division which for this battle received its French *nomme du guerre*, "Les Terribles" took and held everything in front of it until the Vesle was reached and the city of Fismes captured on August 5th. With the Vesle and its high ground to the north immediately in front, and the Hindenburg line and the famous Chemin de Dames immediately behind that, high strategy brought the decision to stop the offensive and sent the 28th Division of Guardsmen of Pennsylvania to relieve the tired 32nd on Aug. 7th. This same high strategy contemplated a flank attack on a large scale to overcome the obstacles beyond the Vesle, and in this attack a few days later the 32nd was given its opportunity "to win its own game" and make complete the victory so well started in the drive to the Vesle.

This battle from July 31st to August 7th saw the 120th, doing its appointed task, smoothly, as a veteran outfit. Position after position was occupied, one fire mission after another was fired, ammunition came up in time, and communication and liaison was good throughout. Of particular note was the work of the Regimental and Battalion Signal sections under Lieuts. Harry Sontag and Maurice Cole, who were so successful in maintaining their telephone lines that at times, the 120th's wires were the only means of communication between the infantry elements and Division Headquarters.



The different batteries and echelons occupied too many positions during this battle, to have them separately chronicled. The Regimental Command Post was successively located at Le Charmel village, Cierges Village, Reddy Farm, and last at Dravegny village, at the close of the attack phase of the action. At the same time Batteries B and C were more or less camouflaged on the outskirts of St. Gilles Village, and Battery A (after having all of its guns and most of its horses annihilated and hastily replaced) was to be found near Courville.

At this point, as the infantry of the 32nd filed back to rest, the artillery learned its first lesson of its role in Divisional affairs, for no relief orders arrived. As in subsequent battles, the need of experienced artillery at all times was so vital, that the 57th F. A. Brigade was called on to stay in position on the front for days and weeks after their "doughboy" comrades had withdrawn to rest and reorganize. The artillery of the 28th arrived in due course, but being inexperienced were placed side by side with the 32nd's artillery for "breaking in" much as the French had done for us in Alsace.

The 120th received the 107th F. A. for training. This required a realignment of units, and Batteries B and C joined A near Courville. Battalion Headquarters moved from St. Gilles to Mont-sur-Courville. Regt'l Headquarters moved to Arcis-le-Ponsart, but on the following day moved back and occupied the monastery at Mont-aon Farm (near St. Gilles) to better command the combined forces now dependent upon it.

In these positions we lay for two weeks giving (and receiving) harassing fire and defensive barrages night and day. Of the steady drain of casualties, the adventures and the experiences of this time the tale can best be told by the individuals who were there, and some of them are related elsewhere in this volume.

Juigny

On August 22nd, the 120th bade goodbye to its comrades of the 107th and withdrew to join its base in Meunier woods near Goussancourt. The tired men of the firing batteries arrived at dusk, and hardly had they filled themselves at the old kitchens (for the first time in over three weeks) when orders came not to sleep, but instead to prepare for a march. So at 1:00 A. M. August 23rd, the regiment took the road, and were bid auf wiedersehen by a Boche aviator who arrived with a cargo of floating "arc lamps" and bombs. Fortunately his aim was poor but his attentions served to keep the tired eyelids open. Dawn broke and the march continued. Up hill and down dale the column trudged on. Most of the Captains dismounted their men to keep them awake and to ease the load on the tired horses. At each halt of ten minutes in an hour, the regiment simultaneously and unanimously went to sleep. Finally, at four in the afternoon, at the top of an interminable hill, the designated ground was reached, and camp was made. The animals were quickly cared for, and with a perfunctory supper, the outfit for the first time in a month took its sleep undisturbed by enemy shellfire and bombs.

Nothing but superb morale and an unshakeable faith in its commander and itself could bring an organization through trials such as experienced in the Marne campaign,



and subsequent gruelling demands that came during the course of the war. Perhaps the knowledge that Colonel Penner and his entire staff were always somewhere in the column, and that the headquarters limousine was in use only to carry the lame and the sick contributed to the undying gameness of the command.

Somewhat refreshed, the 120th took the road on the morning of August 24th, and before night encamped near the ancient castle of Pierrefonds. In reporting to the French artillery command in the rocky caves north of Soissons and beyond the Aisne, a sense of the general strategical situation was obtained at Regimental Headquarters. It was found that in joining General Mangin's Tenth French Army, we were placed on the right flank of our late opponents on the Vesle. A successful offensive on this front would therefore force the retirement of the enemy troops from before the 28th (and other divisions) in the sectors we had recently conquered. It was for the launching of such an attack that the 32nd had been loaned to the French.

The infantry had come over in busses and the morning of August 28th found the reunited 32nd in position facing Juvigny on the east with French Divisions on both flanks. The 120th was stationed near Tartiers with Regimental Headquarters in a cave in that village.

Again the battle went on for days, with one attack barrage after another being supplied to the ever advancing doughboys. On August 31st, after the capture of Juvigny, the only advantageous firing position seemed to be on the very heels of the infantry, so the firing batteries of the artillery brigade moved to the eastern edge of Juvigny, with both regimental and battalion headquarters in caves in the village.

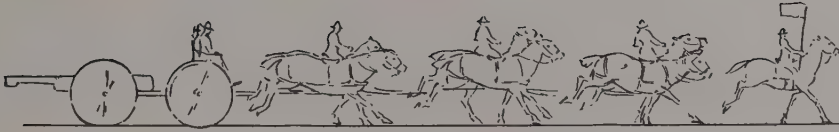
It was no docile or retreating enemy that was met at Juvigny, and casualties in the 120th were heavy. The outstanding incident of the day occurred in A Battery, when an unfortunately directed enemy shell killed or severely wounded the entire personnel of one gun during a most important offensive barrage. Before the attached Medical men and stretcher bearers had cleared the scene, a volunteer gun crew of assorted telephone men, runners, and orderlies had the gun in action again and filling its gap in the fire. Incidents like this of bravery and devotion to duty could be told by the score, but to these veterans of Chateau Thierry, these things became routine.

As usual, when the time came to relieve the infantry, the artillery were still needed, and hence it was that the 57th Brigade had the honor of going into action in an offensive with the First Moroccan Division, which included the famous Foreign Legion.

During the Juvigny battle, the 57th Brigade introduced a new barrage, a triple line of fire. It was most successful, and the prisoners of the day testified eloquently to its effectiveness, and terror-dealing properties.

The attack of the tenth French Army was a strategical success, and the enemy forces on the Vesle soon resumed their retreat to the north.

The "Morroc" artillery finally relieved us on Sept. 6th and the 120th made a "beeline" for its starting point, Pierrefonds. From there, a few days later, a short march brought it to Vaumoise on the railroad and the weary outfits packed themselves into five trains and started on another journey "destination unknown."



There was a general feeling that a rest area was ahead, for surely the most ambitious of Generals could not ask an outfit for more than six weeks of offensive battle without giving them a chance to rest up and clean up. So it proved, and detraining at Eurville on the other side of France, the regiment marched to the beautiful and most hospitable city of Wassy. No American troops had been there before us, and with the recent victories and turn of the tide, the good people of Wassy did themselves proud.

The Argonne

It was rumored that about six weeks rest was to come to us, so the first week was cheerfully devoted to the work of cleaning up, and catching up with the thousand and one things which had been neglected on the front. But such a rest period was far from the minds of the higher command, and in the late afternoon of September 17th a motorcycle messenger roared up to Regimental Headquarters, and after three hours of feverish activity, the column started on its way to the north in the general direction of Verdun, and the Argonne; (the latter a new name to us). The plan of the High Command included a complete surprise in the then quiet Argonne. Orders were strict that all marching and movements must be by night, and that the daylight must find all troops under cover. So for six days and nights, we alternately slept and hiked, going generally northward. The hike usually extended from seven P. M. to five A. M. and the day was devoted to one or two meals and to sleep. These were strenuous days for the staff, for their orderlies, messengers and motorcycle men. For while the regiment slept, the next nights route and campsite had to be carefully reconnoitered, then when the marching column stretched itself out into the road at dusk, it had to be carefully led through the blackness of a wet night and guided into its exact halting spot with every portion of it shielded from aerial observation. Camps were made in succession at Eurville, Beurey, Varney, Beauzee, and Brocourt. Upon the sixth night, the echelon troops dropped out of column and established a base near Dombasle, while the firing batteries and Command posts went into position in the front edge of the Forêt de Hesse, southeast of Avocourt. Thus we lay at dawn on September 22nd. It was learned that the 32nd's infantry was in reserve to our left and that we were now to support the 79th Division.

For three days, there was nothing but quiet. We were on the front it is true, but after the fronts we had known, this waiting in secrecy was just restful. Our area of the shelltorn Forêt de Hesse gave us a picture of the tangled Argonne in miniature. Aside from the beaten and muddy foot paths, the ground was almost impassable. Every square yard had its shellhole, its thorny underbrush and its uprooted tree. The only spaces where a self respecting artillery regiment could sit itself down had been occupied and reoccupied by the French, until our problem was to install ourselves with the least possible change in appearance of the terrain.

The offensive for which we were waiting was scheduled for the morning of September 26th, but little was known about it. Finally, at about 11:30 P. M. on the night of the 25th, Brigade Headquarters called for a staff officer to report at once. Two officers made their way through the forest to the General's quarters. There, at about 12:30 A. M. they received the battle order of the 79th Division, a mimeographed



document of forty odd pages. A hasty scanning showed that the infantry was to jump off at "H" hour of 5:30 and that the artillery was to open at 2:30, less than two hours away. No time to read the order, or to find out where or who or what, for there was barely time to seize that part having to do with the artillery, transmit it to battalion and battery headquarters, and to act. The battery commanders were assembled in the Major's dugout, while the staff officers rushed to meet them: Orders were given verbally, and the battalion and battery technicians went madly to work with pencil and firing tables to prepare the complicated and difficult firing data. Somehow or another it was done and at 2:30 A. M. to the second, the 120th's everbarking seventy fives joined the chorus of roaring cannon that opened from the Meuse to the Aisne. It was the greatest cannonade in history. The air and the shattered forest shook with the deep booming heavies, punctuated and interspersed with the hollow and staccato bark of thousands of the seventy fives. Glares split the darkness in every direction, winking and flashing and the most seasoned of warriors abandoned the idea of sleep, while awaiting their turn to duty.

Just at dawn, the infantry sprang forward from a line many miles in length. Twenty-five minutes later the artillery lengthened its fire and for several hours, in accord with a timetable continued firing at greater and greater ranges. The schedule on which the barrage was moved forward had anticipated some difficulties in the infantry's advance, but no battle experience could have anticipated the terrain through which the infantry was fighting its way. Consequently, the barrage drew away from the fighting line, and as time went on lost some of its effectiveness.

As the time drew near to cease fire, Colonel Penner sent forth a reconnoitering party, for though orders were lacking from above, it was known that our effectiveness depended on an early move. Accordingly Captains Sammond, Fuller, Swift, Kuechenmeister and Harper went forth on foot. The problem to be solved was apparent, for right ahead lay a strip of recent "No-mans-land" of a width of a half mile to a mile, and stretching for many miles to the east and west. In this stretch of tortured ground there was not a level yard to be found, shell hole was superimposed on shell hole, and through it all ran barbed wire in every conceivable shape tangle and fragment. Every hollow was filled with muddy, gas poisoned water, and the remains of thousands of gallant Frenchmen and Germans who had previously fought over this land, were more or less uninterred. Across this barrier there was not a trail, and nothing greater than a crawling, struggling foot patrol had penetrated in the past four years, until this morning when the American infantry had gone over. The problem before the artillerymen was to somehow or another get their guns and trains across, and follow the dough-boys who could not long survive without support.

There was a good road running from Esnes to Avocourt east and west, parallel to and behind our own front. From a point near Esnes on the East, and from Avocourt on the west, the division engineers were already endeavoring to build roads, converging on Malancourt, a village behind what had been the German lines.

The reconnaissance party of the 120th penetrated to the north side of the barrier, slipping, stumbling and crawling, and flattening themselves out before the closer shell-bursts. It was obvious that the only hope of taking artillery across lay in the two roads which the engineers were trying to build. Until that problem was solved, and it



could be learned at what point in the morass the artillery could hope to emerge, there was little to be gained in selecting further battle positions. However a few tentative ones were selected, and the party returned.

With the artillery in firing position where they were, and less than an hour's march from the barrier, there was some chance of their being a call for fire from where the guns stood to aid the infantry. To move forward would be to put them out of action and to stand helplessly awaiting a chance to cross. So, in the absence of orders, Colonel Penner held his command in position until the morning of the 27th, and just before noon ordered them forward to the Esne-Avocourt road. As it was, the outfit was so close behind the engineers, that when it was decided to split up and travel by batteries, C Battery got through the Avocourt Malancourt trail, and was in position north of Malancourt by early evening, in advance of the inevitable traffic jam that followed the opening of the trail. The Avocourt-Malancourt road was then declared to be "one-way" and that for south-bound traffic, but the artillery need was so great that when A Battery pulled into Avocourt in the late afternoon of the 27th, the Provost Marshall of the Corps personally ordered the road rule suspended and sent them up toward Malancourt. Half way there, and in the middle of the ancient Norman's land, they met a convoy of ambulances coming south, and there was an impasse. The road was barely possible for one way traffic and it was impossible for passing. The ambulances were filled with wounded and dying men who had been enroute for twelve to twenty-four hours in covering five miles. The battery could, piece by piece, tumble itself off the road into the morass and probably resume in the morning. The motor ambulances could not. Captain Swift made his decision and dumping his command off the road, lay in place until daylight. It was his only chance to save the wounded and he could not have fired in any event.

Off to the east, B Battery and the regimental and battalion Command Posts had fared little better. Launching themselves into the ever growing traffic jam, they turned off to the north on the Esne-Malancourt trail just after dark. They spent the night struggling forward ten feet at a time, lifting stalled trucks out of the road, filling shell holes, and helping to break tie ups one after the other. Dawn found them at the north end of the barrier, and emerging into the village of Malancourt. Colonel Penner and one or two members of his staff managed to get across on foot, having abandoned motorcycle and autos, and spent a strenuous night keeping in touch with the scattered command. One by one the sections were pulled out of the mess, and by eight o'clock the regiment was assembled in a little valley north of Malancourt.

During the early hours of the morning, Battery C had joined with two or three batteries of the 147th F. A. in firing a sort of barrage for the renewing infantry attack; these few batteries being all of the Brigade that had come up at all.

The only sign of food to be had, was in the kitchen "fourgon" wagon of the Regimental P. C. presided over by the ever-efficient Fritz Klotz. Fritz served breakfast that morning to several hundred instead of the usual head-quarters detachment of thirty.

During the breakfast halt Colonel Penner called a council. With no orders from anyone it was obviously our duty to go to the best place to fire and support the nearest infantry. It was also obvious that in this each-unit-for-itself situation, it would be wise to look to our food and ammunition supply.



The two so-called roads running back across the captured no-mans-land morass were a hopeless jam of men, horses, cannon, mules, and trucks trying to go forward, and stalled columns of ambulances headed back. From the latter on every side came piteous heart-rending cries of the wounded. Appeals for water, haste, or help in any form came from within the blank canvas sides. Where an ambulance stood without sound, we knew that the cries had ceased to come only where help would never be needed. Shouting, struggling, cursing men labored to fill in holes and clear the roads; the ambulances would jolt ahead a few rods and stop. A heavily laden truck or a big gun would go through the thin coating of village stone (crumbled remains of houses) recently laid in the mud as a road. The situation would be solved (for a few yards) by turning the truck over sideways into the mud. Nevertheless many ambulances took as much as forty-eight hours to cover four or five miles. Higher officers along the road were torn with doubt whether to push the cannons and supplies forward, while the ambulances waited, or to favor the ambulances while the fighting lines suffered double casualties for lack of ammunition and artillery support.

Whether the blame for this terrible tangle (which continued for nearly a week of endless nights and days) lay in the staff of the Division, or of the Corps, or whether it was unavoidable, is not known. It is, however, to the men of the 120th F. A., their most distinct picture of the horrors of war.

Although the 79th had bravely taken miles of most difficult terrain and its men had proven brave soldiers, it became obvious that as an organization it was going to pieces. Stragglers were to be found over the entire countryside. Field officers and even general officers were individually and single handedly trying to lead and reorganize their commands, whereas to continue the advance they should have been functioning through their staffs with liaison, communication, and other incidents of command.

It was apparent that the advance would soon cease until a relief division could arrive, and that in fact the remnants of the 79th would have their hands full to hold the ground already taken.

The position of the 120th north of Malancourt would have permitted fire for some time to come, but in the absence of orders from above it seemed best to get as close as possible to our infantry and the enemy. Positions were selected (from the map) immediately east of the towering hill and village of Montfaucon in the vicinity of the ruined Fayel Farm, and the regiment went to this point and was ready for business before noon of the 28th.

Although the main echelon (and our base) was only a few miles distant, it was apparent that a wagon or ammunition train would take from four to six days to make the round trip in the traffic jam and that our limited equipment would soon be entirely on the road, with the firing line "strapped" for supplies. At the same time, it was the duty of the Division train (with its ample equipment) to deliver supplies to our dump, wherever it might be. These considerations caused Colonel Penner to make the bold decision to bring the entire rear echelon across no-mans-land at once. It was risky, for the zone between the rather vague front and the barrier behind us was rather narrow, but with half the command committed to it, it seemed wiser to bring on the other half and let the whole function well as long as it could hold out.

Accordingly Lieut. Whittaker of the staff was dispatched to fetch the rest of the regiment. He had them enroute from the Dombasle woods before daylight of



September 29th, and brought them into camp in the little valley north of Malancourt by noon of the 30th. Of this 36 hours nightmare march, many a participant has vivid memories. Exploding shells, and air bombs, in the midst of miles of tangled Franco-American traffic jams, the whole flavored with ample mud, rain and cold, is not easily forgotten.

The wisdom of this movement became apparent in the following week, for although the echelon lost not a man in the march or subsequent camp, the regiment had at least two meals per day and ample ammunition. Its neighbors nearly starved and with their entire transport on the roads were supplied with such food as could be brought across on pack mules.

With the firing units below Montfaucon and the echelon near Malancourt there passed one of the strangest periods we have known. The infantry in front of us continued to melt away, partially through casualties and chiefly through disorganization. Men started for the rear, not so much through fear as through lack of contact and control. As they went they spread disorder and a sort of panic. All knew that it was a serious situation for there could be no retreat of units across the old no-mans-land morass with its two ribbons of uncertain road a hopeless tangle of vehicles, men and animals. With the rear thus closed, and no troops to speak of in front, the 57th F. A. Brigade unequipped for close grips was in a tight place. Its conduct was proof of its veteran training and leadership.

It lay there firing at whatever targets its Montfaucon observation posts could discover. The enemy crept closer, particularly to the east and soon we came under the rifle and machine gun fire which artillery troops are not equipped to meet. Without orders or suggestion, every unoccupied man quietly prepared for a "back-to-the wall" ending. Bandsmen and wagoners pulled out their respective pistols and rifles, that had heretofore been used only for ceremonies. Anti-aircraft guns were pulled down to the horizontal. Officers looked to their pistol ammunition. Bullets cracked and whined overhead, and twigs from the trees fell like the leaves of autumn. But nowhere was there a suggestion that retreat was even dreamed of. If the German intelligence service had known the situation in that sector, the Argonne story might have been different.

At this juncture, groups of infantrymen in good order began to trickle through the artillery positions, going forward. Their haversacks were marked "340th Infantry"; that regiment was the National Army Regiment from Wisconsin! Eager inquiry disclosed that these men were Wisconsin men, but recently detached from their regiment and assigned as replacements to the Third Division. The good old Third, whom the 32nd had relieved at Chateau Thierry was taking over the sector! It was indeed a happy change.

From this night of the 30th of September to the 6th of October, the 57th F. A. Brigade supported the 3rd Division, while it straightened out and secured the lines in front of Montfaucon. On the 6th of October the artillery of the 3rd came in, and the following night the 57th F. A. Brigade stood relieved.

But not for a rest in the Argonne. Our own 32nd had come up from reserve to relieve the 37th (Ohio) Division in the next sector to the left and was asking for its own artillery. So after reconnaissance on the afternoon of October 7th, the night of relief was spent in marching several miles to the west, and dawn of the 8th found the 120th in firing position in the Bois Epinionville.



To the front, the 32nd Division was engaged in taking the villages of Cierges and Gesnes. Behind these places, and to the north was a ridge of startling abruptness known as the Cote Dame Marie. It had been incorporated into the German main line which was known as the "Kriemhilde Stellung", which was the eastern extension of the more famous "Hinderburg Line".

The batteries and headquarters of the 120th Field Artillery were located close together in the woods north of Epinonville for a few days, but on Oct. 10, the firing batteries were sent ahead to positions in front of the woods. From here they fired while the infantry of the 32nd Division performed one of its most famous exploits and forced its way over the Cote Dame Marie to establish front lines in the rolling country beyond. With this accomplished, the 120th moved its batteries to the slopes of the Cote, north of Gesnes. During this time, the rear echelon had been shifted several miles to the west to conform to the earlier movement of the guns into the sector of the 32nd. As the far slopes of the Cote Dame Marie were made secure, the firing batteries again had to move to more advantageous positions, so we pulled around the end of the huge wall of rock, through Romagne (now the largest A. E. F. cemetery) and into position between Romagne and Bantheville. At the same time, the regimental P. C. came up and occupied the former battery positions just north of Gesnes. The infantry of the 32nd was relieved by that of the 89th Division.

The 57th F. A. Brigade had now been in the midst of the world's greatest battle for nearly a month,—under fire and without shelter. The horses were rapidly becoming fewer, more being sent to the rear exhausted, than were being lost by action of the enemy. The situation and the excessive demands on this hardworking brigade were well known to the higher commanders, but such was the shortage of experienced artillery units and of available horses, that word was sent out that we must stand by for one more attack. As a partial relief, orders were given that the brigade would receive no fire demands for three days, the guns were left under guard, and the weary men marched back to sleep in the comparative quiet and safety of the rear echelon. This measure helped greatly and somewhat refreshed, the men returned to their cannon in order to support the attack of the 89th Division in what proved to be the last big jump-off of the war. The preparation started on the afternoon of Oct. 31st and all that night the guns of the 120th barked away under order to fire "everything you have". The infantry went forward at daylight and supported by a relieving brigade of artillery (the 58th of Illinois) rapidly drew away. By 10:00 o'clock on the morning of November 1st, "cease firing" was given and the overworked "75's" of the 57th F. A. Brigade were silenced forever. Thus ended the work of this brigade which due to its number of days in action, and due to its attached light regiment, is said to have fired more shots than any other brigade in the American army.

The Armistice

We felt as we pulled back our guns and assembled the regiment in the Bois Epinonville, that the war was over, though several days elapsed before the Armistice. In the meantime, substituting auto trucks, which were loaned us, for our missing horses, a night march was made and the front was really left behind. We worked our way across the old no-mans-land and half in huts and half in pup tents, occupied a woods just north of Dombasle from whence we had started forth on our Battle of the Argonne



on September 22nd, six whole weeks before. Here came the order of the Armistice, and to those who watched the wild celebrations and excitement in America, it will seem strange, that in the 120th as it lay in the woods, the news was accorded a few scattered cheers, an impromptu tune from the band, a few humorous remarks, and a resumption of sleeping. These men were so incapable of feeling excitement that to them an armistice was just another incident. Gradually, however, realization dawned. Then the all pervading query was "when do we go home?"

In the meantime came one of the hardest tests of soldiership, for word came that our own 32nd had been selected as one of the honor divisions to go into Germany, but that the 57th Brigade, having been expended in support of four attacking divisions was too worn and too short of animals to make the expedition. This was a bitter pill to swallow, and the fact that citations and commendatory letters were received from all quarters and that each regiment as a whole was awarded the Croix du Guerre never quite compensated for the blow of being left behind.

Came orders to the 120th to march to Beurey, many kilometers south. On Nov. 16 (leaving guns and a few men at a nearby railway station) the march started at about 8:00 A. M. With a cold sleety rain falling, evening found us on the road some eight hours from our destination. Realizing that a night in the open, in their exhausted condition would spell pneumonia to many of the men, Colonel Penner decided to keep the column going at all costs, and the benumbed outfit reached Beurey just after dawn. Animals were tended, (who can blame, if it was not done carefully) and billets assigned, and after coffee came sleep—twenty-four hours of it.

Winter Days

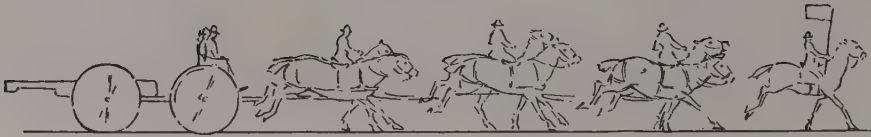
A few days later, the unfathomable motives which actuate high commanders caused an order to move to Couvonges, two kilometers north. This was done, and there followed six weeks of recuperating, cleaning, polishing and sleep. During this period leave rosters started, and before the winter was over practically every man and officer had been on a ten days vacation to various parts of France.

On the 23rd of December the regiment went by train to the Gondrecourt Area, a few hours journey to the southeast, and marched to the occupation of Badonvilliers. It was a cold and rainy Christmas that followed. The men were quartered in lofts, garrets, sheds and stables about the village. Meals were received in mess pans from the rolling kitchens, and were eaten from the knees while seated on a wagon tongue. Christmas dinner served in this way, accompanied by rain or sleety snow is not ideal.

The Brigade now found itself attached to the 98th Division for the winter, but lived its life very much apart.

As the winter wore on, improvements were gradually obtained. More blankets, clothing, and even stoves were obtained. Candles were at a premium, but were occasionally available. A "Y" hut was erected and did much to make life bearable, especially when traveling shows, and teams of actors were sent to us.

The days were occupied with much foot drill and other diversions designed to keep idleness from doing too much mischief.



A new issue of horses was sent to us, and as the A. E. F. at large suddenly became imbued with a hobby for horse care, the entire command was soon occupied with trying to make show animals out of a bunch of "plugs", standing knee deep in mud, and with trying to make brass trimmings "glitter like gold" and old trace chains "shine like silver" as the orders required.

For a period of about six weeks in January and February, Colonel Penner was taken away from the regiment and during this time Colonel Earnest D. Scott of the regulars was in temporary command. However, Colonel Penner was soon returned and great was the rejoicing in the regiment thereat.

On February 4th the long missing second battalion came back from Saumur and after joining were billeted in the nearby village of Gerauvilliers.

March, 1919, was largely occupied with target practice, horse shows, maneuvers with the 88th Division. To the battle scarred Artillery Brigade, these maneuvers or show battles seemed ridiculous.

As winter passed away, the impatience of the command grew apace. Rumors flew about, and no one knew what to expect or what to hope for. Finally there came the best news of all. "Relief from duty with the 88th, and rejoin the 32nd at Brest!"

And Home

Never did a regiment entrain more promptly or more cheerfully. The usual complement of many trains was somewhat reduced due to the turning in of guns, vehicles and horses, and in three trains the last traverse of France was made.

Upon arrival at Brest on April 19th, the rest of the 32nd was discovered pulling in from the Rhine where it had spent the winter. The few days at Pontanezen Barracks at Brest are a confused memory of mud, inspectors, delousing, paperwork, and a few ships to unload. However, morale was high, and on April 25th, we were taking off on lighters for the good ship "Wilhelmina" better known as "rolling Willy", and soon the shores of France were fading!

The "Willy" has happy memories for most of the 120th. Small enough so that the regiment preponderated, with Colonel Penner the senior officer on board, and with the hated restrictions of the submarine days removed, the voyage was a very pleasant ending.

It would be hard indeed for a historian to record a composite of the emotions of the happy 3rd of May which brought Boston into view.

Trains were waiting at the dock, and debarkation was quickly accomplished, and before night we were in barracks at Camp Devens in the interior of Massachusetts. Here many friends parted, for all of the men who had come to the regiment from parts of the country other than the middle west departed singly and in groups for other points. The Wisconsin group, which constituted the majority, entrained for Camp Grant at Rockford, Illinois, and on May 17th, as civilians departed for their homes.



The largest single group was from Milwaukee, and returned to their homes by special train, which upon arrival was greeted with as enthusiastic and joyful a welcome as their loyal townsmen could provide. The scene at Milwaukee was repeated all over the state, and many a soldier chose his own food and slept in a bed that night for the first time in two years.

Just two years since this band of men had set out from Wisconsin. They returned, now, fewer in number, changed in character, and for the most part depleted in physique. Time has shown many of them how great that depletion was. Time has also shown them how great was the economic sacrifice. Time has failed to show them just what these sacrifices gained for the world. But with all these reflections comes the thought that they were a part of the 120th Field Artillery which never failed in its mission, that they were a part of the 32nd Division "Les Terribles", and that in the soul stirring days of 1917 and 1918 they did honor to their state, and to themselves.





The Regiment After The War

BY MAJOR R. H. MIEDING, 105th CAVALRY, WIS. N. G.

Formerly Regimental Supply Sergeant 120th Field Artillery

A history of the redevelopment of the National Guard in Wisconsin, after the war particularly that of the new organizations growing out of the Regiment of war days, the 120th Field Artillery, must necessarily be a tame one in contrast to the history chronicled in the preceding chapters. Underlying the dates and names of organizations is the tremendous amount of work required before the organizations can be completed to their minimum quotas and receive their federal recognition. The long tedious hours in an improvised recruiting office, the attempt at developing a suitable non-commissioned personnel with the inexperienced material at hand, and the difficulty in holding together those men who had already enlisted while awaiting equipment with which to work, can only be appreciated by those who have been through it.

Strange as it may seem, ex-service men with but few exceptions, proved undesirable as enlisted in the new units. They had been through the mill and had learned "to soldier" under that most arduous instructor—war service in actual combat. It will be remembered that constant changes were taking place in methods of instruction during the war. These changes continued afterward and ex-service men could not, or would not, re-adjust themselves to the conditions. The new National Guard had, therefore, to rely almost entirely on those young men who were too young for service during the war. A few officers and enlisted men held over, however, and they became the framework of the new units.

On a Sunday morning in July 1919—barely two months after the 120th Field Artillery was mustered out of service at Camp Grant, Oscar Koch and Rudolph Mieding, two kindred spirits, old members of Troop "A" 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, and later officers (120th F. A.) met by chance in the deserted stables of the cavalry armory. There they conceived the idea of rallying the old outfit once more, and the work started. Colonel Penner gave his endorsement and co-operation.

A "smoker" was called at the Armory on August 3rd, 1919 and invitations were sent to all Milwaukee members of the 120th F. A. About thirty responded and the proposition of re-organization was outlined to them by Koch, and those interested were requested to sign. Only Koch, Mieding, Spence and a newcomer, Fred Coggeshall, pledged themselves.

An office was opened down town immediately and on October 21, 1919 the first Wisconsin organization was mustered and federally recognized, by General Charles King, to be known as Troop "A", 1st Wisconsin Cavalry.

The "grand old man" at Madison, General Holway, was enthusiastic and quickly aided in filling the government's request for Cavalry and Artillery units, by the end of 1920 there were 16 Troops of Cavalry and three Batteries of Field Artillery in Wisconsin.

No regimental combinations had been effected, however, and early in 1921 a change in organization plans of the federal government brought about a regrouping. From these assorted cavalry troops and artillery batteries the 105th Cavalry Regiment



and the 120th Field Artillery Regiment (75 m/m) were formed. Practically all of the troop and battery units which thus made up these two regiments traced their origin to the 120th Field Artillery and 1st Wisconsin Cavalry of the war period.

The new regiments were commanded by "120th" men, the new 120th Field Artillery being under Colonel A. A. Kuechenmeister and Lieut. Colonel A. H. Smith, and the 105th Cavalry under Colonel J. J. Quill and Lieut. Colonel C. F. Sammond, Majors P. B. Slater and J. G. Swift, also went to the new artillery and cavalry regiments, respectively. All of these officers had been captains overseas in the 120th F. A. and Colonels Kuechenmeister and Quill had come home as Majors. A large number of former officers and non-commissioned officers of the 120th F. A. war days ably filled posts in the two regiments as Captains and Lieutenants.

After the completion of the two regiments, several of the cavalry troops remained unassigned and subsequently went into combat trains units or mustered out.

The two regiments which thus sprang from the 120th F. A. and more remotely from "old Troop A", were finally stabilized as follows:

105th Cavalry

Regimental Headquarters	Milwaukee
Headquarters Troop	Stanley
Service Troop (and mounted band)	Eau Claire
Medical Detachment	Sheboygan

1st Squadron

Hq. and Hq. Detachment...	Milwaukee
Troops A, B, and C.....	Milwaukee

2nd Squadron

Hq. and Hq. Detachment..	Milwaukee
Troop E	Kenosha
Troop F	Ft. Atkinson
Troop G	Watertown

120th F. A.

Regimental Headquarters	Milwaukee
Headquarters Battery	Superior
Service Battery	Superior
Medical Detachment	Sheboygan

1st Battalion

Battalion Headquarters	Milwaukee
Battalion Headquarters and	
Combat Train	Viroqua
Battery A	La Crosse
Battery B	
Battery C	Chippewa Falls

2nd Battalion

Battalion Headquarters and	
Headquarters Detachment and	
Combat Train	Stevens Point
Battery D	Stevens Point
Battery E	Wisconsin Rapids
Battery F	Merrill

Thus the spirit of the Wisconsin Cavalry traces without a break from 1880 to the present and into the future. One troop, two troops, a cavalry regiment, and artillery regiment, one after the other, ever growing and with record ever fine.

The men of the present have a glorious tradition to follow and the men who made that tradition what it is, may rest content in the knowledge that it will continue unsullied—the spirit of the Wisconsin Cavalry.



NOTE

FORESEEING the future value of an accurate day-to-day record of the activities of the Regiment Colonel Penner caused "The Official Diary" to be started on the day of mobilization.

A staff officer undertook the responsibility and as the vicissitudes of war brought changes and casualties among the staff, the task was ever shifted from one chronicler to another, but never lapsed.

Written by many hands successively, under burning Texas skies, in transport cabins, in dugouts, in caves and in billets, the work claims no uniformity of style nor literary merit.

Additions from private diaries, files and collections of data have been made here and there, but the "Official Diary" entries are presented as originally written.

THE EDITORS.

Official Diary

WITH EXCERPTS FROM DIARIES OF
INDIVIDUAL SOLDIERS, SECRET DOC-
UMENTS, ORDERS AND REPORTS.
PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES
MADE ON THE GROUND BY MEM-
BERS OF "THE OUTFIT."



The Wisconsin Cavalry Needs 300 Men Before June 5th

THESE are required to fill vacancies now existing. A, B, C and D Troops of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry must be recruited to war strength, and Supply, Headquarters and Machine Gun Troops must be formed **at once** in Milwaukee.

The Cavalry requires men of intelligence and resourcefulness. If you wait for the draft you will not be able to choose for yourself. If you act now you can go with your friends in an organization that has already earned a splendid reputation.

It is not necessary to know how to ride. You will be taught by the most competent instructors that can be found.

The War Department has recently recognized this regiment of Cavalry and designated it to accompany the 11th Division, composed of Wisconsin and Michigan troops.

These organizations must be filled before June 5th.

ACT NOW!

Stop in at No. 2, Pabst Bldg.—Main 4070 —
or go out to the 1st Cavalry Armory,
Oakland Ave. and Atwood Road,
Lake 655.



Mobilization

Sunday, July 15, 1917.

Pursuant to the President's proclamation dated July 3rd, 1917, the First Cavalry, Wisconsin National Guard, was mobilized, each troop at its home station, to await further orders. Regimental Headquarters continued at the Cavalry Armory on Oakland Avenue, just north of the city limits of Milwaukee. The Headquarters Troop, Supply Troop, Machine Gun Troop and Troops A, B, C, and D of the First Squadron, and the Medical Department also were quartered at the Armory.

A list of calls and drill schedules were ordered for the entire regiment and in the case of the Milwaukee organizations, Retreat formation without arms was directed. Men whose homes were in Milwaukee were permitted to go to their homes for meals and sleep and provision was made at the Armory for housing and mess of out-of-town men. Lieut. Ritzler appointed Mess Officer and also put in charge of the Post Exchange which was established. Sgt. Cressy, D. Troop, Mess Sergeant and Canteen Steward. Guard established, details being by troop. Major Krech in command of Squadron at Retreat Parade, platoon column and double column formation being used. One hundred and twenty-five men were given sleeping accommodations, 110 morning mess, 180 noon mess and 110 evening mess. Dr. Wm. J. Cronyn acting temporarily as Medical Officer. Infirmary established in the old schoolhouse.

Monday, July 16, 1917.

Captain Swift Troop A, is Officer of the Day. Major Einfeldt in command at Retreat Parade. Regular drill schedule carried out during the day. Recruiting office still being maintained in the Pabst Building at Grand Avenue Bridge. A provisional troop parades mounted thru the city street daily to stimulate recruiting. A detail under Sgt. Luther Pifer, Troop B, is busy cutting the hay crop on the Armory grounds.

Tuesday, July 17, 1917.

Regular drill schedule carried out. Lieut. Slater, Officer of the Day. Retreat parade under command of Major Treadwell. Formation, troops in column of platoons.

Wednesday, July 18, 1917.

All troops settling down to regular work. Much improvement shown in dismounted drill. Captain Quill, Troop C, Officer of the Day. Majors alternating in command of the Squadron at Retreat. Orders received from Central Department at Chicago directing the regiment to be ready to move July 23rd.

Thursday, July 19, 1917.

Regular drill schedule continues. Bags which have been ordered for carrying personal belongings of enlisted men are received and turned to Supply Company for distribution. Captain Tapping, Troop D, Officer of the Day.

Friday, July 20, 1917.

Major Einfeldt directed to arrange transportation of Milwaukee troops to Camp Douglas, Wis., the State Military Reservation. Captain Cook, Machine Gun troop, Officer of the Day. Drill schedule ordered suspended for Saturday and Sunday to permit men and officers to make final preparations for leaving. All troop commanders



at Milwaukee and other stations were ordered to have their commands ready to ship to Camp Douglas on Monday, July 23rd.

Saturday, July 21, 1917.

No drills. Day spent in packing equipment ready for shipment. No shipping orders received from Central Department to date.

Sunday, July 22, 1917.

Men allowed passes for visiting relatives and friends and only special details and the guard remained at the quarters. At 9 A. M. the Supply Troop under Captain A. W. Einfeldt left for Camp Douglas to arrive ahead of the regiment for the purpose of drawing supplies and tentage and having them ready for issue upon arrival of the troops. In the evening the fifty five mounts owned by Troop A and the 31 government mounts of Troop B were loaded aboard cars at Whitefish Bay to be switched down to Shoreline and attached to the troop train next morning.

Monday, July 23, 1917.

A rainy dawn found everything astir at the Armory. Troops fell in and marched the short distance to Shoreline. In spite of the early hour a great crowd assembled to cheer our departure. While the train was being made up Troop M from Sheboygan pulled thru on their special. At 7:45 last farewells had been said and the First Wisconsin Cavalry was on its way on the first leg of the long journey to the battlefields of the Great War and also to assemble for the first time as a regiment, its units coming from nine home stations scattered about the state. At 2 P. M. the train bearing headquarters and the Milwaukee units pulled into Camp Douglas on schedule, detrained, unloaded horses and equipment and marched to the new camp site which had been prepared for the regiment north of the old boundary of the Military Reservation. The new band of the First Wisconsin Artillery was on hand and played a welcome as the successive trains bearing the units of our regiment arrived. As fast as units arrived in camp details reported to the Supply Officer, Capt. A. W. Einfeldt, popularly known as "Zwei", who issued 13 pyramidal tents and a kitchen fly to each organization. By 5 P. M. the regimental camp was established. With the exception of a recruiting detail of a few men under Lieut. James Leaman, Machine Gun Troop, and a detail of six men under Sergt. L. Pifer, Troop B, left at Milwaukee to complete haying on the Armory grounds, the entire regiment was present.

THE ORGANIZATION WAS AS FOLLOWS:

Colonel Carl Penner, Milwaukee, Commanding
Lieutenant Colonel Irving A. Fish, Milwaukee
Major August M. Krech, Milwaukee, Commanding Second Squadron
Major Herbert B. Einfeldt, Milwaukee, Commanding First Squadron
Major Oliver O. Treadwell, Milwaukee, Commanding Third Squadron
Captain Charles F. Sammond, Milwaukee, Adjutant
First Lieutenant William P. O'Connor, Milwaukee, Chaplain
First Lieutenant Lester Bigelow, Milwaukee, Adjutant, First Squadron
First Lieutenant Erwin C. Ritzler, Milwaukee, Adjutant, Third Squadron
First Lieutenant James R. Harper, Milwaukee Adjutant, Second Squadron
Headquarters Troop, Home station, Milwaukee
Captain Charles F. Sammond, Milwaukee, Commanding
Supply Troop, Home station, Milwaukee
Captain Alfred W. Einfeldt, Milwaukee, Commanding
Second Lieutenant Christian W. Schaefer, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant James H. Jackson, Milwaukee



Machine Gun Troop, Home station, Milwaukee
Captain Ernest V. Cook, Milwaukee, Commanding
First Lieutenant Hilbert C. Wallber, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant James E. Leaman, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant Edward J. Kusserow, Milwaukee

Troop "A"—Home station, Milwaukee
Captain James G. Swift, Milwaukee, Commanding
First Lieutenant Paul A. Frank, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant Louis Nicoud, Milwaukee

Troop "B"—Home station, Milwaukee
Captain Edward R. Richter, Milwaukee, Commanding
First Lieutenant Percival B. Slater, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant Otto C. Mueller, Milwaukee

Troop "C"—Home station, Milwaukee
Captain James J. Quill, Milwaukee, Commanding
First Lieutenant Wallace S. Schutz, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant Bradlee Van Brunt

Troop "D"—Home station, Milwaukee
Captain Edgar J. Tapping, Jr., Milwaukee, Commanding
First Lieutenant James J. Duke, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant Karl O. Bellack, Milwaukee

Troop "E"—Kenosha
Captain John S. Coney, Kenosha, Commanding
First Lieutenant Fred W. Steinert, Kenosha
Second Lieutenant John D. Alexander, Kenosha

Troop "F"—Lake Geneva
Captain Benoni O. Reynolds, Lake Geneva, Commanding
First Lieutenant James H. Grant, Lake Geneva
Second Lieutenant Carroll R. Slensby, Milwaukee

Troop "G"—Grand Rapids
Captain Richard M. Gibson, Grand Rapids, Commanding
First Lieutenant John F. Carrigan, Grand Rapids
Second Lieutenant Elmer Babcock, Grand Rapids

Troop "H"—Merrill
Captain Albert H. Smith, Merrill, Commanding
First Lieutenant Edward F. Blixt, Milwaukee
Second Lieutenant Ralph G. Kraft, Merrill

Troop "I"—Stevens Point
Captain Charles W. Swan, Stevens Point, Commanding
First Lieutenant Russell Moen, Stevens Point
Second Lieutenant Lyman B. Park, Stevens Point

Troop "K"—Ladysmith
Captain Amzi A. Hadden, Ladysmith, Commanding
First Lieutenant Ralph H. Drum, Ladysmith
Second Lieutenant,—Vacancy

Troop "L"—Eau Claire
Captain James F. Cahill, Eau Claire, Commanding
First Lieutenant William Bluedorn, Eau Claire
Second Lieutenant Cornelius S. Nicoud, Milwaukee



Troop "M"—Sheboygan
 Captain Herbert V. Kohler, Sheboygan, Commanding
 First Lieutenant Herman Runge, Sheboygan
 Second Lieutenant Theodore Phalen, Sheboygan Falls
 Monday, July 23, 1917, Continued

Sanitary Detachment, Home station, Milwaukee
 Major Gustavus I. Hogue, Milwaukee
 First Lieutenant Miles D. Cottingham, Lake Geneva
 First Lieutenant Jay C. Brewer, Jefferson
 Second Lieutenant Stanley L. Pilgrim, Milwaukee (Veterinary Corps)
 Total personnel, 56 officers, 1473 enlisted men.



Colors of 120th F. A., presented by Milwaukee Downer College.



Camp Douglas

Tuesday, July 24, 1917.

List of calls established to conform to camp orders. Brigadier General Charles R. Boardman, Wis. National Guard, Camp Commander. Drill schedule issued. Physical examinations for Federal muster started today and takes precedence over all other work. Some of the up-state troops are over strength and surplus men are transferred to Machine Gun and Supply Troops with the promise that as soon as vacancies exist in their home organizations they can be transferred back if they desire. Owing to lack of space close by for assembly of the entire regiment in formation, troops were ordered to form for retreat in their troop streets. As the greater part of the regiment was still in civilian clothes and for the most part still in the recruit stage, a regimental Retreat Parade might have presented some difficulties.

Wednesday, July 25, 1917.

Troops working on the dismounted drill, taking up the school of the troop, new cavalry drill regulations. All officers, field, staff and line were given their physical examinations at 2 P. M. and all qualified. Commanding officers of all troops ordered to make out muster papers. Colonel Jones, U. S. A., mustering officer, explained how they are to be made out. Check roll call at Taps ordered.

Thursday, July 26, 1917.

Physical examinations completed today for all units of the Regiment except Headquarters, Machine Gun and Supply Troops. Troop "A" mustered into Federal service. All troops are now filled to war strength with exception of Headquarters Troop of which the band has not been completed.

Friday, July 27, 1917.

Not much drill owing to preparations for muster and physical examinations. Results of physical exams have been very satisfactory, less than two per cent rejections. Tents ordered furled Tuesdays and Fridays.

Saturday, July 28, 1917.

Owing to the extra paper work only a few troops drilled. Sanitary inspections by Major Hogue, M. C. and his assistants, Lts. M. D. Cottingham and J. C. Brewer begin at 8 A. M. daily. Equitation class for officers conducted daily by Capt. Quill. Troops alternating at stables to receive instruction in care of animals and grooming.

Sunday, July 29, 1917.

First Sunday in camp. Hundreds of visitors in camp, many arriving on early trains before Reveille. Our Regimental Canteen does a land office business.

Monday, July 30, 1917.

Regular drills resumed on new schedule, with which men generally express great satisfaction. Orders received to make out pay-roll for the half month, including July 15th. Officers to make out individual pay vouchers.

Tuesday, July 31, 1917.

General improvement in the drills. Headquarters Troop, Field and Staff officers to be mustered into Federal service at 4:30 P. M. All other units have been mustered



in. All men have been measured for clothing and at least six troops will be issued clothing today, the State of Wisconsin having purchased great quantities which the War Department could not furnish.

Wednesday, August 1, 1917.

In addition to regular drills, clothing issues were completed. Regiment in excellent health. Major General Barry, Central Department, inspects the camp which is now well filled with the National Guard of Wisconsin, with more arriving daily.

Thursday, August 2, 1917.

All troops have now been fully uniformed and the outfits look very soldierly. Two cases of mumps develop in Troop K and upon recommendation of the Surgeon the troop is quarantined and its camp moved to a new location about a hundred yards east of the regimental camp. Jim Leaman with the details left in Milwaukee for recruiting and haying on the Armory grounds, arrives in camp with sixteen horses which they loaded at Oconomowoc, the property of Mr. Pauly of Golden Lake, to be tried out as officers' mounts.

Friday, August 3, 1917.

Many men suffering from effects of anti-typhoid inoculation and are excused from drills. Drills improving daily. Squadron Commanders conduct daily officers' school.

Saturday, August 4, 1917.

Reverend William P. O'Connor, who has been appointed Regimental Chaplain for the First Wisconsin Cavalry, reports for duty, and is sworn in by the Summary Court Officer. He received confessions Saturday evening and will conduct Catholic and non-sectarian services on Sunday.





Sunday, August 5, 1917.

First religious services held in the regiment. Catholic services at 7:30 A. M. and non-sectarian services at 9:30 A. M. Camp is again visited by several hundred relatives and friends of the soldiers. Officers take advantage of spare time to try out some of the new horses.

Monday, August 6, 1917.

The regimental band, for which about twenty men have been recruited or found among the enlisted personnel, organized and practised for the first time, under Mr. Henry Winsauer, Band Leader. No instruments available except a few which are the private property of the men. Many good ball players are turning up in the regiment and some good games are expected soon.

Tuesday, August 7, 1917.

A down pour of rain during the early morning hours sends a river flowing thru a part of our camp. Headquarters, Supply and "A" Troop kitchens flooded. Additional case of mumps reported from K Troop, making a total of four. Each case means three weeks quarantine from date of its recovery.

Wednesday, August 8, 1917.

Third typhoid inoculation today, completing immunization of the regiment except for the absentees and recent enlistments. The regiment has made a record for orderly and prompt arrival on schedule at inoculation stations.

Thursday, August 9, 1917.

No drills for those who received third inoculations. Bunk fatigue feels fine for most of them.





Friday, August 10, 1917.

All outfits at drill on regular schedule.

Saturday, August 11, 1917.

Usual Saturday inspections, medical and sanitary and inspection of quarters.

Sunday, August 12, 1917.

Steady all day rain spoils the day for hundreds of visitors.

Monday, August 13, 1917.

Regular drill.

Tuesday, August 14, 1917.

Drills interrupted by inoculation schedule, first of a series of three para-typhoid shots.

Wednesday, August 15, 1917.

No drill, the para-typhoid reaction being very severe. At Retreat the First Cavalry, Wisconsin National Guard, listens for the first time to the playing of the National Anthem by its own band as the colors are furled.

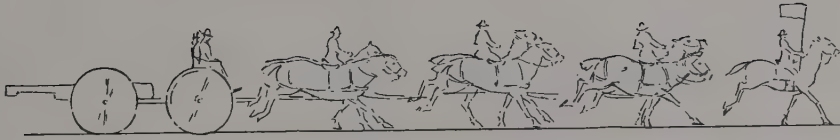
Thursday, August 16, 1917.

Regular drill. Rifles of Troops "A" and "B" being used for special instruction classes for non-commissioned officers. Good progress being made in the Manual of the Rifle.

Friday, August 17, 1917.

Drill as usual. Big detail under Lieut. Harper burns garbage dump about half a mile from camp.





1. "B" Troop waiting for mess call. The smiling trooper with arm raised is Arthur A. Kerlin, who died of wounds received August 5th, 1918 at St. Gilles, near Fismes, France.
2. "C" Troop crossing the parade ground to receive a "shot in the arm". The sergeant in the lead is Franklin C. Williams, who died in hospital at Liverpool, England shortly after disembarkation in March, 1918.
3. Alex Porte, left and Barney Pokrop, "A" Troop, keeping in trim for social affairs. Porte died of wounds received in action September 3rd, 1918 at Juvigny France.
4. A group of "A" Troopers with Minnie, the regimental Angora.
Left to right, standing: Otto Huebner, Elmer Puls, Harry Krueger
Kneeling: Leonard Elblein, Barney Pokrop, Alex Porte



1. Earl J. Conley, "K" Troop, from Ladysmith, Wisconsin. Killed in action near St. Gilles, France, August 6th, 1918, while a private, 1st class, in Battery "A". The first man of the 120th F. A. to be killed in action.

2. A group of "C" troopers. Left to right, standing: Harold F. Bissonnette, Everhart VonEimeren, Gordon Clark, Harold Campsie, William Clarkson, William H. Ward, Robert C. Morisse, Al Borgelt; kneeling, Edward J. Behne. Corporal Bissonnette died in service.

3. "B" troopers washing up after drill. Left to right: Charles Hinz, Charles R. Hagerstrom, Fred Koch, William Lambrecht, Joseph W. Wachowiak. Hagerstrom died of wounds received in action at St. Gilles, France, August 7th, 1918. He enlisted in "C" troop at Wisconsin Rapids, but was transferred to Troop "B" with others, because "G" troop was over strength.

4. Maurice Slaney, Troop "A" died of wounds received in action August 6th, 1918, at La Petite Chezelle Farme near St. Gilles, France.

5. A group of "A" troopers. Standing, left to right, Edwin B. Gute, Olen Husted, Alois L. Novotny, Harold Billings, Paul Gillis; kneeling, Theodore Janssen, Jr., John Helz, Walter Harris, Leo J. Germerschausen. Harris died March 29th, 1918 of illness contracted in service. Germerschausen was killed in action at Juvigny, France, September 3rd, 1918.

6. Frank Kunkel "A" Troop, died of wounds received in action August 6th, 1918, at La Petite Chezelle Farme, France.



Saturday, August 18, 1917.

We awoke this morning to the strains of a stirring march played by our own band who paraded for the first time at Reveille, being much appreciated. At 10:30 A. M. Troop "H" entrained and pulled out for Waco, Texas, under command of Captain Albert H. Smith. With units from other Wisconsin regiments they are to assist in preparing Camp MacArthur for the reception of the Thirty-second Division, to be composed of Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard.

Sunday, August 19, 1917.

Services as usual by Father O'Connor. Usual flood of visitors in camp. Many men take advantage of the facilities of the Y. M. C. A. tent to write letters.

Monday, August 20 to Sunday 28, 1917.

A routine week of policing after Sunday visitors, drilling, shots in the arm, and more Sunday visitors again.

Monday, August 27, 1917.

Usual drills and schools. Officers equitation class showing considerable improvement. A number of good jumpers being developed among officers' mounts.

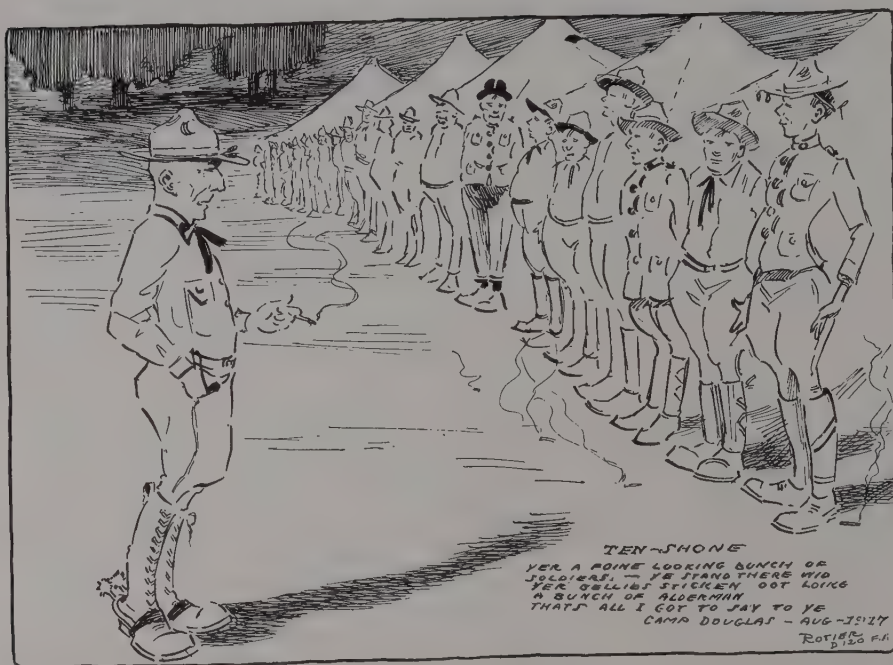
Tuesday, August 28, 1917.

Regular drill. Some troops getting considerable snap and precision into the execution of the manual of arms. Regimental laundry under Sergeant Bugler Hartel, operating under difficulties, is beginning to function smoothly.

Wednesday, August 29, 1917.

Usual routine. Doc. Pilgrim kept busy on picket line as a number of horses are suffering with sand colic.







Thursday, August 30, 1917.

These are busy days from Camp Douglas. The Wisconsin National Guard now consists of six regiments of infantry organized as two brigades, a regiment of cavalry, a regiment of artillery, a battalion of signal corps, an engineer battalion, two field hospital and two ambulance companies and the medical departments of the various regiments. All of the organizations are at war strength. Every available spot in the greatly enlarged reservation is occupied with troops at drill.

Friday, August 31, 1917.

Drill in the forenoon only. Men given liberty for athletics and recreation in afternoon.

Sunday, September 2, 1917.

Usual religious services by Regimental Chaplain O'Connor.

Monday, September 3, 1917.

Usual drills—manual of arms and school of the troop.

Tuesday, September 4, 1917.

Regular drills. Troops making good progress with the 1916 Cavalry Drill Regulations.

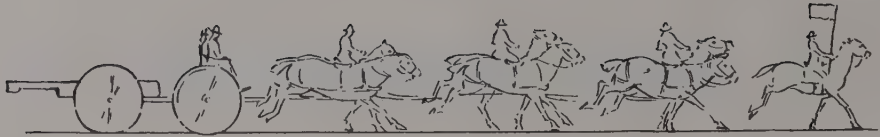
Wednesday, September 5, 1917.

Regular schedule.

Thursday, September 6, 1917.

Short hikes by Troops and extended order drills through woods. First march by regiment ordered for tomorrow. Regiment to march with full pack, pitch shelter tent camp, break camp and return.





Friday, September 7, 1917.

Steady down pour of rain causes march order to be countermanded. Orders received to leave Camp Douglas for Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas on Sept. 11th. Special Order No. 200, paragraph 8, Hqrs. Central Dept. Sept. 6, 1917. Nights have been getting pretty cold at Camp Douglas and a change to the south and new activities are generally welcomed. Much speculation as to the ultimate fate of the Cavalry. We learn that new divisional organization provides for one squadron per division only.

Saturday, September 8, 1917.

Regular Saturday inspections.

Sunday, September 9, 1917.

The last Sunday in Wisconsin, so a great many officers and men were given passes to visit their homes. Many visitors for those left in camp.

Monday, September 10, 1917.

Day spent in getting rid of surplus property, packing equipment and preparing shipping lists and weights. Minnie, the regimental Angora, was presented to a neighboring farmer and two old Troop "A" horses, rejected by the mustering officer, were turned in to the State Quartermaster.

Tuesday, September 11, 1917.

Baggage and animals loaded in forenoon and at 1:30 P. M. the first section pulled out for the long ride to Texas, followed shortly by the second, third and fourth sections, the last named pulling out at 4:05 P. M. Each train has a baggage car fitted up with field ranges and all of the men ride in day coaches. Route: C.&N.W. to Chicago; Illinois Central to St. Louis; M. K. & T. to Waco. Regimental Hqrs. on first section. All animals on first section.

Wednesday, September 12, 1917.

En route. All in good health and spirits. Troop commanders take men out for drills and calisthenics during stops and hold non-com. school daily while traveling.

Thursday, September 13, 1917.

First, third and fourth sections met at Parsons, Kansas. Men allowed liberty for about an hour. Second section now in the lead. First section losing time on account of daily unloading of horses. Second section halted at Muskogee, Oklahoma, at noon, detrained and made half hour march through city. Also stopped at Dennison, Texas, at 6:30 P. M. and men had liberty for an hour.

Friday, September 14, 1917.

Second section arrived at Camp MacArthur at 7:30 A. M., third section at 9 A. M., fourth section at 11:30 A. M. and the first section at 2 P. M. Captain "Al" Smith of Troop H on the ground and gave all information as to detrainment, camp site and local conditions. Camp is close to the siding where we unload in what was recently a cotton field. To the veterans of the border mobilization of 1916 the soil has the appearance of the familiar gumbo of San Antonio. Mess shacks, water system and latrines are all installed. The camp was designed to accommodate a regiment composed of the new 250 men infantry company and is much too large for our 105 men cavalry troops. All horses required to be turned in to remount corral for quarantine period.

Camp MacArthur

Waco, Texas



CAMP MACARTHUR BUGLE AND
THE WACO MORNING NEWS

ROTHSIL
D. 120 P.A.



Saturday, September 15, 1917.

Physical and property inspections by medical officers and troop commanders begun at an early hour, were interrupted by a visit from Major General James Parker, commander of the Thirty-second Division, to be composed of Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard troops now being assembled at Camp MacArthur. Orders Officers Call sounded and is much irritated because our officers walk to the point of assembly and expresses himself very pointedly to the effect that hereafter they are to come at a run. The general talked to the assembled officers for about a half hour during which he intimated that we would probably be converted into Ammunition Trains, Infantry or Light Artillery. Also that our camp would be changed in a few days. Deep gloom prevailed after his departure.

Sunday, September 16, 1917.

Fifteen Reserve Corps Cavalry officers attached to regiment for duty; graduates of First Training Camps. Three Captains and twelve Second Lieutenants. One attached to each unit of the regiment.

Monday, September 17th, 1917.

A new divisional drill schedule received. Squadron and regimental drill dismounted was held in afternoon followed by regimental parade and inspection, regiment in platoon mass. The regiment then passed in review, Colonel Penner, reviewing officer. This was the regiment's first parade and review and it passed off without a hitch, distances and alignment excellent and general appearance very soldierly.

Tuesday, September 18, 1917.

Regular drill schedule followed. Colonel Penner has conference with General Boardman who asks what our preference is as between Ammunition Trains or Field Artillery. We choose Field Artillery as the lesser evil. All of Wisconsin's regiments and brigades are being broken up and reformed to conform to the new tables of organization. Infantry companies are increased by one hundred men, regiments from 1,800 to 3,000. Regimental designations are to be changed and "Wisconsin" obliterated. It all seems calculated to break down the "esprit de corps" of the National Guard and there is some comment on a High Command which observes the World War for three years and then, six months after we are in it, discovers that it must destroy its entire army organization and make it over.

Wednesday, September 19, 1917.

Drill schedule followed. Regimental Hqrs. busy planning new organization. "Troops took up "school of the squad" from Infantry Drill Regulations, no Artillery Regulations being available.

Thursday, September 20, 1917.

Today we broke camp and moved into the area of the 57th Field Artillery Brigade of which we are to be one of the light regiments. We are the center regiment, the First Wisconsin Field Artillery being on one side and the First Michigan Field Artillery and First Michigan Cavalry, one battalion and one squadron respectively, to be combined in one regiment, being on the other. Before leaving the old camp the band paraded to a funeral march with a large following and conducted solemn rites for a yellow hat cord carried on a bier.



Friday, September 21, 1917.

Day spent in getting camp straightened out and property in order. Field artillery organization has not yet been adopted but the troops which are to be combined have been moved in together in proposed battery streets, as there are only eight organizations provided for in the camp. Friction develops in a few instances owing to the zeal of some officers in providing for their own units at the expense of their neighbors.

Saturday, September 22, 1917.

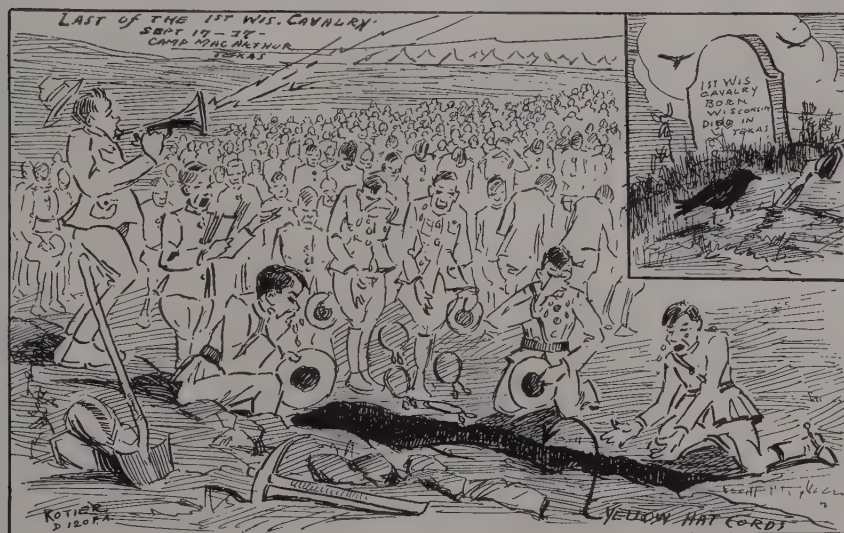
No drill. Another day devoted to settling camp, building sidewalks and digging ditches.

Sunday, September 23, 1917.

Under the new divisional program the usual Saturday inspections of quarters, personnel and property now take place on Sunday. Squadrons inspected by majors, 8 to 9 A. M. Religious services at "Y". We are fortunate in having the brigade Y. M. C. A. building just behind our regimental headquarters. Most of our officers attend a class at the 1st Wis. Artillery, and are initiated into the mysteries of the three inch piece, dismounting the recoil mechanism and breech block.

Monday, September 24, 1917.

New drill schedule adopted. As we are to become artillery, the 1916 Cavalry Drill Regulations in which our units have become well schooled, must be replaced by the Artillery Drill Regulations, of which copies are at a premium. Fortunately our Reserve Corps officers have been well drilled in the infantry dismounted drill, which is practically the same as the artillery dismounted drill, so at 7 A. M. they are sent out in charge of the troops to instruct the enlisted men while Lt. Col. Fish





drills the National Guard officers in their third system of drill in less than a year. At 8:30 A. M. officers equitation class under Capt. Quill. In afternoon commanders lecture troops and give practical demonstrations in care of tents and equipment. Reserve Corps officers drilled in equitation by Col. Penner. Officers' artillery school at 121st F. A. (1st Wis. F. A.) from 7:00 to 8:30 P. M. Battalion officers' messes started according to proposed artillery organization; Lt. Bluedorn and Lt. Slensby, mess officers of 1st and 2nd Battalions respectively.

Tuesday, September 25, 1917.

Same program. As light artillery carries no rifles, we are ordered to turn ours over to the 121st F. A. Supply Company is the only outfit that retains rifles. Officers' artillery school in evening.

Wednesday, September 26, 1917.

Troops drilled in school of the company under Reserve Officers. Officers' dismounted and mounted school as usual. Still turning over rifles. Athletics for all troops in afternoon. Officers school in evening.

Thursday, September 27, 1917.

Rain during the night does not interfere with regular drill schedule. Balance of rifles turned over. We received first allotment of horses other than those we brought into service with us, 96 being assigned to "C" Troop, nearly all draft type. Advance information issued from Regtl. Hqrs. on organization of artillery regiment. Assignment of officers announced. Last day as the First Wisconsin Cavalry.





57th F. A. Brigade, 32nd Division

Friday, September 28, 1917.

Pursuant to S. O. 23, Hq. 32nd Div. dated Sept. 19, 1917, Reg'tl General Order No. 11 is published, reorganizing the First Wisconsin Cavalry as the 120th F. A. Troop A and Machine Gun Troop, both organized at Milwaukee, combine to form Battery A under Capt. James G. Swift; "B" of Milwaukee and "K" of Ladysmith form Battery "B" under Captain Ernest V. Cook; "C" of Milwaukee and "L" of Eau Claire form Battery C under Capt. James J. Quill; "D" of Milwaukee and "G" of Grand Rapids form Battery "D" under Capt. Edgar J. Tapping; "E" of Kenosha and "I" of Stevens Point form Battery E under Capt. John S. Coney; "F" of Lake Geneva and "H" of Merrill form Battery F under Capt. Albert H. Smith; Headquarters Troop and "M" of Sheboygan form Headquarters Company under Capt. Herbert V. Kohler; Supply Troop becomes Supply Company under command of Capt. Alfred W. Einfeldt; Major Herbert B. Einfeldt commands 1st Battalion; Major August M. Krech commands 2nd Battalion; Major Oliver O. Treadwell, Capt. James F. Cahill and Captain Charles W. Swan, surplus, attached. Capt. A. A. Hadden and Capt. R. M. Gibson, Bn. Adjutants, 1st and 2nd Bn. respectively. Capt. Benoni O. Reynolds previously transferred to 57th F. A. Brigade staff. Enlisted personnel adjusted to new organization as much as possible by voluntary transfer.

Brigadier General William G. Haan, 57th F. A. Brig, commander and also Division commander in absence of Maj. Gen. James Parker in France. New artillery instruction schedule issued. Usual dismounted drill in forenoon. Instruction in bridling, saddling and mounting in afternoon. Battery "A" of 121 F. A. turns its 3 inch guns and materiel to Battery "C" of our regiment and we establish our first gun park. Officers' school in evening.

Headquarters First Regiment, Wisconsin Cavalry, N. G. Camp MacArthur

September 28, 1917.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 11.

Pursuant to General Order No. 23, Headquarters 32nd Division, National Guard, September 19, 1917, this regiment will hereafter be designated 120th Field Artillery.

It will be organized in the following manner with the exception of special transfers hereinafter ordered:

Headquarters Company, by the transfer of the men from Troop "M" and Headquarters Troop.

Supply Company by the transfer of the men from Supply Troop and the special transfers hereinafter ordered.



Battery "A", by the transfer of the men of Troop "A" and Machine Gun Troop.

Battery "B", by the transfer of the men from Troop "B" and Troop "K"

Battery "C", by the transfer of the men of Troop "C" and Troop "L"

Battery "D", by the transfer of the men of Troop "D" and Troop "G"

Battery "E", by the transfer of the men of Troop "E" and Troop "I"

Battery "F", by the transfer of the men of Troop "F" and Troop "H"

The Sanitary Detachment, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, will become the Medical Department, 120th Field Artillery, without change in personnel of officers or enlisted men.

Officers are assigned as follows:

Major August M. Krech to command the Second Battalion, 120th Field Artillery, to consist of Batteries "D", "E", and "F".

Major Herbert B. Einfeldt to command the First Battalion, 120th Field Artillery, to consist of Batteries "A", "B", and "C".

Captain Charles F. Sammond to be Regimental Adjutant.

Captain Alfred W. Einfeldt to be Supply Officer and to command Supply Company.

Captain Richard M. Gibson to be Adjutant, Second Battalion.

Captain Amzi A. Hadden to be Adjutant, First Battalion.

Capt. Herbert V. Kohler to command Headquarters Company.

Captain James G. Swift to command Battery "A".

Captain Ernest V. Cook to command Battery "B".

Captain James J. Quill to command Battery "C".

Captain Edgar J. Tapping to command Battery "D".

Captain John S. Coney to command Battery "E".

Captain Albert H. Smith to command Battery "F".

Captain James F. Cahill to the unassigned list, and is temporarily attached to Regimental Headquarters for duty.

Captain Charles W. Swan to the unassigned list and is temporarily attached to the Second Battalion for duty.

1st Lieutenant James R. Harper to Headquarters Company.

1st Lieutenant Erwin C. Ritzler to Headquarters Company.

1st Lieutenant Herman C. Runge to Headquarters Company.

2nd Lieutenant Christian Schaefer to Headquarters Company, but temporarily attached to Supply Company for duty.

2nd Lieutenant James H. Jackson to Headquarters Company, but is temporarily attached to Supply Company for duty.

2nd Lieutenant Theodore Phalen to Headquarters Company.

1st Lieutenant Hilbert C. Wallber to Battery "A".¹

1st Lieutenant Paul A. Frank to Battery "A".

2nd Lieutenant Louis Nicoud to Battery "A".

2nd Lieutenant James E. Leaman to Battery "A".

1st Lieutenant Percival B. Slater to Battery "B".

1st Lieutenant Ralph Drum to Battery "B".

2nd Lieutenant Otto C. Mueller to Battery "B".

2nd Lieutenant Edward J. Kusserow to Battery "B".

1st Lieutenant Wallace S. Schutz to Battery "C".



1st Lieutenant William H. Bluedorn to Battery "C".

2nd Lieutenant Bradlee Van Brunt to Battery "C".

2nd Lieutenant Cornelius S. Nicoud to Battery "C".

1st Lieutenant James J. Duke to Battery "D".

1st Lieutenant John F. Carrigan to Battery "D".

2nd Lieutenant Karl O. Bellack to Battery "D".

2nd Lieutenant Elmer Babcock to Battery "D".

1st Lieutenant Fred W. Steinert to Battery "E".

1st Lieutenant Russell Moen to Battery "E".

2nd Lieutenant John D. Alexander to Battery "E".

2nd Lieutenant Lyman B. Park to Battery "E", now on temporary duty at Headquarters 57th Field Artillery Brigade.

1st Lieutenant Edward F. Blixt to Battery "F".

1st Lieutenant James H. Grant to Battery "F".

2nd Lieutenant Carroll R. Slensby to Battery "F".

2nd Lieutenant Ralph E. Kraft to Battery "F".

All troop council books will be inspected by the battalion commanders and approved by the regimental commander. Troop funds will then be consolidated into battery funds, each battery fund being formed from the troops combined in it, and new council books started.

All government property held on memorandum receipt by troop commanders will be issued respectively to the commanders of the battery into which their troops are transferred, in such manner and at such time as the Supply Officer may direct. The Supply Officer will arrange for the transfer of the tentage, and individual equipment required by the transfer of personnel as herein ordered.

Final Muster Rolls will be prepared for each troop. Entries will be made on service records, as, in the case of any transfer, quoting, this order as authority. New Morning Reports and all other company records will be started. The Regimental Adjutant will issue detailed instructions on the subjects mentioned in this paragraph.

Reserve officers attached to the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, National Guard, are attached to such batteries in the 120th Field Artillery as are formed from the troops to which these officers are attached.

No appointments to special grades are to be made in the regiment so long as men of like grade are being carried attached. Information regarding men being carried attached can be obtained from Regimental Headquarters.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL PENNER

CHARLES F. SAMMOND,

Captain, 1st Reg. Wis. Cav. N. G., Adjutant.

Saturday, September 29, 1917.

Usual drills in morning and athletics in afternoon. Orders issued for Battalion schools in Regiment and subjects assigned to officers.

Sunday, September 30, 1917.

Inspection of quarters. Catholic and non-sectarian services by Chaplain at Y. M. C. A. No drill.



Monday, October 1, 1917.

New schedule. Batteries divided into sections for instruction, officers specializing in subjects; dismounted drill, guard duty, pistol, military courtesy and saluting, and hygiene. Officers' school by battalion, 4 to 5 P. M.; evening mess, 5 P. M. and regimental officers' school at 6 to 7:30 P. M. Great fire in evening at 10:30 burns immense pile of baled hay at Q. M. Depot. Our fire squad on the job. Batteries alternate using horses and materiel at equitation and gun drill. Eight artillery Reserve corps officers assigned to regiment.

Tuesday, October 2, 1917.

Officers' class in standing gun drill from 7 to 7:30 A. M., artillery Reserve Officers acting as instructors. A cavalryman these days is required to learn something new every day. Same schedule of drills and schools. General Haan mounts his gray horse every morning and by 7 A. M. is giving our brigade the once over, followed by a cavalcade of staff officers who, we suspect, would be much happier if the general forgot to invite them.

Wednesday, October 3, 1917.

Same morning schedule. Afternoon devoted to athletics. Capt. Cahill is Regimental Athletic Officer. Meeting of all athletic officers of division at 2 P. M. to arrange athletic program of activities for the division. At 4 P. M. a meeting of all officers of the division is held by General Haan at 57th Brigade outdoor Y. M. C. A. and Second Liberty Loan campaign is launched, principal speech being made by a silver tongued Texas banker. General Haan also spoke. At Retreat Band Leader Winsauer parades like John Phillip Sousa with a band of over forty pieces. In the break-up of the Wisconsin regiments we have succeeded in having practically the entire band of the old First Wisconsin Infantry transferred to us with their instruments. It will require a bit of skillful paper work on the part of the Regimental Adj. to get by with a band of this size, but we will have the best band in the division. Today death takes its first toll from our regiment; Private Carl Meyers, Battery D, of East Troy, Wis. dies at Base Hospital of appendicitis.

Thursday, October 4, 1917.

Same drill schedule, gun drill going smoothly. Battery equitation classes as before, with blankets and surcingles. Officers' schools 4 to 5 P. M. and 7 to 8:30 P. M.

Friday, October 5, 1917.

Same schedule of drills and classes. General Haan makes his usual rounds and seldom fails to disapprove of some unlucky officer and woe to anyone he finds along "Officers' Row" after 7 A. M.

Saturday, October 6, 1917.

Usual drills in morning. Afternoon given over to athletics. Some of the batteries play off the first games in the regimental baseball championship series. First call for Division Football team candidates. Major "Pike" Kenney, 121st F. A. Medical Dept. and Lt. "Bo" Hanley, former Marquette University stars are the Division football coaches.

Sunday, October 7, 1917.

Usual Sunday inspections and religious services. Regimental band gives first concert at 57th Brigade Y. M. C. A. before large and appreciative audience.



Monday, October 8, 1917.

Sudden change from hot to cold weather. A gale of wind whirls the black dust of the Texas prairies before it, blinding men and animals. We stick to the schedule till noon, when the welcome order comes thru Brigade Hqrs. to call off outdoor work for the afternoon. Indoor classes and lectures substituted. Rain all afternoon puts an end to the dust. Pay day for the batteries. Two 3" guns turned over to us by the 119th F. A., with caissons, so that we now have six for the regiment. Schedule arranged to keep all of them in use all day, every day, including athletic afternoons.

Tuesday, October 9, 1917.

Drill schedules go on without change. Officers' schools, 4 to 5 P. M. in five new sections. Evening school 6 to 7:30 P. M. "D" Battery has tent fire, destroying tent and some individual property. Orderly execution of "Fire Call" regulations thruout the regiment indicates excellent discipline.

Wednesday, October 10, 1917.

Regular drills in morning. Athletics and baseball in afternoon. Meeting of all officers of the division at 57th Brigade Y. M. C. A. at 4 P. M. Meeting addressed by General Haan and also by Captain Briggs, a Division Staff officer who has recently returned from the western front. Demonstrates British gas mask. Regimental picture taken at 1:30 P. M.

Thursday, October 11, 1917.

Usual program of drills and schools.

October 12 to 16, 1917.

Deadly routine of drill and inspection; inspection and drill.

Wednesday, October 17, 1917.

Drill by sections in morning and afternoon. Athletics in afternoon for those batteries not scheduled for equitation and gun drill. No officers' school. Meeting of all officers of the Division at 57th Brigade Y. M. C. A. at 5 P. M. Our regiment leads the Division in Liberty Loan subscriptions.

Thursday, October 18, 1917.

Pursuant to an order from the War Department the day was partially devoted to patriotic demonstrations for the purpose of furthering the subscription campaigns for the Second Liberty Loan. The regiment is marched by battalion to the Y. M. C. A. where a concert is given by our band and patriotic speeches are made by Captain Gilson of Brigade Hqrs., J. M. Penland, president of the Waco Chamber of Commerce, and by non-coms chosen from the batteries. Drill schedule is interfered with as little as possible. Officers' schools as usual. Lieut. C. B. Farr, M. R. C., lectures to officers on Gas Defense, at 7 P. M. Our band plays its first outside engagement, playing with nine other bands in "wet" parade in Waco. Their next engagement is to play for the "drys".



Friday, October 19, 1917.

Regular schedule interfered with by cold rain storm in morning and the "rainy day" schedule goes into effect. Batteries have indoor lectures and schools in the mess shacks. Usual drills resumed in afternoon. Wood walls for the pyramidal tents began to arrive and will make a big difference in the comfort of the men. Horse shelters are completed and horses of A B and C Batteries are moved under cover. Officers given test in computation of firing data under Lt. Col. Fish in evening.

Saturday, October 20, 1917.

Usual drill period in morning and athletics in afternoon, except for those batteries using the materiel and horses. The baseball league is arousing much interest. Football is starting.

Sunday, October 21, 1917.

No reveille. Mess about 7 A. M. Inspection at 8 A. M. In the afternoon many of the officers join General Haan in a trip to China Springs by automobile to inspect the new artillery range. A dusty but interesting trip. Late in the afternoon a big crowd watches a terrific boxing match between Ted Jamieson, Ambulance Co. and Sailor Clickner of the 121st F. A., Clickner winning.

Monday, October 22, 1917.

Most of the day devoted to checking ordnance property, our captains checking corresponding batteries of 119th F. A. and their captains inspecting ours. An order is published directing candidates for commission in the Aviation Section to report to Division Hqrs. and 150 men march over from our regiment and march back again. Division Hqrs. surrounded by thousands of men from all units who want to be flyers. General Haan visits our officers' school during the evening. Heavy wind and dust storm during the night.

Tuesday, October 23, 1917.

Windstorm continues. Dust covers everything, indoors and out. Batteries having heavy ordnance complete checking in morning. All batteries have details at work on drainage ditch system for stables. Drill and instruction schedule somewhat interrupted. Carpenter details at work under Chief Mechanic Hartel and Sergt. Sather of C Battery, building walls and frames for Field and Staff officers' tents. Lieut. Jackson of Supply Company purchases glazed doors and "Air Tight" stoves for all officers. Captain Graham, Infantry, from School of Fire, delivers lecture on Infantry Intrenchments to officers at 7 P. M. Men get physical examination for heart and T. B.

Wednesday, October 24, 1917.

"Liberty Loan Day" as provided in orders. Athletic games from 7 to 9 A. M. Batteries return to quarters for the remainder of the morning while committees solicit subscriptions. Meanwhile the Regimental Field and Staff officers play baseball against the line officers, final score, 15-15. Father O'Connor pitches swell game. More baseball in afternoon, 1 to 3 P. M. by battery teams in regimental championship series. At 3 P. M. whole Division marches on field with bands to watch the new Division team play football against a Michigan infantry team, former Border champions. Division team wins in a well played game. Sergt. Major Oscar Koch of our regiment plays brilliant game at center. Carpenter details begin work on framing line officers' tents.



Thursday, October 25, 1917.

Heavy wind and dust storm makes drill impossible in morning and recall is sounded. Quieter in afternoon and batteries resume schedule. Details still working on stable ditch system. Regimental Field Day announced for next Wednesday after monthly muster and officials are announced. Captain Alfred Gaartz, noted Wisconsin rifleman, lectures in evening to officers on Machine Guns.

Friday, October 26, 1917.

Regular drills and schools. A lecture at 7 P. M. at officers' school on Grenades. At General Haan's daily meeting of Commanding Officers Col. Penner calls attention to the fact that our regiment has been performing guard duty at Water Tower and Quartermaster Supply Depot, remote from our own area, ever since we arrived in camp. General Haan orders us relieved from these details.

Saturday, October 27, 1917.

Usual drills in morning. Athletics in afternoon. Wind and dust still taking the joy out of life.

Sunday, October 28, 1917.

Violent warm wind drives the dust thru camp all day. Usual Sunday inspections and religious services. No drills.

Monday, October 29, 1917.

Wind and dust storm continues. Battery equitation now handled with hitched teams. Storm interferes with effective work on new weekly schedule in morning but regular routine is quite closely followed in afternoon. By order of Colonel the practice of only one officer per battery being present for reveille is discontinued and all battery officers attend reveille. Batteries are now organized. New battery organizations and provisional formations of gun and caisson squads, special details etc. are made. Recommendations for new non-coms go in.

Tuesday, October 30, 1917.

Weather clear. Beautiful, brisk day. Back to regular schedule. Battery C is first battery to go out with teams hitched to limbers and goes thru battery drill.

Wednesday, October 31, 1917.

Batteries inspected and mustered in morning. Balance of day devoted to Regimental Field Day. Lieut. Anderson is Athletic Officer in place of Captain Cahill who has been transferred to 119th F. A. Battery D wins meet with only 2½ points separating first three batteries. In the afternoon, Battery E, which has won the Regimental baseball championship, plays a picked nine from the regiment and the latter wins. Divisional officers meeting at 5 P. M.

Thursday, November 1, 1917.

Regular drill and school schedule. By regimental order batteries make appointments of new non-commissioned officers according to new tables of organization. Fire call about 9 P. M. for a tent fire in B battery. All batteries fall in promptly. Fire put out quickly.



Friday, November 2, 1917.

First formal guard mount at 4:45 P. M. F battery on guard. Lt. Bluedorn officer of day. Lt. Blixt officer of guard. Lt. and Mrs. Blixt given serenade by band after retreat according to custom relative to first visit of bride. Drill schedule and schools as usual. Beautiful weather continues.

Saturday, November 3, 1917.

Athletics in P. M. Good weather continues. A and B batteries draw horses from remount station.

Sunday, November 4, 1917.

No drill. Divisional team defeats 33rd Division football team, Camp Logan, at Cotton Palace, 28-0. Four men from 120th Field Artillery play in game.

November 5 to November 18, 1917.

Nothing exciting to report. Usual round of drill, athletics, inspection and more drill.

Monday, November 19, 1917.

Usual Monday program. Several cases of measles found in camp. Upon recommendation of Regimental Surgeon, Major Hogue, Colonel Penner orders immediate physical examination of entire regiment, batteries to report on schedule, a half hour apart in their camp street. Surgeons find nine cases of measles. Artillery inspectors arrive during morning and at noon Colonel Penner received severe "bawling out" for interrupting drill schedule. Because of presence of inspectors, extra officers' schools held in afternoon and evening.

Tuesday, November 20, 1917.

Usual program. Many men see performance of "The Mikado" at Y. M. C. A. tent in Section "A".

Wednesday, November 21, 1917.

Usual program. Drill in morning. Athletics in afternoon.

Thursday, November 22, 1917.

Inspection of equipment by U. S. Inspecting officer Major Olmstead in P. M. Corporal Snowball Nelson and Corporal Roland Eckardt of Headquarters Company and General Haan's horse and dog hit by stray bullets from rifle range.

Friday, November 23, 1917.

Usual program. Officers attended meeting at Y. M. C. A. at which newly appointed officers assumed responsibility of new office. Formal Guard Mount by Battery C.

Saturday, November 24, 1917.

Usual morning drill. Afternoon devoted to sport. Divisional Football Team defeats Oklahoma A & M, 39 to 0.

Sunday, November 25, 1917.

Usual inspection. Regimental Football team defeats 126th Inf. 9 to 0.



Monday, November 26, 1917.

Usual drill. Battery clerks busy making out "Allotment and Family Allowance" sheets.

Tuesday, November 27, 1917.

Usual drill and equitation instruction. Talks to men to explain compulsory and voluntary allotment and family allowance provisions.

Wednesday, November 28, 1917.

Heavy rain, making drill outside impossible. Classes held in Mess hall.

Thursday, November 29, 1917.

Thanksgiving. No drill. Officers of regiment eating mess with their batteries for Thanksgiving. Colonel and Mrs. Penner and Captain Sammond dine with Battery C. Football game between the 119th F. A. and the 120th F. A. ended in a tie, 0 to 0.

November 30 to December 4, 1917.

Usual drill.

Wednesday, December 5, 1917.

Review in afternoon of whole division by General Haan. Numerous promotions effective this date as result of recommendations from the regiment to fill vacancies.

The following sergeants receive commissions as 2nd Lieutenants:

J. Paul Baker	Charles F. R. Richter
George O. Gallun	Gilbert S. Satrang
Gerald T. Leahy	Harry W. Sontag
William G. Martin	Alfred Palm, Jr.
Walter S. Nichols	

All are veterans of Border Service in 1916.

Thursday, December 6, 1917.

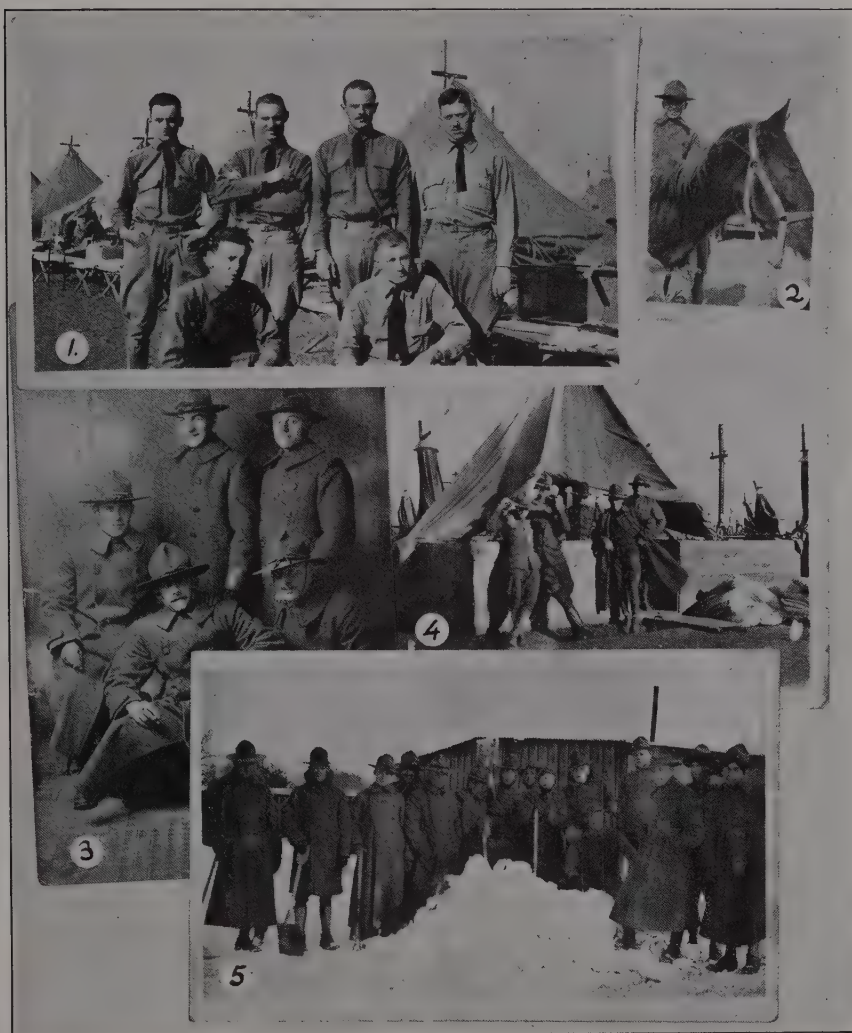
Usual drill.

Friday, December 7, 1917.

Usual schedule throughout the day. Heavy wind blows up in afternoon, turning into a cold "norther", which kept up throughout the night. Attached 1st sergeants assigned to batteries, whose sergeants were promoted. Capt. Coney leaves for Fort Sill School of fire.

Saturday, December 8, 1917.

Very cold with high winds. The temperature registering about 20 degrees. Water freezes solidly in buckets and many pipes frozen. Usual drill not interfered with to any great extent during morning, although Brigade Signal School was dismissed. The parade arranged in honor of General Parker's return called off, as was meeting. News received that General Parker is relieved of command of 32nd Division, General Haan taking his place.



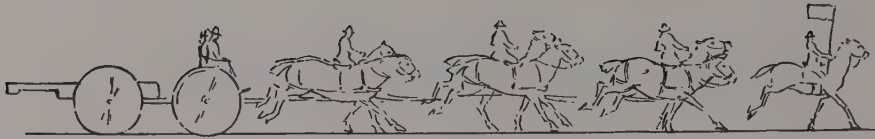
1. Left to right, standing: Everhardt VanEimeren, Walter W. DuMez, Franklin C. Williams, Paul Dietz; kneeling, John N. Kaiser, Walter Kohloff all of Battery "C": VanEimeren was killed in action at Tartiers, France, August 29th, 1918. Sergeant Williams died in hospital at Liverpool, England, April 3rd, 1918.

2. Corporal Kenneth L. McHugh, Battery "A", killed in action October 4th, 1918 at Fayel Farme in the Argonne near Montfaucon France.

3. Standing, left, Alonzo R. Cudworth, right, Edward Feser; lower, H. Wingfield Richter, F. Emerson Hotchkiss, Frederick VonSyburg.

4. A Battery "C" tent home at Camp MacArthur. Standing at the doorway, with overcoat on is Arthur Ryan who was killed in action at Tartiers, France, August 29th, 1918.

5. Shoveling snow in Texas at Battery "C" stables. The first figure at the left is Stable Sergeant Charles Quigg, originally of Troop L, Eau Claire, who died in hospital at Revigny, France in December 1918.



Sunday, December 9, 1917.

No drill. Official order as to Gen. Haan's promotion to Division Commander. Wind falls in P. M. and temperature rises. Stables inspected by Veterinary Inspector in the morning.

Monday, December 10, 1917.

Still cold. Work begun on entrenchments and dugouts by details from batteries. Gas instruction started. Every man and officer taking instruction. Battery A returned two pieces to 119th for target practice on range. Lecture in evening by French N. C. O. to officers in Battery A mess hall. General James Parker "Galloping Jim", gives farewell address to officers in P. M. in Y. M. C. A. tent. Begins to appear very probable that we will move by Christmas. Commanding officers start smoke bomb practice on Rifle Range.

Tuesday, December 11, 1917.

Good progress being made on trenches. French N. C. O. gives interesting talk to N. C. O.'s of batteries, B. C. & D in evening.

December 12 to December 16.

No excitement save for speeches made by Governor Philipp of Wisconsin and Governor Sleeper of Michigan and Brigadier General E. F. McGlachlin arrives to command the Brigade.

Monday, December 17, 1917.

Usual drill, in A. M. A holiday in P. M. Divisional football team defeats Camp Funston in an excellent game of football, 12 to 6. Camp Funston team composed of noted college stars and was supposed to register a victory, but our boys upset the dope. Whole division marches to game. Officers school in the evening as usual.

Tuesday, December 18, 1917.

Little light rain. "A" & "B" Batteries leave at 8 A. M. for China Springs, together with 32 men from Hqd. Co. and a Supply Train of 12 men. Emplacements, gas instruction and Movie schedule still under way.

Wednesday, December 19, 1917.

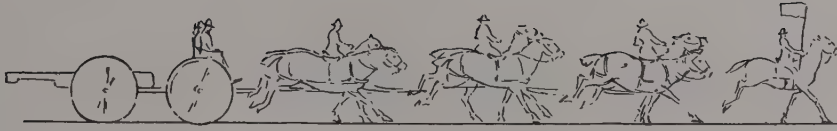
"A" & "B" batteries start firing at China Springs, make very good record. "C" & "D" march out. "A" & "B" commended by Gen. McGlachlin for excellent camp, and "C" & "D" and the supply train for excellent march discipline. "A" & "B" leave China Springs at 5 P. M. and reach Camp 10 P. M. "C" & "D" leave at 8 A. M. and arrive at China Springs at 1 P. M. Artillery materiel turned back to Battery "C".

Thursday December 20, 1917,

"C" & "D" shoot and "E" & "F" leave for range. Schedule at Camp continues as usual. First clear day for some time.

Friday, December 21, 1917.

"E" & "F" shoot at range. Cloudy again.



Saturday, December 22, 1917.

Batteries "E" & "F" still at range. "F" to stay there until ammunition exhausted. Shooting called off until Monday at noon. Packy McFarland gave boxing exhibition on drill field in P. M. Many families of the men and officers are arriving. Major Krech returned from Fort Sill.

Sunday, December 23, 1917.

Usual Inspection. No drill.

Monday, December 24, 1917.

Beautiful warm day. Shooting continues at range. Usual schedules interfered with because of property check throughout the regiment.

Regimental Christmas party at brigade Y. M. C. A. in evening. Program of music and talks by Father O'Connor and Rev. A. A. Ashworth of Milwaukee. Christmas packages distributed to every man, through contributions to Red Cross by people all over the country, whose names were found in the packages.

Tuesday, December 25, 1917.

Christmas Day. All work suspended. Each battery has a banquet at which officers and families are present. Colonel and Mrs. Penner dine with Battery "A".

Wednesday, December 26, 1917.

Checking up property continues. Last day of shooting at Range. "E" & "F" bring in material. Lecture by English officer on Trench Mortars.

Thursday, December 27, 1917.

Officers have practice pistol shoot at Target Range. Usual schedule adhered to as far as possible under conditions. Lecture at 5 P. M. on Gas by English officer. School in evening as usual.

Friday, December 28, 1917.

Most batteries busy checking material. The cold snap at its height and pipes to bathhouses frozen. Commanding officers attend a Brigade meeting for the purpose of auditing all Company Council Books. Lecture to Officers of Division on Machine Guns.

Saturday, December 29, 1917.

Still cold. Checking of property continues, this time by Battery Commanders. Regular schedule suspended where necessary for this purpose. P. M. clean up day in batteries.

Sunday, December 30, 1917.

The cold wind drops, moderating weather.

Monday, December 31, 1917.

Brigade order issued making shifts in officers of brigade. Capt. Cook goes to the 121st, and Capt. Kuechenmeister of the 121st takes command of our Battery "B".



Capt. Hadden to the 119th and Capt. Fred Fuller of the 119th in his place as Adjutant 1st Battalion. Lts. Duke, Bellack, Grant go to the 121st. Lt. Clemmons from the 121st to our Hdq. Co. Lt. Jennings from 119th to our Hdq. Co. Numerous changes throughout the regiment. Lts. Bigelow and Baker to Battery "F". Lt. Slensby to Battery "D". Horses of 119th and 121st being shifted to our regiment. 121st and 119th to be motorized.

Tuesday, January 1, 1918.

New Years Day. All schedules suspended. No Reveille. Colonel and Mrs. Penner, and Captains Sammond, Cook, Hadden, and Kuechenmeister and other officers dine with Battery "B". Beautiful warm day.

Wednesday, January 2, 1918.

All horses of the 119th Field Artillery turned over to our Regiment. Practically all officers of our Regiment have sold their horses to the government on account of the order preventing officers' horses from going overseas. Captain Quill and Lt. Pilgrim on examining board for officers' mounts. Lecture by British officer on Battle Tactics at 5 P. M. Regiment completed its gas schedule during the day.

Thursday, January 3, 1918.

The 121st Field Artillery completes its turnover of horses to us. All organizations now have full quota of animals. Shipment of officers' mounts left for Newport News with a detail of three men from this Regiment under Sergeant McGarvey of "C" Battery. Materiel being prepared for shipment. General McGlachlin lectures to the officers of the Division at 5 P. M. Officers' school as usual in the evening. Organization commanders attend Brigade School of Administration.

Friday, January 4, 1918.

Drill schedule as usual but considerably interfered with by checking of equipment. Lecture to officers of the Division by British officer on the Campaign in Mesopotamia. Officers' examination in evening on Army Regulations.

Saturday, January 5, 1918.

Morning schedule as usual. Afternoon devoted to athletics.

Sunday, January 6, 1918.

No drill. Sunday morning inspection by battalion commanders. Captain Tapping leaves for Port of Embarkation as member of 32d Div. Billeting Party. Lt. Carrigan assumes command of Battery D.

Monday, January 7, 1918.

New artillery harness being issued to batteries. Much swapping of horses being carried on between batteries to match up teams and colors. Batteries A and D bay horses; C and F blacks; B greys and roans; and E. sorrels. Weather very summer-like. Battery A given "Six Months Recruit Inspection" by Colonel Penner.

Tuesday, January 8, 1918.

Battery B undergoes "Six Months Recruit Inspection" by Colonel Penner, Shelter tent pitching and marches with full packs by batteries.



Wednesday, January 9, 1918.

Usual drill schedule. Much time devoted to, marking of harness and other equipment. Weather very summerlike. General McGlachlin requests all officers to inspect infantry trench system as it is the last day of occupation of the trenches by the infantry.

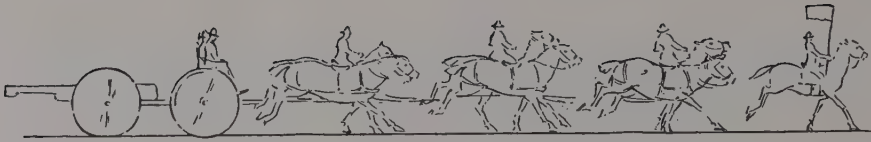
Thursday, January 10, 1918.

Captain A. W. Einfeldt, Supply Officer, and Lt. F. W. Steinert, Battery E, transferred to Casual Detachment because of German birth. Lt. Bigelow assumes command of Supply Company. Sergeant E. P. Allis, Battery D, and two privates transferred as privates to 1st New Hampshire Infantry and given travel orders to leave same day. Transfers probably made on account of the knowledge of French language. Much unhappiness caused by transfers. Sudden change to cold weather in evening. Temperature falls to five degrees above zero and we experience a northern blizzard under southern skies. Very cold night. The 2nd Lieutenants put on their new regulation gold bars. "Silver Bars among the Gold"—Song by Lt. Jackson. Private Albert Crain, Battery "C", dies in Base Hospital of Measles and Pneumonia, second death in the regiment. Officers' meeting at Division Headquarters at 5 P. M. Fire Call at 9:30 P. M.

Friday, January 11, 1918.

High wind all morning blowing the snow in drifts. All outside drill schedules suspended, except for road marches. Location of Guard House changed to the Mess Shack formerly used by the Medical Department. Daily lecture by English Officer called off on account of cold in assembly hall. Natives say that the storm is the worst in history of Waco. Several men had ears frozen during practice marches.





Saturday, January 12, 1918.

Beautiful crisp sunny day; just cold enough to keep snow from melting. Marking equipment and exercising horses. General Haan calls meeting of officers of the Division at 2 P. M. to initiate War Risk Insurance Campaign. The meeting will probably be the last officers' meeting in Waco. He highly complimented the officers on the progress the Division had made.

Sunday, January 13, 1918.

Snow still on the ground, but starts to melt in afternoon. Organizations busy marking and packing equipment. 126th Infantry entraining.

Monday, January 14, 1918.

Heavy cold rain during the night resulting in very sloppy conditions during day. Indoor instruction substituted for drill schedule.

January 15 to January 21.

Days of snow and sleet and cold. Too bad to drill. Horses led about for exercise.

January 22 to January 26.

Summer weather. Days too hot for coats. Men work stripped to waist on many jobs.

Sunday, January 27, 1918.

Turns cold suddenly during the night. Sleet storm covers all tents with a coating of ice. Thermometer in the twenties. Captain Gibson transferred to 119th Field Artillery. Lts. Carrigan and Runge transferred to 119th Field Artillery. Lt. Drum to the 121st Field Artillery. We get Captain Einfeldt back in Captain Gibson's place, Lt. Ehms from Casual Detachment (late of the 121st) and Lt. Nowry of the 119th. C. O's warned that we may get only 48 hours notice before moving. Major G. I. Hogue transferred to Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama, as an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist. His place taken by Captain Jesse R. Bryant late of the 128th Infantry. Captain Bryant goes on duty today as Regimental Surgeon.

Monday, January 28, 1918.

"Another sleet storm during the night. Ground all white in the morning. Spotting school for officers continues. Usual drill schedule for men. Two schools in Orientation, Cartography, and Ballistics started; one for selected officers and one for two non-commissioned officers from each battery and Headquarters Company: the former under 1st Lt. Slater and the latter under 1st Lt. Van Brunt, 7:00 to 8:30 P. M.

Captain Einfeldt, Supply Officer, receives reports from all organizations of number of pieces of freight for embarkation and cubical contents of packages. Organizations take one hour practice march, followed by foot examination. Articles of War read in all organizations.



Tuesday, January 29, 1918.

Afternoon milder. Same schedule of schools and drill. Evening Mess Hour changed to 5:00 o'clock and schools from 6:00 to 7:30 P. M. Reserve rations being packed. March with full packs in afternoon.

Wednesday, January 30, 1918.

Same schedule. No developments. General clean-up day thruout regiment. Entire area swept.

Band concert in evening by our band.

Thursday, January 31, 1918.

Light snow fall and cold wind. No unusual occurences. Schools as usual. Too cold for spotting out of doors, so carried on in mess hall. A number of horses have died of pleurisy and pneumonia.

Lieut. Nowry sick in Base Hospital.



Texas portraits of some of the men of the 120th F. A. who lost their lives in service:
Upper, left to right:

Floyd H. Hollenberger, Supply Company, who was drowned June 8th, 1918 while swimming in the Loire at Saumur, France.

Fred L. Cameron, Battery "A", killed in action August 14th, 1918 between St. Gilles and Courville, France.

Alfred Ethier, Battery "A", died of wounds received in action August 6th, 1918, at La Petite Chezelle Farme, near St. Gilles, France.

Lower, left to right:

First Lieutenant Hilbert C. Wallber, killed in action August 19th, 1918, near Courville, France, just after his promotion to the command of Battery "C",

Leo Tallroth, Battery "B", killed in action August 7th, 1918, near St. Gilles, France.

Harold E. Tanner, Battery "A", killed in action August 6th, 1918, at La Petite Chezelle Farme, near St. Gilles, France.



Friday, February 1, 1918.

Thermometer averages about 18 all day. A cold wind. Officers' spotting practice held in 2nd Battalion Mess Hall. Road marches, horse leading, and physical exercise the principle occupations of the men. Officers' natural and artificial cover school starts under Lt. Ehm. On account of shortage of wood some batteries are pulling up their extemporized sidewalks to use for fuel.

Saturday, February 2, 1918.

Comparatively mild day. Brigade receives information that trains would be ready beginning Tuesday. Heavy freight hauled to loading platform. General police of camp and gun parks.

Many attend lecture by Major Ian Beith, British Army, in evening at Baylor College.

Sunday, February 3, 1918.

Another summerlike day. Usual inspections. Batteries attend church services in a body. Organizations busy cleaning up camp, packing, and loading wheeled materiel.

128th Infantry entraining for Port of Embarkation.

Monday, February 4, 1918.

Summer continues. Heavy baggage starts to go. Schedules called off in favor of preparations to leave. Camp to be thoroughly cleaned, ground policed, kitchen and mess hall tables, tentfloors, and latrines scrubbed. Examination in principles of fire, for officers in evening.

Tuesday, February 5, 1918.

Regiment awakes this morning to the tune of "Where do we go from here, boys?" followed by "Over There" played with great spirit by the band at Reveille march.

We are visited by another violent dust storm. The 121st F. A. leaves during afternoon. Train 51 containing Hq. Co. and Supply Co., Colonel Penner in command scheduled to leave at 6:00 P. M. Left camp at 5:00 P. M. and finally pulled out at 7:40 P. M. Officers in car named "Milwaukee". Lt. Dwight Williams received wire transferring him to 304th Cavalry shortly before train pulled out. Lt. Harpell of Hq. Co. left sick in Base Hospital with pneumonia. Route: Cotton Belt R.R. to Texarkana, Tex.; K. C. Southern to Kansas City; Wabash to Detroit; Michigan Central to Buffalo; West Shore to Dumont, N. J. Eleven states and Canada to be touched on the trip. Troops of the 5th Division begin arriving to occupy the camp. Soft pickings for them to move into cantonments built by our hard labor and for their officers to inherit floors, walls, glass doors, stoves, etc, which ours paid for. We also leave them an excellent canteen building for which we bought the lumber and furnished the labor; likewise our interest in the Division lecture hall, erected with funds contributed by the officers. We gladly bequeath it all, along with the dust storms, the northers, the gumbo and the lectures. Us for the big show.



Off to Camp Merritt

Wednesday, February 6, 1918.

1st Section stops at Heavener, Mo. for an hour. With band at head men march through muddy streets to little town, much to the excitement of the youthful population. 2nd Section, Btrys A & B under Major Einfeldt pulled out of Camp MacArthur at 1 P. M.

3rd Section, Btrys C & D at 1:20 P. M.

4th Section, Btrys E & F at 2:00 P. M.

Two meals per day enroute. Men traveling in tourist sleepers and officers in standard Pullmans. Officers and N. C. O. schools continued while traveling.

Thursday, February 7, 1918.

1st Section makes hour stop at Kansas City about noon. March up main street with band and have liberty for 20 minutes. News of Tuscania sinking put fighting spirit into men. 2nd and 3rd Sections make short stop at Heavener for exercise a little before noon, also at Pittsburg, Kansas, and men given liberty.

4th Section also stops at Heavener for exercise and liberty, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Newspapers carry stories that 107th Engineers and 107th Trains and Military Police, all belonging to our 32nd Division were on the Tuscania. Reports say 264 lost.

Several cases of measles and mumps develop on board 4th Section. Arrangements made to leave them at Pittsburg, Kansas.

1st Section makes short stop at Decatur, Ill., about 11 A. M. Band plays and men do calesthenics.

2nd Section stopped at Moberly, Mo., and Peru, Ind.

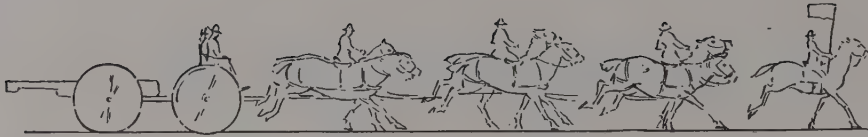
3rd Section also.

4th Section stops at Pittsburg, Kansas and leave four sick men. Two hours stop at Kansas City. Battery "E" men left at Moberly, Missouri. Papers today say 101 lost on Tuscania, no names given. We pass many trains loaded with troops.

Saturday, February 9, 1918.

1st Section arrives at Michigan Central depot Detroit about 2 A. M. Pulls out for Canada via tunnel under Detroit River about 7 A. M. and makes a 1½ hour stop at St. Thomas, Ontario and marches thru the streets with band, evidently to the pleasure of the inhabitants, who flung out flags in our honor. Another short stop made just at dusk at Falls View and the men are allowed to detrain to get a view of the Niagara Falls, which was at its best. The ground of course is white with snow. 2nd Section stops at Ft. Wayne, Indiana. 3rd Section stops at Decatur, Illinois.

4th Section stops at Springfield, Illinois, at 8 A. M., Decatur, Illinois at 11 A. M. Men marched up town to City Park. Physical drill and 45 minutes liberty. 4th Section leaves Pvt. McGonigle, Battery "E" in hospital at LaFayette, Indiana.



Sunday, February 10, 1918.

1st Section arrives at Dumont, N. J., the station for Camp Merritt, at 2:20 P. M. after a beautiful run through the Catskill and down the Hudson. Weather mild and the deep snow with which the ground has been covered is melting. March to Camp Merritt is about one mile from Dumont Station. The barracks are heated and the men are very comfortable. 2nd Section stops at Suspension Bridge for 2 hours in the evening and at Rochester, N. Y. at 9:00 P. M. 3rd Section exercises at Detroit and St. Thomas during day. 4th Section stopped at Detroit at 8:30 A. M. Breakfast served by Red Cross. Marched down town to Y. M. C. A. and all had shower bath and swim. Left Detroit by Michigan Central tunnel under river to Canada. St. Thomas reached about 6 P. M. Niagara Falls about 11 P. M. Stopped at Falls but it was too dark for men to see much. Over Suspension bridge, brilliantly lighted and guarded by M. P.'s. Fine view of river by electric light.

Monday, February 11, 1918.

2nd Section under Major Einfeldt arrives in Dumont at 10:45 A. M. and immediately march to camp. Day devoted to cleaning up streets and clearing ice away. Streets left in frightful condition by workmen and by previous occupants. Regimental Headquarters and officers move to new building. Third Section exercises at Revena, N. Y., arrives at 4:30 P. M. 4th Section arrives at 6:15 P. M. Men report fine daylight ride through New York and down the shores of the Hudson River.

Tuesday, February 12, 1918.

Staff, Headquarters and Supply Co. and Medical Officers start independent mess. Other officers mess with their batteries. Meeting of all officers of Division at 11:00 A. M. General Haan makes address. Some officers given leave to New York City. Batteries making final check up of individual equipment. Melting snow and ice makes the camp a sea of slush. Our band plays in the big "Y" building in evening.

Wednesday, February 13, 1918.

Inspection by Major Cassat of Inspector General's Department in morning. Near tragedy when he uncorks Sergeant Bob Cressey's canteen and smells contents. General clean-up. The men do little else. Ten per cent of men allowed passes to New York City.

Thursday, February 14, 1918.

Melting snow causes trouble in keeping camp clean, rubbish being uncovered as snow disappears. Officers start spotting practice. Regiment has a song rehearsal in morning. Men seem enthusiastic over new songs. Batteries get paid by their officers. Part of Battery C quarantined on account of Scarlet Fever.

Friday, February 15, 1918.

Except for clean-up work around camp and washing barrack windows, no drill. Men and officers taking a well deserved rest. The Spotting School for officers so conscientiously instituted by Lt. Col. Fish dies a natural death. Men and officers taking full advantage of their last few days in the U. S. A. Wisconsin invades Broadway.



Saturday, February 16, 1918.

The spring like weather ceases and we have colder weather. Regiment takes a 10 mile march in A. M. to Clinton Point with its wonderful view of the Hudson, back by the Palisades Boulevard and Cresskill. Captain Swift returns from Ft. Sill and Lts. Pilgrim and Scott from Waco. Street and barracks begin to look like the 120th F. A.'s style.

Sunday, February 17, 1918.

Except for the usual morning inspection nothing doing in the line of school or drill. In the absence of Generals Haan and McGlachlin, the camp commander issues a memorandum calling attention of Division to the provisions of the General Order forbidding enlisted men any passes, this reversing General Haan's liberal interpretation. Works considerable hardship on many of the men whose families have come to visit them.

Monday, February 18, 1918.

Beautiful crisp weather continues. Judging from the exodus of other outfits from camp our days seem numbered here. Regiment takes another hike, going out thru Demarest and returning thru Cresskill. Boxing at K of C Hall in evening. Clickner of 121st F. A. gets decision over Kid Albers of Camp Sherman in eight rounds.

Message received from Mt. Carmel Hospital, Pittsburgh, Kansas, that Private William G. Nehring, Battery "F" has died there of Pneumonia. The sad news was relayed to his father at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. He was one of the men taken off the train sick during the journey from Waco.

Tuesday, February 19, 1918.

Regiment hikes about 13 miles in A. M., north out of camp, then east thru Cloister, then south, returning thru Tenaflly. The march led through miles of beautiful forest along the New Jersey side of the Hudson. Light rain falls during latter part of march turning to heavy rain in P. M. Lts. Clemons, Kraft, Gallun, L. Nicoud, and Richter attached temporarily to a Casual Detachment. They will organize casual companies and take them overseas, reporting back to the regiment in France. Captain Coney returns from Fort Sill.

Wednesday, February 20, 1918.

Very wet and cloudy in morning. Organizations take short hikes independently with full packs. Sun comes out in afternoon. No developments.

Thursday, February 21, 1918.

Regiment takes fifteen mile hike in morning. Ground frozen and hiking is good. No especial activity in afternoon. Spotting practice for officers.

Friday, February 22, 1918.

Washington's Birthday recognized with suspension of all drill. Snow storm during night. Boxing at K of C Hall.



Saturday, February 23, 1918.

Regiment under the Colonel takes an 18 mile hike in the morning. Lasts from 7:30 to 1:30 P. M., as a whole, men stand it well, although snow and slush make marching difficult. Marched into the country west and north and returned by a circuitous route. Saw many typical old Dutch Colonial farm houses which looked as if they had stood since Revolutionary days.

Sunday, February 24, 1918.

Camp packed with visitors. Very mild and muddy. No drill. Pursuant to S. O. from Hdqs. Camp Merritt, regiment goes on Exterior Guard with detachments at Tenaflly and Cresskill Stations. All 32nd Division men have been rigidly restricted to the camp limits since General Haan embarked, even being barred from going into the villages just outside of camp. An application for a pass to permit an enlisted man to call for his watch, which he had taken to Tenaflly to be repaired, was denied by Camp Headquarters. An officer performed the errand. We now have to furnish a guard to help the 49th Infantry keep us in.

Monday, February 25, 1918.

Heavy rain during night. Camp a welter of mud. Regular schedule starts. 4 to 6 mile marches by battery organizations in morning with full packs. Officers' school 10:30 to 12:00 Noon. Schedules 1:30 to 4:30. Regimental singing at 2:00 P. M. Spotting practice during afternoon. 119th F. A. leaves camp for overseas. Joe Jeanette, colored champ, in boxing exhibition at K of C Hall.

Tuesday, February 26, 1918.

Clear crisp day with heavy wind drying mud and water. Organization hikes and officers' school as usual in morning. Brigade singing at 2:00 P. M. Schedule and spotting practice in afternoon.

Wednesday, February 27, 1918.

The heavy baggage leaves. Marches by organizations in morning. Officers' school as usual.

Thursday, February 28, 1918.

Train schedule received. Regiment to move Sunday Morning. Nine mile regimental march with packs. Officers' school and schedules suspended in afternoon. Our battery kitchens furnish mess to detachments of 5th Division artillery which arrived to-day from Waco.

Friday, March 1, 1918.

Regimental hike as usual, with officers' school at 10:30 to 12. Thorough police of quarters and regimental area, preparatory to leaving.

Saturday, March 2, 1918.

Regiment packing. Liaison Officer makes inspection of regiment and makes favorable report. Medical Inspection throughout regiment. 24 men from Battery C and about the same number from Battery D quarantined for Scarlet Fever and are unable to accompany regiment. Barrack bags loaded at Cresskill in afternoon. Officers assembled at 5 P. M. to receive embarkation instructions.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery Camp Merritt, New Jersey

March 2, 1918

CONFIDENTIAL.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 12

1. Pursuant to Memorandum, Hq Camp Merritt, N. J., March 2/18, this regiment will entrain March 3/18 at Cresskill, N. J.

<i>ORGANIZATION</i>	<i>LEAVE CAMP</i>	<i>ENTRAIN</i>
Regtl. Hq., Headquarters Co.		
Medical Det. Ordnance Det.	4:15 A. M.	4:45 A. M.
1st Battalion	4:45 A. M.	5:15 A. M.
2nd Battalion	5:15 A. M.	5:45 A. M.
Supply Company	5:45 A. M.	6:15 A. M.

2. Officers of this regiment will occupy the first coach on the train in each case excepting the first train, where the second coach is designated. Separate Memorandum will be furnished Battalion Commanders relative to the occupancy of their trains.

3. All baggage including officers' baggage, which is not loaded today, will be ready at the north end of the organization street not later than 3:45 A. M.

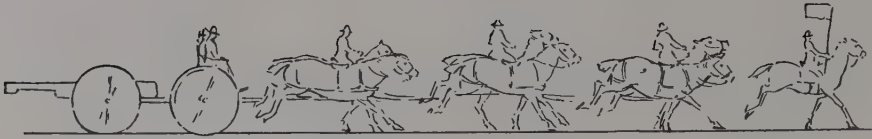
4. MESS—no morning mess will be served in Camp. Extra sandwiches will be made available to be eaten on the train. These sandwiches will be in addition to those already ordered for use at the Port of Embarkation.

5. The Battalion Commanders will take necessary steps to cause compliance with policing regulations and other orders which have been issued relative to leaving camp and buildings. Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion will also assume similar responsibility for the area occupied by the Headquarters Company, Supply Company and Medical Detachment.

6. MORNING REPORTS—will be submitted to these Headquarters at 3:30 A. M. Organization Commanders will hand their Battalion Commanders statement as to the present strength of their organization before leaving camp.

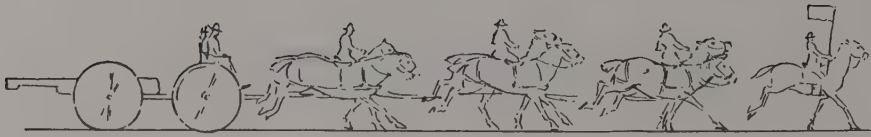
7. MEDICAL DETACHMENT—The Commanding Officer of the Medical Detachment will detail one medical officer and two enlisted men to each train other than the first.

By Order of Colonel Penner:
Charles F. Sammond,
Captain, 120th Field Artillery, Adjutant.



On Board U. S. S. Leviathan





Sunday, March 3, 1918.

Men called at 2. A. M., rolled packs and policed quarters inside and out. At 4:15 A. M. Headquarters Company, the Medical Detachment and Ordnance Detachment marched out of Camp. They were followed by the rest of the Regiment in three more sections about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour apart. The 121st Field Artillery and 2nd Motor Mechanics were also marching out, causing extreme congestion within the narrow road. Each of the four trains has 50% other troops besides our own. The first train pulls out from Cresskill about 5:40 A. M. and the last at 7:20 A. M. after a two hour wait in the early morning cold. The run to Hoboken occupies about 45 minutes. The men were formed in gang plank order and marched from the railroad yards to the docks and with very little delay or confusion were taken aboard the U. S. S. *Leviathan*—the greatest and fastest ship in the transport service, formerly the "Vaterland" of the Hamburg-American line, now painted in fantastic camouflage designs. The men received coffee and rolls from Red Cross ladies on the dock. The regiment is all on by about 9:30 A. M. Men are checked off the sailing lists as they march up the gang plank and are handed cards assigning them to bunks. Embarkation officers compliment us on our sailing lists. Best embarkation they have handled so far, is what they tell our Adj. The men are quartered between decks in bunks four deep. They appear to be very crowded, but we are told that they are comfortable compared to other transports. The officers are more comfortably quartered in cabins, about four to a cabin. The baggage and freight is taken on during the day and up to 3:00 A. M. The meals are excellent. The men are served twice a day 7:30 A. M. and 3:00 P. M. A little difficulty is experienced at first in congestion in the mess line. Our officers, 47 in number, have two long tables in the "Ritz". Movies in the big mess hall in the evening.

Monday, March 4, 1918.

The *Leviathan* leaves dock at 9:30 A. M. sharp. Men and officers are kept below deck until 11:00 o'clock and are then allowed to go on deck in time to see the Statue of Liberty at our stern. The day is cold but beautifully clear. Many war ships are in the harbor and an observation balloon ascends as we steam out. The day spent in organization. We are told that we have eight of the best gun crews in the world manning the eight six inch guns which have been mounted on the ship. The guns are constantly manned. We are also informed that the ship is carrying 10,300 men—more troops than any transport has ever carried before. All flash lights, matches and ammunition collected and turned in. At night the ship runs without lights, not a single ray being visible from the outside.

Henry P. Davison, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company and head of the American Red Cross is one of several civilian passengers.

Tuesday, March 5, 1918.

Ships routine getting into smooth working order. Regiment evidently is fortunate in its quarters as compared with other troops, being on the first bunk-deck "E". Guards formed and many men required to enforce ships rules. Ship begins to roll about to the discomfort of some men. A light rain in the afternoon. We run into Gulf Stream about noon. Much warmer. Abandon ship drill executed in afternoon.



Wednesday, March 6, 1918.

A warm sparkling day with a very blue sea. Regular schedule starts.

5:15 First Call	12:00 Recall.
5:30 Reveille	1:00 Assembly.
6:00 Police of Quarters	1:00-2:00 Drill and Exercise.
7:15 Fall in for Mess	2:45 First Call for Mess
7:30 Mess Call	2:50 School, Officers' Call.
10:00 Assembly and Inspection N.	3:00 Mess Call.
C. O. School immediately	4:30 Police of Quarters
after inspection.	5:00 Retreat
11-12:00 Exercise and drills.	7:45 Turn in—Tattoo
	9:00 Taps.

Major General Dickman in command of troops. Lt. Colonel Raymond Sheldon, General Staff, Chief of Staff. Major B. C. Paules, 7th Engineers, Adjutant. Following troops are on board:

120th and 121st Field Artillery; 2nd Motor Mechanics Regiment; Camp Dix Replacement Detachment; Advance Parties from the 3rd and 5th Divisions; and a large number of Casuals, including many from the 32nd Division in command of Captain Myron West, formerly adjutant, 1st Wisconsin Infantry.

Thursday, March 7, 1918.

The beautiful weather continues. Sea very smooth. Nothing out of the ordinary happens excepting the sighting of four porpoises in the morning and one distant British Cruiser in the afternoon. Abandon ship drill occupied about three hours to-day. Lt. Colonel Fish in charge of policing of ship. Our officers taking turns as officers of the guard. Eighty-six posts on board.

Friday, March 8, 1918.

Sea still comparatively smooth with a light mist, getting thicker towards later afternoon. Nothing unusual occurs to disturb the routine of the day. Abandon ship drill apparently going smoother. Attempts to get consent to have the band play have so far failed. Chief of staff fears the subs might hear the music.

Saturday, March 9, 1918.

The regiment has five officers and seventy-five enlisted men on guard constantly in addition to police and other details. An uneventful day. Fire drill in morning. During afternoon men fill their canteens. Technically at sun down to-night all men and officers sleep partially dressed. Major Einfeldt appointed Distributor of Rations.

Sunday, March 10, 1918.

We are in the war zone. First call at 4:45 and assembly at 5:00 A. M. All officers and men must be up. No one allowed on deck except at specified hours between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. This applies to officers also. This amounts to one hour in morning and one hour in afternoon on a specified deck and on a specified side of the ship. All must wear life belts at all times. One third of the officers must be with troops at all times. We are evidently running into heavy weather. A strong head wind and light slashing rain thick ahead. We have not picked up our convoys as yet.



MEMORANDUM

1. The period from sundown, Saturday the 9th inst., until time of disembarkation will be considered the time of the "War Zone".
2. Reveille will be sounded, first call, 4:45 A. M., assembly at 5:00 A. M., on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday mornings, March 10th to 12th inclusive. Officers must rise promptly at reveille, the same as enlisted men.
3. Every officer and man must be provided with a life preserver before noon Saturday the 9th inst. Division commanders will verify that such is the case. Life preservers must be worn by all men, and either worn or carried by all officers, commencing at reveille Sunday, the 10th.
4. Officers and men will remain partially clothed during Saturday night, and will remain fully clothed during Sunday and Monday nights.
5. Meals for officers and men will be as per schedule.
6. "Abandon Ship" embarkation will be as finally determined today, Friday, the 8th inst., and will remain in full force and effect until the end of the voyage.
7. All canteens will be filled during the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th inst., with fresh water, and will remain full until the end of the voyage, for emergency use.
8. As the total weight of the troops on board is approximately 766 tons, the safety of the ship would be endangered if all hands were to remain upon decks. Therefore arrangements will be made by ship division commanders to the end that about one third of the men of each division will be allowed above decks at any one time. Troops must habitually remain in their own sections of the ship; that is, forward, amidships, or aft. Lieutenant Colonel Wheeler will assign decks to the different ships division bearing the foregoing in mind, and likewise that the number of men on both sides of the ship must at all times be practically equal. The hours on which men may be on deck on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday will be between nine A. M. and five P. M. The Commander of the guard, Lieutenant Colonel Armitage, will divide that period of time as nearly equally as practicable into six divisions, to the end that, if practicable, each man may get on deck once in the morning and again once in the afternoon. Colonel Armitage will give notice of the beginnings and ending of the different periods for exercise. He will give such notice directly to officers in charge of troops in compartments and to officers in charge of troops exercising on deck. Division commanders will divide the officers assigned or attached to their divisions in practically equal parts. The officers assigned or attached to a given third of a division of the ship will go on deck and exercise with their enlisted men. Officers will not go on deck at any other time during the war zone period than when they are on deck with the troops in their charge. When on deck, officers must remain on the section of the deck allotted to the troops in their charge.
9. Commencing reveille Sunday, the 10th inst., division commanders will require at least one third of the officers assigned or attached to their divisions to be in the compartments of the divisions at all times (this includes at night); more officers may be detailed if deemed advisable by the division commander.

By Command of Major General Dickman,
Raymond Sheldon, Lt. Col., Gen'l Staff,
Chief of Staff.



Monday, March 11, 1918.

The ship is running full speed through a heavy sea and thick mist. Our convoys are with us. Five U. S. destroyers are visible through the driving rain, pounding around in a heavy sea. Everyone going around with a broad smile. The sea moderates towards evening and about 5 P. M. the mist lifts. About 5:30, when decks are practically cleared and the men below, the ship takes a sudden lurch to starboard presumably due to a sharp change in course ordered by our convoy. The lurch among other things displaces a pile of tables on F. Deck breaking a steam pipe. The crash and the accompanying hiss of escaping steam causes a momentary scare and the word is passed throughout the ship that "Call to Quarters" was about to sound. Strained nerves, calmed by the presence of the convoy, were again set on edge, but all's well so far. It has been an anxious day. A death occurred on board today, John Lightfoot, an Indian soldier of the 32nd Casuals passing out.

Tuesday, March 12, 1918.

We awoke this morning with the coast of Wales to starboard. It is a beautiful clear day with a smooth sea. About 6:40 A. M. the destroyers sight "Something" and fire a number of depth bombs. Stories and rumors run wild. It is rumored that we were attacked by three "Subs" one of which was sunk by one of our destroyers. More destroyers join us in St. Georges Channel. They are very active. We drop anchor in the Mersey River at Liverpool off Princess Docks about 11 A. M. and dock about 7:30 P. M. Some Casual Officers and the General and his Staff land. Another night aboard. An aviation lieutenant died on board early this morning. Details from our organization worked most of the night unloading baggage.

In England

Wednesday, March 13, 1918.

The Motor Mechanics Regiment and the Casual Officers land. The Leviathan drops down to Gladstone Dry Dock. Another day of waiting. The baggage goes ashore under Captain Bigelow in the morning. The freight is unloaded at Gladstone Dry Dock. Captain Bigelow and unloading detail proceed to Winchester. In afternoon organizations independently take marches thru Liverpool. Hundreds of kids follow the columns begging for pennies. Others have a few hours shore leave in evening.

Thursday, March 14, 1918.

Reveille at 5 A. M. and after a thorough police of our quarters on the ship, we disembark. The men were given sandwiches and oranges on the dock. At about 9:30 A. M. the first detachment consisting of the Field and Staff, Headquarters and Supply Company, "B" Battery and part of "A" Battery leave the Leviathan and with colors flying and band playing march to the station of the London and N. W. Railway. Sergeant "Buzz" Williams, Battery "C" and some other men left sick, on board. The regiment with part of the 121st leaves in two trains for Winchester, a short distance north of Southampton. After a beautiful journey thru Birmingham, Lemington, Warwick and Oxford, the first train arrives in Winchester about 6 P. M. and the second train about 1½ hours later. The little locomotives at which we snickered made fast time over an excellent road bed. No grade crossings along the



entire distance. We march about three miles (uphill of course) thru a light rain to camp and arrive at a large embarkation camp of British and American Troops, in two parts or sections, called Winnal Down Camp and Morn Hill Camp. Gas lamps in the streets painted blue on account of the fear of air raids. Pistols and ammunition have been taken away from the men. Rumor says that the Alabama boys of the Rainbow Division shot the noses off the Gargoyles on Winchester Cathedral and the British are not taking any more chances. We are at Winnal Down. The men are quartered in "Huts" sheet iron with plaster veneer, 40 to a hut. They sleep on straw mattresses on "Springs" consisting of boards. Officers are in building of similar construction, two to a room. We get supper of cheese, jam, bread and coffee.

Friday, March 15, 1918.

Many of the officers exploring the historic corners of Winchester including taverns with their pink cheeked bar maids. A day of rest. The men breakfast at 10 A. M., lunch at 3:30 P. M. and have supper at 6:30 P. M. Organizations take short marches in afternoon. Men not permitted to leave camp except in formation. "Out-of-Bounds" signs surround the camp. Officers are all in Sam Browne Belts, even Jim Quill. The band gives a concert at St. John's Hospital near the Cathedral. Winchester Cathedral is one of the sights of England, completed in the reign of William the Conqueror in the year 1079. Under its floors are buried many of England's great. We are told that Isaak Walton fished in the stream that meanders through the city. Many visit "West Gate" a part of the ancient wall which surrounded the city when it was the capital of England.

Saturday, March 16, 1918.

Another exquisite day. The schedule is getting in working order. Calls are as follows:

Reveille	6:00 A. M.
Breakfast	7:30
Sick Call	9:30
Police	11:30
Recall	11:00
Mess	12:00 Noon
Police	1:30
Recall	4:30
Mess	5:00
Taps	11:00

The morning usually devoted to washing and cleaning up and the afternoon to marches. Most of the batteries march down town. Taken thru the Cathedral and shown other historic spots. The men eat fairly well but none too bountifully. No sugar and no "seconds". Menu for the day is as follows, and the same every day:

Breakfast: Beef stew, small piece of ham, small piece of bread.

Dinner: Beef stew, small piece of bread, water.

Supper: Coffee, one piece of bread, margarine, jam, cheese.

At breakfast and dinner, one loaf of bread (5c size in U. S. A.) serves 14 men, at supper two loaves are dealt out to the same number. Bunks consist of straw mattresses on three boards laid between two low supporters.



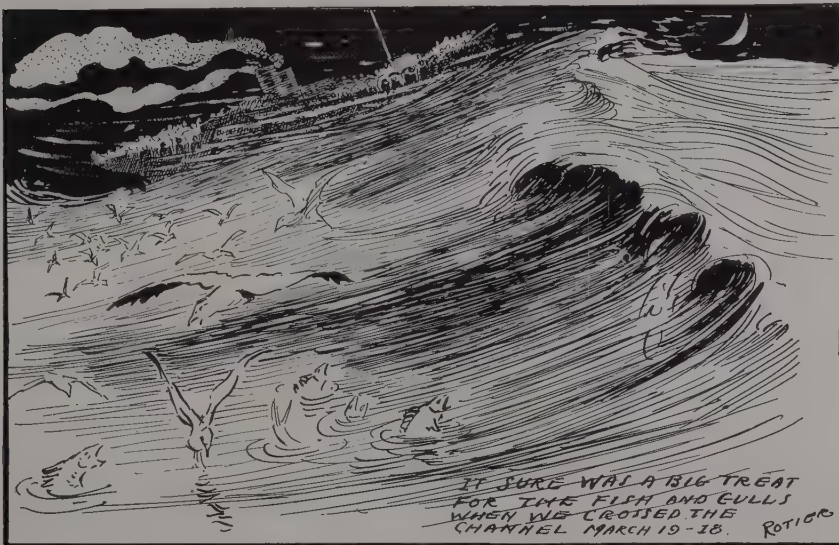
Sunday, March 17, 1918.

St. Patrick's Day, but the English do not appear to be celebrating it this year.

A grey day. About 600 men march to Winchester Cathedral and attend a special service together with an equal number of English Troops. We get our orders in afternoon to move out early tomorrow morning. Everyone is glad to be on the way. All belts have been taken up a few notches, and "Winnal Down" camp has a new name, "Dwindle Down."

Monday, March 18 and Tuesday March 19, 1918.

At 6:45 A. M. of a foggy morning with band playing "On Wisconsin" and colors flying, the regiment left camp and marched thru Winchester for the station where we entrained for Southampton. 2nd Lt. Martin stayed behind with one barrack of Battery "A", quarantined for mumps. The first train arrived at Docks, Southampton, about 9:00 A. M. Staff, Headquarters Company, Batteries "A", "B" and "E" with a small Canadian Detachment to sail on S. S. Australind. The rest of the regiment under Lt. Col. Fish assigned to the S. S. Monas Queen, an old side-wheeler, Officers have a few hours leave in town. Men must stay on deck, and amuse themselves during the long wait by inspecting several British ships which had made port after being torpedoed, and watching some Tommies in pith helmets embarking for Egypt. 1st Detachment goes on board "Australind" about 4:30 P. M. and sail about 6:00 P. M. The "Monas Queen" shortly afterwards. Fog and thick weather outside hold both ships up for about 24 hours. They both anchor in the Solent near the entrance to the Channel during a long rainy night and day. The "Monas Queen" turns back to dock





and the troops are taken ashore for four or five hours. They march to an American Rest Camp about three miles out of Southampton and eat mess, regular American chow and plenty of it. On both vessels the quarters are very cramped. The men sleeping in cattle stables below decks and the officers not much better. The men on the Australind spend a weird night and day, anchored in the channel. Hulks of several torpedoed ships are stranded along the shores. Hundreds of British war craft dash up and down the channel, destroyers towing observation balloons high in the air. Our band comes out on deck during a lull in the rain and cheers us up with some music. When hungry we dig bully beef out of cans and make a meal of it with hard tack and British orange marmalade, flavored with quinine. Make coffee in our cups with steam heated water drawn from a tank on deck. Our officers become on very friendly terms with an Australian Major of Artillery and a group of Canadian officers, who are returning from "refresher" courses of instruction in England. The Australian has been in it since 1914 and doesn't seem particularly hopeful of seeing Australia very soon. A Scotch officer in kilts stops long enough to counsel a group of officers earnestly to kill all German wounded on the battlefield, and then ascends to the Captain's cabin and we see him no more.

From A Personal Diary

March 11, 1918.

This morning when we went on deck our hearts were warmed by the sight of five torpedo boats carrying the U. S. flag and bobbing about on a heavy sea like corks. Compared to our ship these were toys, and they suffered heavily from the weather, the decks being continually awash, the men all wearing life preservers made into the form of a coat. These destroyers followed the same kind of a course as we did, darting in and out and fairly whipping the sea in their ceaseless search. They were two on each side of us and one in front. All were camouflaged according to the ideas of the painter and all different. The camouflage is certainly effective from a distance.

During the day the storm became worse, the wind shrieking thru the shrouds and altho the waves did not actually break on deck, when they hit the side of the vessel the wind picked up the spray and drenched anyone who happened in the way. The men at the guns would get it very often. This was apparently quite a heavy storm but the effect on the Leviathan was barely noticeable. When she did lift it was such a gradual operation that it was not discomforting in the least.

Along toward evening I was sitting on my bunk reading when suddenly the ship gave a tremendous lurch to starboard, and quite a crash was heard together with a sort of a hissing noise. A couple of Colonels came rushing by and I caught something about call to quarters which precedes abandon ship. I put on my life preserver, cap, gloves, etc. and was about to start below to join the battery when I met some men



coming down the hall and inquiring of them, discovered that the lurch of the ship had overturned a table and broken a steam pipe and that was all. You can imagine how strained nerves were relieved. Altogether the day was an anxious one and the shades of night were never more welcome.

During the day I visited the engine room of the vessel and saw the most wonderful power plant installation, it consists of 47 boilers, furnishing steam to two high pressure turbines which discharge into two low pressure turbines. There are four screws two immediately aft and two about one hundred feet forward of them. They revolve at about 150 R. P. M. normally. The shafts of the H. P. turbines are about 105' long and about 16" in diameter.

All in all the equipment is about as complete as it possibly could be, every appliance of the best and the system of signals between the engine room and the bridge is particularly complete.

When the Germans left this vessel they did very little damage the Captain remarking "she is too fine" altho he had orders to destroy her. Many little things were done such as putting blind flanges in steam pipes, etc. but nothing really important, as compared to other vessels. The naval engineers however, left nothing to chance but examined every little detail. They have had better success with her than the Germans had.

She makes 21 and 22 knots all the time but they believe her capable of twenty-five.

It is quite a problem to coal a vessel of this size in England as it all must be loaded by winches from baskets, certainly a primitive method.

Tuesday, March 12, 1918.

This morning when we went on deck we found land, the coast of Wales, to starboard. The day was calm and beautiful, the sea had a peculiar greenish color. Never had land such wonderfully entrancing values. After breakfast I went down to the stateroom and was writing a letter when suddenly I heard a report and felt a distinct shock or jar followed by another but was not alarmed believing it to be the gun crews testing the guns as they do on each voyage.

What happened was this, from one of our own officers an eye witness; the destroyer's lookout discovered a ripple on the surface made by a sub travelling underwater but too close to the surface. Of course, the destroyer immediately cut across the path and dropped a depth bomb followed by a second destroyer who likewise dropped one. Following the explosion oil in quantities and bits of wood came to the surface making the grave of one more sub. This occurred at least one-half mile from the ship. The explosion must be terrific in these bombs to be appreciably felt at such a distance in a ship the size of the Leviathan.

As we passed into St. Georges channel, we were joined by more destroyers. We picked up the pilot as we crossed the bar and proceeded up the river to drop anchor in the Mersy river at 11 A. M. We docked at about 7:30 P. M. but no one was allowed ashore.



The 120th in France





Wednesday, March 20, 1918.

Both vessels dock at Le Havre, France early in the morning and disembark at 6 A. M. British time 7 A. M. French time. French time is an hour ahead of English, as the French go on daylight saving schedule March 1st and the British April 1st. The disembarking authorities are fretful because we didn't know this, and we had to scramble to get off the ship on schedule. After a round about march through great piles of military stores on the docks and a long uphill grind thru the city, guided by a polite British soldier, pushing a bicycle, we arrive at British Rest Camp No. 1. All hands are dirty, tired and hungry. The day is clear and crisp. It is spent in washing and resting up. Men and officers in small, conical tents without bunks, twelve men to a tent. Officers enjoy privileges of an officers' club in a Y. M. C. A. hut. The cooking facilities seem primitive to our cooks. Our camp adjoins a German Prisoners camp.

Thursday, March 21, 1918.

Up at six with orders to pack and prepare to move. Very foggy, chilly day. Inspection of camp by British Colonel and his staff at 11 A. M. Everything found satisfactory. Regiment leaves camp about 12 noon, marches thru Le Havre and reaches station about 2 P. M. Long wait in the railroad yards. Thousands of bales of American cotton are piled on the platforms and being loaded in the little French freight cars by German prisoners operating an electric crane. We amuse ourselves identifying names of familiar Texas localities marked on the bales. Whole regiment with Battery F, 121st F. A. in one train of over fifty cars. Most of men in box cars, 36 to 40 in a car. Train pulls out about 5:30 P. M. Night very uncomfortable for men, as cars are too crowded for many to lie down. We pass thru Rouen about 7 P. M. Night very cold. The trip is interesting as long as day light lasts. Plenty of war evidence in the big guns mounted on railway trucks and train loads of war material. We stop occasionally, at which times dozens of French kids wearing black smocks over their clothing and usually wearing "horizon blue" trench caps, scurry alongside the train and beg for cigarets and chocolate, which they seem to think all American soldiers have in quantities. Apparently they begin smoking at a tender age and six year olds scramble for a "butts" with the best of them.

Friday, March 22, 1918.

About 3:30 A. M. we are served French coffee at a way station. Inky darkness makes distribution over the long train nearly impossible. The day is beautiful and the country thru which we pass is interesting. A country of ancient stone cottages with thatched roofs. Women plowing the little fields with oxen. We pass thru Rennes and see big munition works and on the outskirts a Turkish prisoners' camps. About 4 P. M. our train is split into two sections. The first arriving in Guer, Brittany about 5 P. M. We are served coffee and apples by the Y. M. C. A. Colonel Penner and Captain Sammond borrow Y man's flivver and report to 57th F. A. Brigade Headquarters. General Wm. Chamberlaine now brigade commander; Major Arthur, brigade adjutant. The regiment marches about four miles to Camp de Coetquidan, where an aviation school, the 119th F. A., 121st F. A., Mobile Ordnance Repair Detachment, 107 Trench Mortar Battery, 107 Ammunition Train, and others are stationed. The country and the weather seem delightful. The camp is on high ground over-looking a great stretch of Brittany. We reach our cantonment site about sunset and find our camp buildings old and very dirty. They are evidently unprepared for us. We finally get temporarily settled for the night, men in old stone bar-



racks of Pre-Napoleonic Days furnished with iron cots and some in "Adrian" huts. Officers in American portable barracks. Officers get supper at French Officers' Club late in evening. Major Charles R. Williams, 32nd Division Quartermaster, and the friend of all Wisconsin Guardsmen, is in the camp and has just received word of the death of his son "Bobbie" of pneumonia at Brest.

Saturday, March 23, 1918.

Although bathing and sanitary conditions are poor, every one is much pleased with the camp. Spring has just set in and the weather is beautiful. Day devoted to getting straightened out. Brigade officers have meeting and are told by Major Kennedy, U. S. A. director of the school, what the program is to consist of. Every one most enthusiastic. Some mail reaches the regiment.

The French tell us that Coetquidan is known as the Death Camp of Napoleon, the story being that the Bretons mobilized here under his banner for the Russian campaign and perished to the last man in the retreat from Moscow.

Sunday, March 24, 1918.

Regiment still getting straightened out. Camp and quarters policed in morning. Orders come to send specialists to school. Lt. Sontag and two Hq. Co. N. C. O.'s to go to Signal School at Gondrecourt; Sgts. Koch, Huntley, Falbe and Bob Williams to go to School for Artillery Officers at Saumur. Captains placed on roster for Officers of the Day for the first time. By orders of General Chamberlaine the regiment has formal retreat parade, and 8:30 P. M. Tattoo in formation, with band playing. We begin to perceive that it will be necessary to study the peculiarities of our new brigade commander.



Regimental Hq.—Camp Coetquidan.



From the hill on which Camp de Coetquidan is located, we have a fine view of the country, which is rough and broken by rocky ridges. In the distance a number of thatched roofed villages are visible. Across the valleys toward the north are the ruins of several villages which have been used as artillery targets by the 1st F. A. Brigade of the 1st Division, which received its French training at this camp. A story going the rounds is that the natives of these villages were afflicted with an incurable disease and that the government quarantined them till all were dead. The truth probably is that Uncle Sam bought them up and moved the people out, in order to have an unobstructed artillery range. Wireless French Communiqué contains news of a great German offensive in progress. Also that a German gun is throwing shells into Paris from a distance of seventy-five miles.

Monday, March 25, 1918.

Word received that General Chamberlaine, our new Brigade Commander, will inspect personnel of regiment at 2 o'clock. Regiment stands in formation for two hours, polished up for the ceremony. Turns up at 4 o'clock and inspects barracks and kitchen, without looking at the regiment which stands in line till Retreat Parade at 5:30 P. M. 107th Trench Mortar Battery, which occupies one of the Adrian huts in our row, gets a bawling out because cots are not in perfect alignment; placed under our regimental headquarters for camp inspection.

The special student details mentioned yesterday leave for their schools. Regimental Guard so large that details must be taken from all batteries daily. Formal Guard Mount commences; to be a regular thing. Schools start for officers and enlisted men. We study the French 75; the elements of orientation; the telephone; the radio; the machine gun. Officers mess starts—Fritz Klotz in charge in the kitchen.

Newspapers say German offensive is making some progress at immense costs. French officers inform us that their communiqué indicates that French are taking over part of British front.

Tuesday, March 26, 1918.

Schools continue. Our instructors are as follows:

Terrain Board	Captain Peyton, 6th F. A.
	Captain F. Heard
Orientation	Captain Fibich
Material	Captain Marshall
Telephone	Captain Pollin
Radio	Captain Alexander

1st Lt. Soton, 2nd Lt. Raoul Duval, and 2nd Lt. Bectere of the French Service, who are assisting in our instruction, are messing with us. 107 men of the 10th Field Artillery, 3rd Division, assigned to the Regiment for quarters, rations, and instruction. Each of our batteries draw four French 75 mm field guns and four caissons. Big force of German prisoners are at work in the camp, hauling and leveling broken stone for gun parks.

Mail received which was mailed in Wisconsin March 5th.



Wednesday, March 27, 1918.

Cold night. Ice formed on water. No particular developments. Schools continue, as do formal retreat parade and guard mount. Barracks have electric light but the current usually fails.

Battery "F" receives news of death of two of its men left behind in hospitals, Robert Smith of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin and Harry E. Kelly of Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

Thursday, March 28, 1918.

We hear that the brigade has been made a part of the 41st Division, taking the place of the 66th Artillery Brigade which has been assigned to the 32nd Division—much speculation as to what it means, and considerable fear that we will be inactive and broken up. Retreat parade improving through daily practice. Out door plotting classes interfered with by rain. Fire destroys 121st F. A. officers' mess hall.

Friday, March 29, 1918.

Schools as usual. Regiment still in dark, all are obliged to use candles and lamps at night. Voluntary evening school under the French instructors commences. Rain in afternoon and evening.

Gun squads working daily in park, becoming quite proficient in the standing gun drill and handling of the Soixante Quinze.

Saturday, March 30, 1918.

Lts. Martin and Richter return to us. Heavy rain all day. Formal guard mount and retreat cancelled on this account. School continues. We learn officially that our brigade is now a part of the 41st or Sunset Division, the 66th Artillery Brigade taking our place in the 32nd. All batteries have been issued their complete quota of 75's.

Other two regiments of the 57th F. A. Brigade are put in quarantine on account of scarlet fever and diphtheria.

Sunday, March 31, 1918, (Easter).

High wind and a few gusts of rain during the morning. Services at 9:30 A. M. by Chaplain O'Connor. Muster with full packs before services. Formal guard mount and retreat parade as usual.

Monday, April 1, 1918.

Approximately the same schedule of schools for officers and men. Formal guard mount and retreat parade as usual. Showers during the day. Regiment is furnishing details of 250 men per day for work in the remount depot which is part of this camp. When we arrived here one small troop of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry constituted the personnel of the Remount and found it impossible to feed and water all the animals even once daily. Horses stand in open sheds such as we had at Waco and the entire Remount area is knee deep in mud and filth.

Tuesday, April 2, 1918.

Officers' radio class works in conjunction with aeroplane. Rain during afternoon. Retreat called off. Some officers of 101st and 102nd Field Artillery, 26th Division, arrive to assist in our instruction. Regiment drawing horses.

We learn from the newspapers that Marshall Foch, French Army, has been given supreme command of the allied forces.



Wednesday, April 3, 1918.

Rain all day. Schools as usual. Regiment still drawing horses. We have attached to us a large number of reserve aviators. Evening school as usual. Regiment visited by stork—a colt born to one of Headquarters' Company mares. Majority of our new horses are good chunky draft type, French, mostly young mares, three, four, and five year olds very common.

Thursday, April 4, 1918.

More rain. Mud not as sticky as at Waco but very slippery. Clears up enough for retreat and guard mount.

Details from our regiment haul guns from R. R. station at Guer for the 119th F. A. and 121st F. A. who are in quarantine. Some job with green horses. Lecture for officers in evening by Lt. Soton.

Friday, April 5, 1918.

Officers pick horses during the morning. Lts. Schutz and Blixt leave about 8:30 A. M. in motor trucks, with a detail of 90 men, for St. Nazaire to bring back some American cavalry horses. Formal retreat called off in favor of stables. The rain seems to have let up.





Saturday, April 6, 1918.

No school to-day, except some enlisted telephone and radio schools. Day spent in getting cleaned up and in preparing for firing next week. Rain as usual.

Wisconsin newspapers of date of February 22nd received.

Sunday, April 7, 1918.

Showery, with a few small hail storms. Guard mount and informal retreat. Many officers try out new mounts.

Details from batteries haul guns out to firing points.

Monday, April 8, 1918.

Showery again, but not enough to interfere with firing. A & D Batteries start firing on range. "A" fires first shot at 7:30 A. M. sharp. Firing continues until 11:30 A. M. A little erratic, but good on the whole. The General expresses himself as pleased with the way in which our Regiment had prepared for firing. In afternoon specialists schools begin. Lts. Bluedorn, Richter, and Park transferred to Hdq. Co. as telephone, liaison, and radio officers respectively. Lt. C. S. Nicoud transferred to Battery B. Lt. Harper to "C" and Lt. Jennings to "E" Lt. Harper has not rejoined from hospital at Waco as yet. Captain Tapping returns from D. S. as Billeting Officer and resumes command of Battery D. Gas instruction for men after retreat, and for specialist officers from 8:00 to 9:00 P. M. Lts. Schutz and Blixt return from St. Nazaire with cavalry horses and mules, and rolling kitchens for each battery and company.

Tuesday, April 9, 1918.

Batteries B and F go out to shoot, but poor visibility due to fog prevents firing. The morning devoted to gun drill and assumed problems. Specialist schools as usual. Also rain as usual during afternoon and night. New cavalry horses distributed to batteries and Headquarters Company.

Wednesday, April 10, 1918.

Showers, but generally clear. Batteries B and F fire in morning. Usual specialist schools during afternoon. An equitation class is going on daily for officers and non commissioned officers, under Capt. Richardson, Cavalry, U. S. A. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday officers have gas school in evening. American and French gas masks issued to officers and N. C. O.'s. First pay day in French currency. Men get February pay.

Thursday, April 11, 1918.

Batteries C and D shoot. An improvement is noticed all around. Schools as usual. Rain in afternoon interferes with retreat parade. Details from batteries build hurdles and a "chute" under direction of Captain Richardson, equitation instructor. Electric lights on duty again after being A. W. O. L. for the last week or two.

Friday, April 12, 1918.

Most of day clear and beautiful with a few light showers during the afternoon. Batteries A and E fire. The former complimented by Captain Peyton, 1st Battalion instructor, on their good work. Much anxiety allayed by the arrival of the Camp Merritt quarantined casualties with a large percentage of Battery C. They have had a hard trip, having covered quite a large part of France in box cars in search of the Regiment.



Saturday, April 13, 1918.

No rain today. Warm and summerlike. B and F fire during morning. Artillery fire starts a forest fire on the range. Most of the Regiment spends afternoon fighting it; after a long hike across country and a great many uniforms blackened and torn the fire is put out. Lts. Gallun and Kraft return from their casual assignments.

Sunday, April 14, 1918.

Cold high wind and rain. Usual inspection and church services are only occurrences of importance. Tailors from Rennes do good business in officers' uniforms and overseas caps. Big bunch of mail arrives, mailed in States about three weeks ago.

Monday, April 15, 1918.

High wind and cold continues. C and D shoot. Usual schools. Afternoon equitation class is having some exhilarating cross country rides over hurdles, hedges and ditches.

Arrival of Reserve Officers

Extract from diary of one of the Second Lieutenants who joined at this time.

At a little station called Guer, we unloaded. Ration trucks from Camp Coetquidan met us there, and boarding these with all our baggage, we rode back the four kilometers into the hills where the place is situated.

Up and down—winding in and out thru pretty roads, we went, until at last, mounting one final hillside, we could see from the crest—our future camp.

How that view stirred us. Spread over many acres of wooded hillsides,—bleak hillsides in places where only the blank white rock shone forth without vegetation—was a tremendous mass of "Adrian" barracks, chimneys, smoke stacks, parade grounds, artillery parks all intersected by gleaming white roads.

A blue sky overhead, filled with fleecy white clouds. A spring sun shining warm. All about the horizon, observation balloons, and airplanes were to be seen. The sound of firing in the distance on the ranges. It was a scene dear to the heart of a soldier.

Going into camp we felt we were really "officers" at last. For the first time in our lives. Sentries saluting—men in the streets jerking up a hand—other officers bowing—every one friendly and respectful.

At the 57th F. A. Brigade Headquarters, we drew up and unloaded. Inside we were greeted by a Major Arthur who told us he was glad to see us and immediately assigned us to regiments. I drew the 120th Field and Buddie the (—). I was sorry to separate, but several men I knew were coming with us.

Then to the Headquarters of the 120th. Met there by a smiling adjutant—Captain Sammond—who took us in to the Colonel,—Carl Penner of Milwaukee. He is a young man—thin and hard—but with a kindly face. He talked to us nicely, saying he was glad to have us, tho they had many officers just now. But that insofar as it lay in his power to control it he wanted every Reserve Officer to have an opportunity in this National Guard regiment, with the boys who were members of it in the states. I think he meant what he said.



Far different was the reception of old Buddie and the others who went to the (———). I have learned. I'm sorry for them.

Then I was assigned to Battery F. I was the only one "assigned" and the rest were just attached, for want of vacancies. I knew right away that this would be the best doggoned battery in the whole regiment, and so it was, I decided later on. Over to the office I went, and hunted up Captain Smith—formerly a district attorney from Merrill, Wis. From him I learned that I had fallen into a berth even more "at home" than I thought, for Battery E was right next door—made from the old Kenosha Troop E. Luck? Why this couldn't have worked out better if I had planned it for myself.

School seems to be the order of the day. Same old stuff we had at Saumur. It grates on my nerves to think of going thru it all again, but I guess I'll have to endure it. Just at present writing there seems to be a chance of getting out of it and on to some real work!

Official Diary

Tuesday, April, 16, 1918.

A large number of reserve 2nd Lts. arrive and are attached and assigned to the regiment. Officers tortured by an hour's hike in gas masks with double time up hill. Equitation class work includes slides and hill climbing. Lt. Palm's horse lands in a ditch after jumping one of the characteristic earthen walls which border the fields in Brittany and he gets a bad spill but is unhurt.

Wednesday, April 17, 1918.

Bad weather still. Firing continues, as do all the specialist schools.

Details from our batteries hauling guns, caissons and ammunition to range for 119th F. A. Lieut. Soton lectures on "Corrections of the Moment."

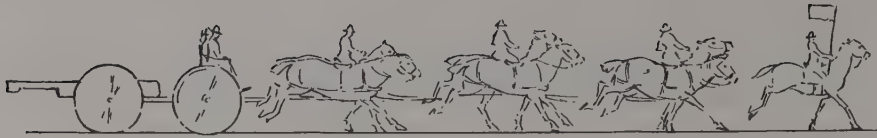
Thursday, April 18, 1918.

Rain and cloudy. C and D shoot. The former complimented by Captain Peyton, their instructor. Gas school for officers in evening.

Equitation class takes thrilling cross country ride after a half hour's work in the bull ring.

Friday, April 19, 1918.

Very cold. Few light snow flakes. Shooting seems to be improving. A and E shoot. Schools as usual. Equitation class has a stiff work out. After a gallop thru woods and over a series of walls and ditches, the class attempted a steep and long slide into a valley about 150 feet deep. It looked impossible but Captain Richardson went first and his placid sorrel slid unconcernedly to the bottom and one by one the class followed successfully. Then followed a climb to the top again where the slope was not quite as steep and another slide, not so long but with an overhang at its foot, forcing a jump off. The horses are becoming as active and sure footed as goats and the student riders are learning "give 'em their heads" under the watchful eye of Captain Richardson.



Saturday, April 20, 1918.

Milder. B and F fire. Cannoneer tests for batteries during the afternoon, in accordance with brigade order. This was followed by inspection of men and quarters by battalion commanders. Gas school for officers as usual during evening. Steel helmets issued. Details from our batteries haul guns and caissons to range all afternoon for 119th F. A.

Sunday, April 21, 1918.

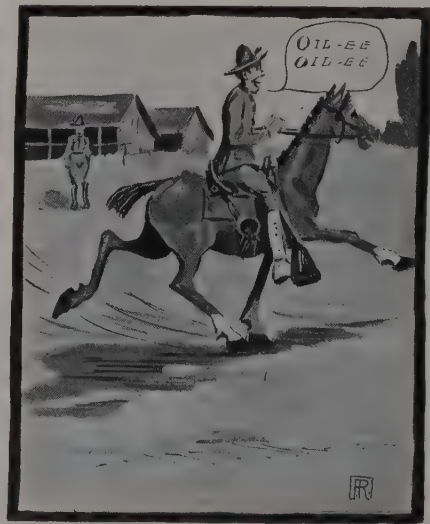
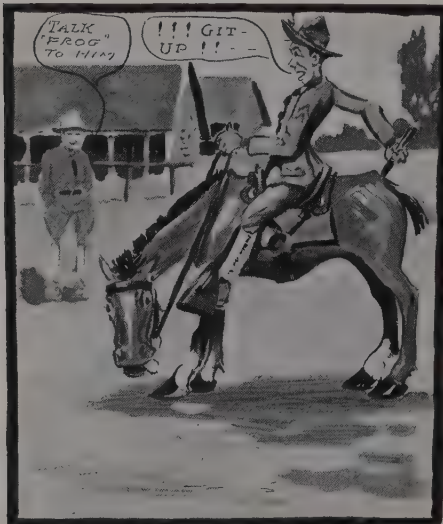
Brigade ordered to take an all day march, but march order cancelled about noon. Chaplain O'Connor makes vigorous protest at Brigade Headquarters about Sunday schedule.

Monday, April 22, 1918.

Firing at range as usual. Weather still cold and disagreeable. Battery positions changed, also target areas. Gun positions defiladed. Gas school in evening winds up with relay race, contestants wearing masks. More reserve officers report for duty with Regiment. Equitation class takes long ride after the usual cross country gallop. Off the reservation thru picturesque farm country and back by way of Guer.

Tuesday, April 23, 1918.

Weather improves. We have sunshine and blue sky again. Firing of batteries shows considerable improvement. Officers' schools take up every spare moment. C. O's have practically no time with their men. Officers must wear spurs at all times by order of Gen. Chamberlaine, even on rubber boots. The French horses are not standing the exposure to the weather in open stables, many are sick and a few have died. Batteries A and C of the 121st F. A. leave here for other schools. "A" is commanded by Captain Cook, formerly of our Regiment and one of the old Troop "A" men in pre-war days.





Wednesday, April 24, 1918.

Another rainless day, but so misty in the morning that we could do no firing. A large detail of men and officers sent in motor trucks to fight a forest fire on the reservation. Canteen opens for business back of Regimental Headquarters with stock consisting of the remains of the Waco canteen. Band concert at 6:30 P. M. Attendance cut down by details, schools, etc. Men all issued rubber boots. Daily gas mask drill for Regiment ordered, following retreat parade.

Thursday, April 25, 1918.

We are told that men and officers now absent from Regiment will not be returned. We lose a number of officers and 301 men. Many of the best we have. Firing with lateral observation begins. Warmer but misty. Light rain in afternoon followed by heavy rain and thunderstorm at 7 P. M.

So foggy during morning that batteries could not fire. Officers struggle with KO and DVO and other instruments of torture. A written examination in gas defense in evening under supervision of our Regimental Gas Officer, Lt. Nowry. All rubber boots turned in again. During the afternoon kitchens, kitchen personnel, and food supplies were inspected. Large detail of officers and non-coms leave by truck for Rennes on short notice, to attend 1st Corps specialist school at Gondrecourt.

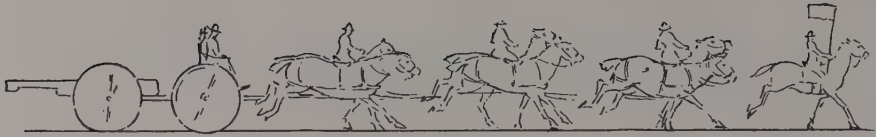
Saturday, April 27, 1918.

57th Field Artillery Brigade takes its first mounted road march in heavy marching order. It is made by regiment, preceded by inspection. 2nd Battalion leading; clears camp about 10:00 A. M. We return about 5 P. M. A beautiful warm day. Our road led thru some interesting old villages and we reentered Camp Coetquidan thru Guer.

April 28 to April 30, 1918.

Rain and drill.





Wednesday, May 1, 1918.

We only shoot for a short time. Lt. Sontag and enlisted telephone men return from Gondrecourt school. Specialist schools in evening. Officers ride over to aviation field for lecture on aerial photos in evening. We hear sad news—Sergeant F. C. Williams' death in a Liverpool hospital; news came from Milwaukee, supplemented by published notice in New York Herald (Paris Edition). Steel helmets and gas masks worn for retreat parade. "Gas" preceded "Pass in Review" and all except band march or "wander" past with masks on.

Thursday, May 2, 1918.

Schedule revised. Specialist schools, terrain board exercise, and equitation in morning. We fire during afternoon. Bilateral observation and aeroplane observation. Band concert in evening.

Friday, May 3, 1918.

Each battery goes out for a short road march and drill in the morning. The usual firing and school work continued thru afternoon and evening. Many new officers from O. R. C. are now attached to the Regiment. Some have been at the front while others have been at artillery schools here in France. All officers are now required to fall in and march to classes under the senior. First battalion officers occupied a forward observation post in a dug-out west of Beignon, 700 meters from the targets. The C. G. requires all campaign hats to be turned in and steel helmets worn by enlisted men at all times, officers permitted to wear trench caps, which have not yet been issued to men.

Saturday, May 4, 1918.

More road marches and battery drill mounted, full pack, in the morning. Early mess at noon so that forward observation post can be reached in time to begin afternoon firing.

2nd Lts. Don Armour, M. F. Cole and Harold M. Stephens, reserve officers who have finished the course at Saumur, are assigned to the regiment and report for duty.

Sunday, May 5, 1918.

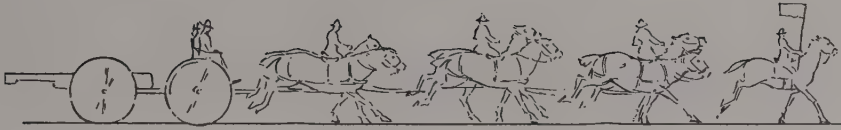
Cloudy and threatening all day. Most of the officers take rides thru country. Captain Kohler, and Lt. Van Brunt leave for tour of instruction in French observation systems at front. No inspections. A very quiet peaceful Sunday, except for a disturbance near the Guard House early the evening.

Monday, May 6, 1918.

Showers thruout day. Batteries A and E fire during afternoon. We now use a new system of physical training; called "O'Grady", to develop smartness in the men. The batteries maneuver with full equipment during the morning. Firing in afternoon with balloon and bilateral observation.

Tuesday, May 7, 1918.

Brig. General Wm. Chamberlaine is relieved of 57th Field Artillery Brigade. Major Einfeldt in hospital with appendicitis. Rain most of day. Batteries drill in drizzling rain all morning.



Lieutenants Phalen and Cole have narrow escape from machine gun fire while on a reconnaissance problem on the range.

Wednesday, May 8, 1918.

The animal escort under Lts. Alexander and Leahy return, band parading them into camp. This is the first we have seen of them since leaving Texas. They are all looking fine and are glad to join the 120th once more. Classes and mounted drills in morning and fire with bilateral observation in afternoon.

Thursday, May 9, 1918.

Everybody goes to gas school and passes thru gas chamber. Regular routine of classes, drills, and firing. Band concert in evening.

Friday, May 10, 1918.

Rain all morning, but most batteries drill with teams just the same. Informal retreat and guard mount now. More new reserve officers join us each day. Major Einfeldt able to be up and about. Problems are now being given out to the officers and the firing is improving rapidly. Brigade competition for telephone details takes place. Consists of race across reservation laying line and establishing communication. 120th wins by a big margin.





Saturday, May 11, 1918.

Battery inspection in morning, followed by drill. Firing of progressive barrage in afternoon. Five per cent of men in each organization may now have passes to Rennes on Saturday evenings. Battery C men, quarantined at Camp Merritt, arrive in camp and are received by band and general rejoicing. One barrack of D Battery men left at Camp Merritt has not returned, and we fear they won't rejoin us.

Sunday, May 12, 1918.

Mother's Day. Each man requested to write a letter to his mother pursuant to request of Gen'l Pershing. Nice day but cool towards evening. Great many soldiers riding today. We are allowed to go eight kilometers from camp headquarters. 1st Lt. McTammany, a veterinarian, is attached to 120th F. A. Officers reconnoiter in afternoon for battalion problem of tomorrow. Brigadier General G. LeRoy Irwin takes command of 57th Field Artillery Brigade.

Monday, May 13, 1918.

1st Battalion fires battalion problem this morning. Rains hard all day, but battalion problem continues with good results, finishing with a good barrage. Captain Peyton well pleased.

Tuesday, May 14, 1918.

2nd Battalion fires battalion problem, consisting of registration, zone fire for effect, destruction of M. G. emplacement, normal barrage and offensive counter preparation. Lt. Soton is more difficult to please than Captain Peyton.

Wednesday, May 15, 1918.

All busy on reconnaissance for Regimental problem. Usual drills. Critique. We get bawled out by Lt. Soton. Cleaning and arranging whole camp during afternoon.

Thursday, May 16, 1918.

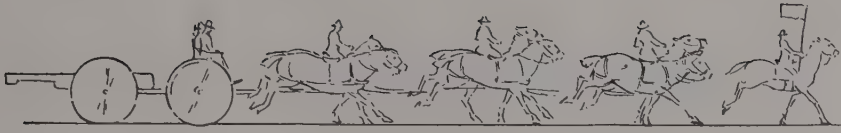
Regimental problem was scheduled but was called off. We take road marches and drill. Fine warm summer days now. We get field order for Brigade problem at 9 P. M. so work most of the night preparing firing data.

Friday, May 17, 1918.

Regiment leaves park at 7:30 A. M. We fire all day in brigade problem and have our first night firing. Little rain. All bivouac in pup tents in the field. At 13½ hours the entire brigade fired barrage. Some racket. One man of the 121st F. A. nicked by premature shrapnel burst from Battery A, 120th F. A. Injury not serious.

Saturday, May 18, 1918.

After a fine night in bivouac, we fire from 9.20 A. M. until noon. Two simulated gas attacks test our ability to keep communications open and barrages going with masks adjusted. Receive "march order" at 13:30 and return to quarters. Nice and hot today. Stork presents Battery E with a baby colt.



Sunday, May 19, 1918.

Pay day and great many AWOL's result. Fine hot day.

Officers of some of the batteries take parties of men on road rides. A big fair at Paimpont, a neighboring village, draws many sightseers. The country people in their Brittany dress prove an interesting spectacle.

Monday, May 20, 1918.

2nd Battalion fires battalion problem. More AWOL's, due to reaction from the restraints and unceasing grind of drills, schools and fatigue, but to head off the epidemic, an isolation guard-house is established in an old French guard-house with an enclosed yard and the AWOL's are turned in under a Provost Guard in charge of Sergeant Blanchard, Battery E.

Tuesday, May 21, 1918.

Guard detail bring in 36 AWOL's. 1st Battalion fires this afternoon with airplane observation. 2nd Battalion drills. Men of Battery "B" present Captain Kuechenmeister with a fine Saumur saddle, after which the band serenades him.





Wednesday, May 22, 1918.

2nd Battalion fires problem near Beignon. Come in about 1 P. M. Camouflage lecture in afternoon. After supper officers hear artillery lecture by Major Kennedy. Each battery draws additional horses, including some stallions. All officers go to Guer in afternoon to get instruction in loading 75 mm. materiel on French flat cars.

Thursday, May 23, 1918.

Morning—1st Battalion fires problem from positions near Beignon. 2nd Battalion cleans harness and all equipment to be in readiness for regimental march. French gun on proving range explodes and seriously injures most of crew, old French artillerymen.

Friday, May 24, 1918.

This regiment fires for registration this morning and we are in readiness to fire regimental problem tomorrow. 2nd Battalion fires with airplane observation.

Saturday, May 25, 1918.

Fire all morning, rolling barrage; beaucoup ammunition. This completes our firing at this camp.

Sunday, May 26, 1918.

Many soldiers on pass go to Rennes for 24 hours.

Monday, May 27, 1918.

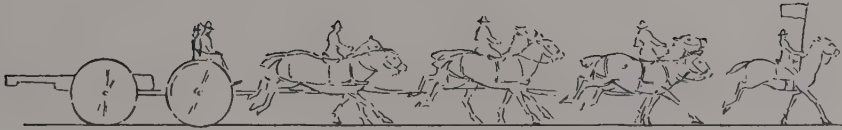
Used our new rolling kitchens for first time. Road march for Regiment this morning. Clean equipment and materiel during afternoon. Windy and dusty.

Tuesday, May 28, 1918.

Road marches by battalion, 7:30 to 12:00, including reconnaissance, going into position and laying batteries. Afternoon spent in cleaning up, medical inspection, and equitation. Ordered to draw French harness in a few days.

Wednesday, May 29, 1918.

Regimental road march all morning. We draw French harness in afternoon. Receive rumor that Batteries E and F go to Saumur as school batteries. All sort of rumors flying regarding a break up of the regiment. Great fears are felt that we will land in a replacement depot.



Thursday, May 30, 1918.

Many officers and men help in celebrating Memorial Day services at Brigade Headquarters this morning. This camp already has its little cemetery of American graves, though none from our regiment. This was not a holiday for the 120th. We are busy packing. Officers have pictures taken in afternoon for identification cards. 120th Field Artillery Band selected by Commanding General, 57th F. A. Brigade, to go to Savigny for concert. Some band. Information received that balance of regiment will go to a quiet sector of the front for a short tour of duty.

Friday, May 31, 1918.

Very busy packing. Everything running along smoothly and we will be all ready to move in the morning. Band concert in evening.

Saturday, June 1, 1918.

Orders received for 2nd Battalion, less Battery D, to leave Sunday morning for Saumur. Battery D to hold itself ready to march at 9:00 A. M. Sunday. Captain Kohler and Lt. Van Brunt return from detached service. 2nd Lt. James Jackson returns with 10 casualties of 32d Division (Vet. Det. men). Officers trunks and men's barrack bags hauled to a Q.M. Warehouse for storage. After evening mess the band serenades the 2nd Battalion.

Sunday, June 2, 1918.

Battery E and $\frac{1}{3}$ Sup. and Hq. Co. Bn. Detail left camp 3:20 A. M. Train left Guer 7:20 A. M. Battery F and $\frac{1}{3}$ Sup. and Hq. Co. Bn. Detail left camp 5:40 A. M. Train left Guer 9:40 A. M. Battery D and balance of Supply and Hq. Co. Bn. Detail ready to move 8:45 A. M. Orders received and left camp 9:45. Train left Guer 12:45 A. M. All for Saumur. Colt born in Battery B stables.

Monday, June 3, 1918.

Lt. Theodore Phalen and six noncoms leave for LaCourtine, where they are to act as telephone instructors, their punishment for winning the Brigade telephone competition. Battery C, under command of Captain Quill, takes road ride thru St. Malo to Beignon and back to camp. Officers play ball after dinner. We hear that the balance of the Regiment does not leave here till Thursday.

Tuesday, June 4, 1918.

Lt. Bradlee Van Brunt departs for LaCourtine, where he is to establish a school in Orientation. 1st Lt. Carl L. Fagan, and 2nd Lts. R. G. Kraft, S. E. Davidson, John E. Leene, and J. T. L. Jeffries leave for artillery school at Gondrecourt. 1st Battalion has mounted road march. Afternoon 1st Battalion cleans stables of 2nd Battalion. Captain Lester Bigelow, Supply Co., leaves for Meucun as instructor in Artillery.

Wednesday, June 5, 1918.

Orders to leave for battle front on the morrow. Everybody busy preparing for departure. Orders for 3 officers to go to Gondrecourt changed; 2nd Lt. J. T. L. Jeffries remains, others already gone. Officers observe loading of part of 119th Field Artillery in morning.



A Letter Home

May 26, 1918

Dear Folks,

It has been an exceptionally busy week, but there is little of interest to relate. The first week or two we were here I got out now and then and saw the country and consequently described it. Now while camped in the same place and doing similar work I don't see so much of the country. Now and then we do get out on reconnaissance. It's ideal for mounted work. No fences whatever, many old roads, much brush. Some of the roads have an earth embankment on each side of them where we have fences, the fields being lower than the roads. We puzzled our heads over it for a long time and we finally found that the fields are lower than the roads because centuries of plowing and cropping have removed three feet of the field. It seems incredible to us with our young country. Then the roads with hundreds of years of use have worn down a couple of feet and are lower than the sides, and the sides being untouched by either plow or vehicle remain at full height. Every half mile or so you find a village of a dozen houses. Some are occupied and some are not. The only difference is that the occupied have chickens, dogs, kids and cows running in and out the front door. The houses are the same, all stone, seldom windows, sometimes "door shutters", occasionally floors. No wooden buildings. The most prominent feature of French villages is the manure piles. They stand in mountains all over the front yard, the back yard and the street.

I had some fun one night this week. Some of our men were missing and we knew that a larger town about 45 kilos (35 miles) from here was pretty open and attracted too many soldiers; so the colonel told me to go raid the place about ten o'clock Tuesday night. I phoned the truck company and told them what I wanted and after considerable persuasion got a truck. In the meantime my able Sergeant rounded me up a gang of faithful but well-known scrappers and with some hand-picked non com's I was pretty well fixed for men. I got me a lieutenant who in his youth was an amateur pugilist and started about eleven o'clock.

We filled the truck to capacity but it was a beautiful moonlight night and the road was excellent. We roared through one village and town after another finally arriving about two A. M. in the bigger town. I went to the police station and was shown into a good sized room where gendarmes were snoozing all over the place. Through my interpreter I told the guy at the desk (who is called a "brigadier") what I was there for and got the location of three gambling houses which ought to be raided. My detail dismounted from the truck and we marched about a mile along the brick streets the cadence of the step echoing from the stone buildings, and the moon shining on the walls. No lights or other incongruous features. It really was quite thrilling to ponder over. The romance of it, I mean. The Brigadier was guiding us and we finally came to the place I wanted, a big cut stone five story house. The gendarme pounded on the steel door with his fists and cried out about the police, but no result. I pounded on the door with the butt of my automatic and it finally brought about the opening of a shutter over head. When convinced that it was the authorities demanding admittance, the person said something which the interpreter said was surrender. It took so long to open the door that I sent a squad around the rear, much to the horror of the French who expostulated that there was no rear door or windows; that no one



would come out of them any way; that to get there required going over walls into people's gardens, etc. I agreed and made an apparent effort to get the squad back, but gave them the high-sign to go anyway, and got them away, apparently through their misunderstanding. That squad, by the way, just got to the rear in time to nail a man coming out of a rear window. They got several more prisoners back there, and in the meantime we got in the front and searched the place and got our men. Then we put the prisoners under guard and repeated the performance in two more places.

I put my prisoners in the French bastille in stone cells with clanky steel doors. I left the Lieutenant with eight men to guard them and bring them up by train in the morning.

We climbed back on the truck at four A. M. and started back. After watching the sun rise a little later, we all took a doze and got to camp just in time for breakfast. It was certainly an interesting and fast night's work.

Official Diary

Thursday, June 6, 1918.

First train, Colonel and staff, regimental headquarters, $\frac{1}{3}$ Supply Co. and Battery A leave camp at 4:30 A. M. Arrive at Guer and load train for long trip. All loading proceeds without difficulty, except the big "Chariots de Parc" which prove a tough job. Train commander, Colonel Penner; Train quartermaster Lt. W. G. Martin of Battery A. Captain Swift commanding Battery A. 1st Lt. C. W. Schaefer in charge of Supply Detachment. Left Guer promptly at 8:28. Second train, Battery B and $\frac{1}{3}$ of Supply Company, under Captain Kuechenmeister, left Guer at 1:10 P. M. Third train, 1st Bn Hqrs, Battery C and $\frac{1}{3}$ Supply Company, commanded by Major Einfelt leaves Guer at 17:30. First train delayed in arriving at Rennes. Watered horses. Arrived LeMans 19:19, left 19:56. Number of officers and men almost left, as train pulled out ahead of time without notice, caught freight and overtook our train, which waited. St. Pierre Des Corps 1:09—Lv. 1:27. Second train watered at Rennes and LeValle.

Friday, June 7, 1918.

All batteries have their rolling kitchens operating on flat cars so we have prospect of hot meals.

First train watered horses at Ville Franche, arrive there at 5:38 and leaving at 6:42. Mess—men had chance to wash, some shaved. Feeling lots better for the short early morning rest. Colonel's favorite pastime, sitting on ration cart on flat car watching scenery as we slipped by Bourges, Nevers, LeCreusot (gun works) Besancon, Montbeliard.

Third train has breakfast at Le Mans, dinner at Tours and supper at Bourges.

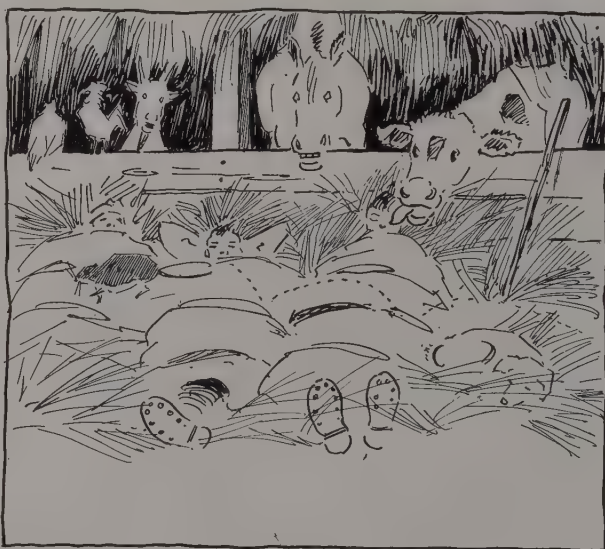
Saturday, June 8, 1918.

First train pulls into Belfort at about 5 A. M. and we immediately unload and water horses. Boche planes give us first glimpse of real war. Anti-aircraft guns keep German Avions up in air. Short sharp battle between French and German Avions.



Train unloaded and detachment moves into Belfort. This city famous for its resistance to Germans in 1870—80,000 fell at its gates in siege of city. Heavy stone fortifications with ancient city gateways still in good condition. Detachment halted on road under cover of a friendly avenue of trees to mess and feed animals. Major General Haan, our old commander of 32d Division fame puts in an appearance. He criticizes in his usual brusque way, but we are glad to see him in spite of it. He directs us on our way. During the halt German Avions are in sight, but French anti aircraft guns and French aviators keep them way up in the sky. After quite a long march we land at our new home—Anjoutey, beautifully situated in a little valley at the foothills of the Vosges Mountains. To the south the Alps trace their outlines against the sky and in the east across the distant Rhine we can see the mountains of the Black Forest in Germany. Every available space in the small village used for billets. Good barns are now luxurious quarters. Some pitch shelter tents under trees. Battery B and rest of second detachment reach camp soon after—billeted. First orders for operations against the enemy received. Captains Swift and Kuechenmeister called in to conference with Col. Penner, and receive orders to go into position. This evening Battery A takes up position at front, relieving a French battery, in a prepared but incomplete position, at the front edge of a wood about one kilometer east of Bourbach le Bas, the first battery of the American Army to reach German soil.

Third train Battery "C" loses 2 officers and 40 men at Montbéliard due to the eccentricities of French railroading. Arrives at Belfort at 16:30 detrains and reaches Anjoutey at 23:30. Billeting green Americans for the first time on French villagers at midnight proves an interesting experience. A lieutenant notes in his diary that he is billeted across the hall from an ox. No such barrier separates the enlisted men from the kine.



The 120th on the Front



Alsatian Haircut



The Trip To Alsace

Extract from a Personal Diary

Here at last we are going off to the real war. To a quiet sector it is true, but always a chance of its starting up in great shape, and later there'll be other sectors with more life in them, I have no doubt.

Everything was all packed up in readiness, and the day of the 5th passed quickly. On the morning of the 6th we were up at dawn. About the camp was a great bustle and scurrying. The last packing and policing was done, and soon the bugle sounding "Assembly". We hooked in our teams and were ready to form the column for the march to the station at Guer.

The day was warm and sunny. The dust lay thick over all this land . . . ankle deep . . . and standing with my horse down near the little old shack which housed our headquarters during the weary months of training, with little to do in all this but to go along, I watched the Captain form his battery in a column all round the mounted parade ground, and my heart thrilled with the competent look of these boys trained to the finest fighting edge, and ready now for first engagements with the Boche.

A mile of them almost, in a single column of guns, caissons, and fourgons. Big chariots du parc, mounted men of the details, the officers shouting orders, the noncoms handling their various sections, all dressed in weather stained kahki, in steel helmets the color of the dust itself; their horses champing, pawing, raising a cloud of dirt.

In a few moments the bugle sounded again. "Forward!" And the column started off. I fell in about midway down the line, with King and a couple of other "surplus" officers. We took one last look at the hills and the scattering old camp which we would never see again, and then the entire column was swallowed from view in the terrific swirling cloud of dust from the horses' feet.

For over an hour we marched along, sweating tremendously—the grime soaking in until we began to appreciate for the first time what road marches really mean in summer. The dust filled eyes and ears and mouth. We drank sparingly of our water, and could not smoke because the immediate mouthful of grit one got when he attempted to open his lips, made such an operation distasteful. In no time there lay over all the horses and men and wagons, a layer of dirt very deep and very warm, which turned to mud upon the lips and left brown streaks at the corners of our watering eyes.

It was not long tho, before we reached the station. Here we had to wait a few minutes for the previous outfits going that day to finish loading. Then our cars were set, and we went to the new business of getting a battery aboard French cars. Capt. Quill took the horses, as he's an old and expert cavalryman. These were loaded with harness on, tied eight in a car, heads to the center and tails to the end, with two men, their equipment, forage, food and lanterns in the middle just out of reach of their pawing feet.



ENTRAINING AT GUER



LOADING BREAD AT GUER



The materiel was in charge of Lt. Schutz, who loaded it quickly and efficiently while the rest of us kept men from loafing, looked after the loading of rations. Later in the afternoon, the Y. M. C. A. at the station served hot coffee for all, in lieu of the missing midday meal, and after taking several pictures of the activities here, I boarded my car just as the train pulled slowly away about 4:30 p. m.. I chose a seat in a compartment nearest the end of the flat car upon which stood the rolling kitchens, and already they were steaming up in preparation for an evening meal enroute.

There was a hearty cheer that echoed up and down the train several times. The engine jerked faster and faster, and in a moment we were well started upon the first lap of our journey to the front.

As is usual with long troop trains, stops were many and before dark we halted for an hour, side tracked in a tiny village where pretty girls came out with flowers and cakes, passing along the cars, giving them to the boys, until every one was thoroughly decorated and fed.

Just opposite our car, was a nice house with a big garden, and two women plucked roses in great abandon, throwing them over the fence to us. We talked to them in French and learned that the station master at Guer was the head of this particular family. The ladies put on great airs, telling how difficult it was to "keep up the establishment now that servants were so scarce."

A French troop train then pulled up along side and at once there was a great exchange of handshakes, sign language, "makings", and so on, between the boys. The Frenchies were surely glad to see us.

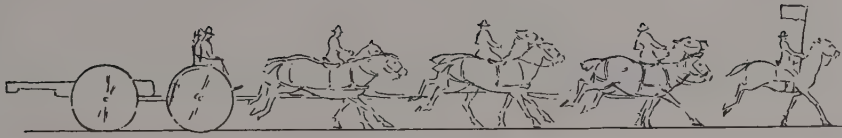
Reaching Rennes at nine thirty, we served mess but before the men were half thru eating . . . sitting all about the interior of the train sheds . . . the whistle blew in warning, we had to pile aboard quickly, and we finished our much tumbled mess in semi-darkness.

The night for me was uncomfortable. In a trench coat, wrapped up in one blanket, I sat and slept by starts until 4:30. We were too crowded with officers to have room to lie down. The morning found us at Le Mans, and there we got a bucket of water from a railway tank, washed up and had breakfast. Corn willy, tomatoes, and boiled potatoes—the same as every meal on troop train. The sun came up in a little while, and at present writing it is warm and fine.

We are entering the beautiful Loire Valley near Orleans, and I shall now go out and ride on a flat car for the rest of the day, enjoying the scenery and taking pictures which will most likely be no good. The question of "To Shave or not Shave" will be settled after lunch.

June 9th, 1918.

The trip is over. But it was so perfectly delightful that I must mention it before I pass on to other things that have happened. As we rode mile after mile across the full width of France, new and attractive scenery unrolled on every side like a gigantic panoramic picture. Out upon a flat car, a number of us rode all day long, watching the quaint villages, big towns and multi-colored fields.



ON THE WAY TO ALSACE





On every hand there was a mass of radiant flowers. In all the fields, mid the varying greens of wheat and oats and grass, millions of flaming scarlet poppies, waved, with now and then a patch of blue or purple flowers of name unknown. The poppies however, predominated. They were quite everywhere. In the fields, the dooryards, the barnyards, and even growing up and down the center of the railway tracks!

As we rode, the cooks worked away at the kitchen, and when we stopped here and there, sections of men were rushed up for mess. They came at a gallop . . . "meat hounds" we called them as we watched their headlong tumble after food . . . mess kits clanking; stumbling, falling . . . shouting the while like a bunch of wild Indians. Every one was on the crest of the wave. A lad would shove out his meat pan . . . into it the cook tossed a huge ladle of hash, some potatoes, some tomatoes, and then with a great cup of coffee in the other hand, back he'd tear for his own door in a pullman labeled "Hommes 40 — Chevaux 8" to eat as he rode and throw the crumbs along the way . . . if there were any!

We passed many U. S. Camps. One after another and all of great extent. We were amazed at the amount of building done already. But best of all, they were thickly populated too, and we began to appreciate that we were no longer a part of the "first arrivals" but mere units now in an army already vast.

One place we passed a train of niggers, all from Newport News. A "Veterinary Outfit" and the biggest aggregation of grins and white teeth I've seen since I left home. Red Cross girls were going down the line giving them cigarettes. They also did the same for our boys in their turn. We passed a couple of railway batteries . . . enormous 370 guns, going up to the Marne to help in the defensive. All this up to the time we came to Orleans.

Later we came upon a great aviation camp. In the air were over a hundred planes at one time. It was a magnificent sight. They saw our train and put up a great show. Flying along dead overhead, so low we could recognize the features of the observer looking down over the side. They cut all sorts of capers and we were glad to see so many of them in good training. Nearly all were Americans so far as we could judge.

Then came darkness. With it an attempt to make six men comfortable in a compartment where four only were intended to sleep. It was a bad night, but somehow we managed to survive.

Up again at early dawn, and a washup at the water cart on the flat car. Breakfast, and back to my observation post on top of another cart on the same tourists special. What a glorious ride this last day brought!

Down thru Dijon, and the Valley of the Doub.

It was about noon when we burst out of the plains and into a country of impressive hills, small mountains in fact, the heart of The Vosges. The panorama from here on was one of endless pictures such as one usually sees only on canvasses in the Art Galleries.

On either hand the round green mountains dotted by villages not so thickly as before. The water of the Doub was as blue and clear as a maiden's eye, and the flash of the sun upon it was like the sparkle of her smile. The smooth velvety pasture lands ran on and on in endless fashion, as the railway followed the lowland, passing thru numberless tunnels in so doing, and the forests up the mountain sides were dark and grim and thick.



ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT





The houses were larger and prettier than I've seen before, and painted in colors now, instead of plain white stone. They had red tiled roofs and were quite commodious, with little of the "ginger bread" effect found in most other sections.

The road followed the river for mile after mile, and around each of the great curves we saw scenes more and more like those of Switzerland. Each time we crashed out of one of the tunnels, it was like bursting forth from the underworld into fairyland.

At last we neared our destination. It appeared that we were to go to the Montreaux sector, detraining at Belfort, and therefore, when we reached Montbeliard we knew our journey was nearing its end.

This was the town for which supper was scheduled and at the instant the train halted, we lined up all the men for grub. Then the blamed old rattletrap started to move a little. Thinking it was only pulling down to a waterpipe, many did not climb on board again, but ran alongside. Then . . . with a jerk, she was underway at full speed, and away we went leaving three officers and forty men behind!

Gosh, but we were sore. The engineer was tired of his job evidently, and in typical French fashion, decided that we could just as well eat at the next and last stop as here.

So we landed in Belfort minus a good bunch of men, and there was nothing to do but for me with my limited French to try and fix it up for the Captain who was helpless in the situation. I succeeded in getting telephonic communication back, and arranged that they come down on a freight that left in about an hour. Then, we started in to unload the cars. Some job!

While the work was going on, under constant urging of a polite old "Commissaire de Transport"—a Lieutenant about 60 years old!—he talked to me and told me where we were going—about fifteen kilometers out and about twelve kilometers from the Swiss border. Some twenty-five ahead of us lay the German town of Altkirch, and our first stop would be ten Kilos back of the lines.

The Boches he said, bombed Belfort by airplane quite often, so the abris was as much in sight here as at Nancy. "This is a very quiet sector", said he, "but it won't be long now that YOU are here." I don't know whether he was kidding or not, but he told the truth, no doubt.

Once off the train, our lost men rolled in and in a few moments we pulled out of the very attractive town, crossing it in a long rattling column, turning out the great gates of the fortress whose walls runs all about the city, encircled outside by a deep moat with drawbridges let down for our passage. It was queer sort of feeling . . . these modern troops from far across the seas . . . passing thru the scenes of very ancient sieges.

The Lion of Belfort . . . the enormous statue carven out of the solid rock cliff, which seems to stand as a signal of defiance visible far back toward the German lines . . . is a very interesting landmark, known to all of course, thru history.

Out into the hills, our long column dragged its way, with an occasional stop for adjustment of harness. We rode on and on into the gathering gloom of night, and it grew very chilly. Fortunately, however, I had provided a coat, so kept quite comfortable while many shivered.



The twelve kilometer ride to the town of Anjoutey where we were billeted, made me very, very tired and sore, as I haven't ridden a horse for some six weeks.

We began to pass villages in the dark. A light would flash momentarily far down the valley. Then American voices would sound in greeting along the column, as some boy of ours greeted a fellow countryman while passing in the night.

Arriving finally at a larger place than usual, our column halted and we stood about for what seemed an interminable time. I grew so awfully tired, I could hardly sit in a saddle or stand on my feet. It required my utmost effort of will power to keep awake. Two solid hours we stood there in the road, owing to some mistake in billeting arrangements. Then at last we got some action—the column split up into sections—the guns were unhooked and backed into the roadside—horses unharnessed and placed in old barns.

When the men and animals were housed, we all walked down to a wooden barracks in which all the other officers of our regiment, previously arrived, were sleeping noisily and with abandon. In spite of the snores and a few cuss words from those who were awakened by our entrance, we got bed rolls, out, turned in, and slept the sleep of the deserving.

I woke at seven thirty next morning, much refreshed, but too late for breakfast. Walked up the hill to some of the horse lines, found a dead horse and a wonderful view of the mountains. A Boche plane sailed over high, cannon boomed in the distance, and he was chased by the white puffs of antiaircraft shells. We were in the war zone. In a little while, church bells were chiming sweetly o'er the valley. And the village folks turned out calmly in their Sunday black, for services. "Is this war?" I asked myself. And looking about the peaceful land which lay spread out before my eyes, all glowing with the freshness of a day in June, I decided that it would only amount to a bit more training after all, with a remote possibility of some one getting killed.

Walking back to the village, I tried to get some breakfast at various cafes, but was unsuccessful. They gave me some bread and wine out under the trees by the back-door however, and I sat there watching the crowds go by . . . strange ones too it seemed to me . . . the mixture of khaki clad lads, busy with the morning work, and the old peasants who viewed them a bit askance.

Just now I'm sitting outside the barracks, writing under a newly blossomed apple tree, watching the sunshine on the mountain tops so nearby, while about me are the busy scenes of an army camp. Just at hand, two loots are getting a haircut, and I "snap" them as I sit here, much to the delight of Richardson, the barber, who wants a picture to "send home" showing him cutting hair with a 45 Colt strapped round his waist.

Official Diary

Sunday, June 9, 1918.

Regimental Headquarters moved to La Chapelle. Battalion Hqs. to Sentheim, where they establish P. C. in a fine chateau with beautiful grounds and surroundings. P. C. of 125th Infantry in same place. We, as well as the rest of the 32nd Division, are brigaded with the 9th Division, French.



The following report from Captain J. G. Swift, Battery A, 120th Field Artillery, contains the account of the first shot fired at the enemy by the Regiment:

Battery A—120th F. A.—War Diary—9 June 1918.

16:30 Firing battery and special detail left Anjoutney and marched a distance of 20 kilometers via La Chapelle, Senthem, and Bourbach-le-bas to relieve French Battery and occupy position M82.

20:00 Arrived at position.

24:00 Last gun placed.

Continued work about position.

16:27 Adjusted No. 1 gun. (First shot of regiment.)

16:50 Adjusted No. 1 and 2 guns.

Nothing special to report.

Monday, June 10, 1918.

Battery B to the front. Takes up position relieving French battery in excellent position, a short distance east of Soppe-le-Haut. Nothing new in echelon at Anjoutey. Occasionally we see an aeroplane, but we are not as yet able to distinguish enemy plane from French. Our artillery brigade is supporting the sector occupied by the 63rd Infantry Brigade of our 32nd Division, alternating in the trenches with the French. The sector extends from Thann on the North to the Rhone-Rhine Canal on the South, about 15 kilometers. The 64th Infantry Brigade is still nearer the Swiss Border, their sector extending from the canal south for 15 kilometers.

The following War Diary extract contains report of the first hostile shot fired by Battery "B", 120th Field Artillery:





War Diary—Battery B, 120th Field Artillery.

Battery left Anjoutney 19 o'clock June 10th. Marched 11 Kilo. to position, arriving 22 o'clock. Rainy night.

Pieces placed in woods 200 meters beyond position and left there for the night.

Limbers and wagons taken to first echelon in village of Soppe-le-Haut.

8:00 o'clock 11th June position visited by Colonel Terriere (French) and Majors Arnaud (French) and Einfeldt.

11:00 o'clock, 11th June, French pieces withdrawn and our put in position.

Men put to work completing gun pits and removing four trees in front of position.

13:00 o'clock, 11th June, one sergeant, one telephone man and two privates sent to forward observing post at P. O. 11 to watch for infantry rocket signals.

13:30 o'clock, 11th June Col. Penner and Lt. Col. Fish visited position.

14:00 o'clock, Col. Penner, Lt. Col. Fish, Capt. Kuechenmeister, Lieut. in command of French Battery and two French sergeants leave for forward observation post.

15:30 o'clock, 11th June registered with 3rd and 4th pieces. (First shot).

16:00 o'clock, French depart from position leaving one Second Lieut., one "Aspirant", and five enlisted men to assist our officers and men.

Midnight 11th, June to 7 o'clock, 12th June continue work on position.

10:00 o'clock, 12th June, position visited by Capt. Fuller, and Lt. Viard (French)

10:45 o'clock, 12th June, position inspected by General Irwin, Capt. Gilson, and Lt. Covington.

12:00 o'clock, 12th June, position visited by Col. Penner, Lt. Col. Fish, and Capt. Kohler.





Tuesday, June 11, 1918.

Day passed quietly, save for an occasional booming in the distance. Batteries A and B have fired for registration, first shots into hostile territory. Men are working hard, improving gun emplacements and dugouts.

Wednesday, June 12, 1918.

Batteries have been firing a few special missions. Very quiet in echelon. Captain Boyle, O. R. C., echelon commander. Captain Kohler, Hq. Co. commander, moves to Regimental Headquarters at LaChapelle as regimental intelligence officer. Band concert in evening. Battery C preparing new position near St. Germain for defense of reserve line.

Anjoutey

Extract from a Personal Diary

As a matter of fact, this old village of Anjoutey isn't so bad after all. It's prettier than a lot of towns hereabouts, and not nearly so dirty as most of them.

There is an old church with wonderful bells . . . there are the winding old, old streets, and the tiny river Madeleine running thru the center of the town. One sees the women folk washing clothes, hammering away at them with great wooden paddles . . . as one of the fellows truthfully comments "Every slap a button!" While about the streets kids play and squeal, during the recesses they have from school.

The supply company brought a treasure today, in the form of a quarter of fresh beef. Soon the boys were lined up 200 strong, mess kits in hand, eagerly being served with a dish they haven't had since we arrived. Beef . . . three DOUGHNUTS each . . . stewed tomatoes and boiled potatoes, with bread and jam and coffee.

Official Diary

Thursday, June 13, 1918.

Return to regiment of 1st Lt. Carl L. Fagan, 2nd Lts. Kraft, Davidson, and Leene. Batteries A and B active, firing several barrages and special missions. Lively air battles witnessed this morning over batteries.

Friday, June 14, 1918.

Return from school of 1st Lt. W. R. Cressey, dental officer of Regiment. Batteries A and B fired night barrage. Band concert in evening at Anjoutey echelon. 2nd Lt. Thomas Scott, our assistant veterinarian, leaves for Saumur to rejoin 2nd Battalion. He is a good scout and we are sorry to lose him.

Extract from an officers' diary, typical of the quiet sector warfare of Alsace: "Had breakfast at eight, prunes and toast after a good night's snooze. Watched an aeroplane fight after breakfast. Three more air battles during the course of the morning, the 1st quite exciting between three French and two German. Captain Quill and six of his non-coms. arrived during the morning to inspect our position for suggestions to use in building Battery C's. Capt. Quill shared our mess of spuds, hamburgers, bread and coffee. Order received to fire 40 rounds H. E. on 64.34 and 65.34 at 18 hours. Fired. Ordered to shorten range 100 meters and go plus five on same target at 20 hours. Colonel Penner and Captain Kohler visited us and left after the completion of fire at 20.20. Between fires we had our chow of soup, steak, bread and coffee with milk and sugar. Rocket test in evening from P. O. 11 to try out barrage



signals. Did my administration work and hit the hay at 23 hours. Bounced out at 1 hours; rocket signal for Barrage "A". Fired. Barrage "B" signaled for and fired followed by Counter Preparation "C". Back to bed at 2:20.

Breakfast at eight, Two (2) oefs, toast, coffee and peaches. Quiet morning. Colonel Penner, Lt. Col. Fish, and Lt. Moore visited the battery in the afternoon. Fired a camouflage with one gun at 15 hours. After mess of slum, bread, apple sauce, and coffee we fired 60 rounds at 20:00; 20:25 hours and 20:40 hours on different targets and climbed into the bunk in the dug-out at 23 hours. Nothing stirring till breakfast. Went to Regimental Headquarters with Major Einfeldt; and with Colonel Penner, Captain Quill and Lt. Lemaire of the 30th French Regiment visited a nearly completed model battery position which has been constructed by Lt. Lemaire's battery but was never occupied. A fine piece of engineering. Mess at Regimental Headquarters. Returned to battery and fired a camouflage gun 17 rounds at 15:45 hours. The French soldiers who remained in the position with us presented us with a pan of wild strawberries. At 20:31 hours fired 40 rounds at a working party at cross roads 64:67 which finished the days work.

Called at 1:10 hours by report of defective infantry rocket signal. Tried to call P. O. 11—no response. Fresh signal on which we let go normal barrage, followed by Counter Preparation "C" on third signal. While firing this we were shelled by enemy, about 60 rounds at 1:30 hours. Private Kenneth Head wounded. Continued our fire till 2:40 hours. Telephone wires and a few hits on ammunition only damage. Major Einfeldt arrived at position at 3:30. Lt. Cottingham arrived at 4 with ambulance and removed Pvt. Head. Col. Penner, Lt. Col. Fish, Lts. Sontag, Cole and Harding visited position in morning. Rain. Visited limber echelon in Soppe-le-Haut to look over horses in afternoon. No activity; quiet night."

"Liaison" With the Infantry

CENTRAL SUB SECTOR

C. R. BUSCHWALD

MEMORANDUM

15 June, 1918.

An ambush shall be sent out this evening 15 June, 1918, at the point 51.29 near the big tree.

Way out: By the southeast corner of Bogueteau.

Hour of departure: 21:00 hours.

Hours of return: 0:00 hours.

Signals: If barrage is requested, one or more green and one or more red rockets sent up simultaneously.

For coming back: Three volleys fired from southeast corner of Bogueteau.

Two American stretcher bearers and one first aid man will stay at the P. P. of the Bogueteau and will only leave when they get orders from C. O. of the reconnaissance.

JAY C. McCULLOUGH

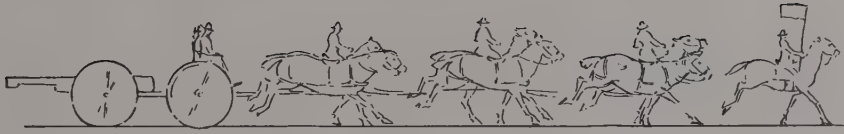
Major 126th Infantry

Comdg. 1st. Bn.



IN ANJOUTEY





Official Diary

Saturday, June 15, 1918.

Day passed quietly. Welcome showers. Country needs rain and so do roads.

Sunday, June 16, 1918.

Rain in morning. Religious services in village of Anjouthey at 8:00 A. M. Our Band Leader, Henry Winsauer, late faculty member of Marquette University Conservatory of Music, played violin solo during services for villagers. Battery "B" while firing a defensive barrage was subjected to a brisk shelling by German 77's. No material damage, except a few rounds of ammunition destroyed. Battery distinguished itself first time under fire by maintaining barrage without interruption. Complimented by Colonel Terrier, French Light Artillery Commander. The first man of the Regiment to be wounded in action—Kenneth Head, Private of Battery B—thigh wound from shell splinter. Removed to Belfort Hospital. More rain tonight.

Monday, June 17, 1918.

Rained all day. Very quiet. About 45 officers from Regimental Echelon leave for duty with various batteries at front. Lt. Col. Fish and 1st Lt. Stanley L. Pilgrim, Senior Veterinary Officer, leave for Chalons to take over horses from French. Detail of men to leave later.

A Night Ammunition Trip

Extract from a Personal Diary.

Time passes so slowly that I am not even sure as to the date. In some ways however, the week has gone quickly enough. I'll try to pick out the highlights in my recollections.

After being relieved from other duty I was soon sent out one night with eight caissons, to draw ammunition from a dump that was too near the infantry lines for safety, and move it back to our own battery positions. This meant using 48 horses and taking along fifty men besides my noncoms.

Leaving at five in the evening, after a hasty bite to eat, we rode out thru the villages along the way—Germainville with its horde of French poilus, Rougemont (the Red Mountain) built on a precipice of bright stone, and Guewenheim with a population as German as its name.

Winding in and out, up hill and down, over the pretty country roads, looking back often over the column so picturesque and business like in their front line apparel—steel helmets, gas masks and big revolvers—thinking to myself that if a year ago I'd seen in some magic crystal globe, a picture of us riding thus, thru these foreign paths, I'd have declared all the prophets entirely wrong and laughed at their ideas. But there we were—and a bit shaky too, for this was the first time I'd had any men with me when exposed to a possible shelling.



At the end of an hour and a half, without the usual rest, we reached the broad macadam road supposed to lead into La Chapelle. We had no map, worse luck, and after a few minutes halt decided to pull out to the right, which soon brought me into town. There was a host of people on the streets. Too many for safety it seemed to me. Many headquarters there. I hated to think what would happen if the Boche decided suddenly to shell the place.

On the way, just outside the village, the Colonel passed me in his car, going up forward evidently as far as he could ride in such comfort, and he shouted "Hello"—then "Keep over to the right of the road!" Some commander that boy. Nothing escapes him. We were about six inches over to the left. Not more.

Thru the town and into the country again. Here begins the "dangerous portion" of our journey. Roads nearly all camouflaged on the side toward the Boche, for the Germans hold the high ground and can see down here. All along the way we now saw trenches, gun positions, and acre upon acre of barb wire entanglements. While many railways crossing the road and leading back into the woods told stories of great 210 and 370 mortar emplacements well hidden from the gaze of travelers by land or air.

We passed many foot troops, also wagon trains along the road. While other ammunition haulers also came for their loads. The men were jesting quietly with these comrades of the night, and all along the line I was glad to see them in good spirits. I was glad they did not seem nervous, that is, considering that this was the first time most any of them had ever been within range of enemy guns.

Some of the passing troops—infantry just relieved from the trenches, mistook the nature of our mission and thought we were going into position. They would often cynically remark—"We'll send flowers Buddie, and our regrets!" Or some other gay indication of what they thought might await us, but our boys gave as good as they got, and on the whole seemed pleased with their own bravado.

Finally we arrived at Soppe le Haute, and somewhere between this village and the trenches on ahead, we were to meet a guide. It was very dark by this time, and the only lights were those reflected from rockets, and flares, and bursts of high shrapnel as they reached out after Boche planes from the anti aircraft batteries near about us.

Our guide appeared at last, and we turned off from the main road into the hills, winding up and up into a lighter zone where we could still see a bit of a mountain sunset.

At the edge of the great forest we halted. While I stepped into some of the many runways—like rabbit burrows in the brush—looking for a path bearing the number sign board of our own particular ammunition dump.

Finding our place, I went out to order the column up and on the very instant I got into the open space there came a crash of shelling. BANG! BANG! BANG!—Whe-e-e ZOOM!

The animals raised the very devil. They were all green of course. Leaping, wildly snorting and kicking—men shouting or standing almost stiff with terror—others diving under the caissons or into nearby trenches. The remarkable few sat tight on their mounts and thereby proved their nerve.



In an instant it was over. And the guide—Lieut. Harding, and I sat down on a bank and howled in glee! For far from being shelled, we finally saw that the commotion was caused by one of our own batteries camouflaged just beside us on the hill, firing over our heads.

It reminded me of "what might have been" tho, so we lost no time in going about our business. In a very little while we were working like beavers, passing the shells down long lines of men just like niggers unloading watermelons back home,—and stowing them in the caissons and limbers.

All loaded, we hurried away from that place as quickly as we could, going down hill at the trot and at a fast walk on the level, until we were on the broad smooth road again. It was quite a fine experience—no one hurt of course— a bit of excitement—and just the stuff that's needed to get us over the first shock of shell fire, so that all in all I counted the night well spent.

Going back I experienced considerable difficulty finding the right road in the darkness, but luck was with us and we made no mistakes, so arrived in camp about midnight and at the kitchen, by the light of a single shaded candle we got some hot coffee and a doughnut apiece, after the horses were watered and stabled for the night.

JUNE 11th

The last two or three days and nights too, I've been bumming around. Nothing to do in this lousy town but drink poor wine and worse beer. No duty for us "Sur-plus" lieutenants yet. I've been ambling around on my old plug, up, to La Chapelle, up to one of the battery positions. Out to an o. p. and scouting around with Heimie at night to see if there's anything to this gossip about spies with signal lights in the hills and all that sort of stuff.

I doubt not but that these natives around here would signal if they could do any good, but it wouldn't take much spying to let the Boche know there's an American regiment or division here without the risk of night flashing. However, we have seen a few suspicious lights in the hills, whether they mean anything or not.

On a job hauling some limbers around, I got sidetracked when Heimie consented to keep an eye on the layout while I rode up a small hilltop to have a look for one light, but damned if I could find anything of course.

Got my first sight of German trenches a day or so ago, tho empty for all I could see. Watched them a long time, sort of fascinated, and trying to describe the sensations in my note book. I look back at the lines today and decide I'd had too much vin blanc. They sound like an exaggerated "ode".

"TRENCHES"

Trenches! Ghastly skeletons of the earth. Bones bleached white with wind and sun!—Bones the war dogs forever know and scar, bristling and growling at their grisly meal.



Hateful as Hell. Things to be obliterated from the earth. Would that some cleansing hand could wipe you away and at one stroke restore the glaring wounds and cuts to beauty.

In your slimy depths are buried the well loved Youth of many lands; between parapet and parados you clench the hearts of nations, and in your iron grasp you squeeze out carelessly the life blood of the world.

Within your damp and muddy walls, men live and fight and sicken and die, as shells penetrate your poor defenses or treacherous bonewracking diseases bred within your foul filth steal silently upon unwary victims.

By night your rats and mice and dirty vermin feed alike upon living and dead. By day your stench rises to high Heaven, and in cold or heat you try the soul of your prisoners beyond endurance.

Before you lies No Man's Land. Behind, the path no man may follow. Around each traverse lurks Death. Every foot of your span is bought with blood. Every day you extort high rental paid in lives of men. Always over your entire expanse, hovers leering, gloating, grinning Fear, reaching clammy talons toward the breasts of men, while Courage holds it triumphantly at bay.

Bloody trenches. Earthly hell. Horrors no prophetic vision ever foresaw. Tho you are the cesspool of Boch Ambition wherein all misdirected power is placed to brew, yet shall the fiery principles of Humanity consume the rottenness fomented, and as your dry and cracking furrows lie blistering beneath the sun of a peaceful day, Liberty shall step forth with robes untarnished and Kaiserdom will forever cease to be.

* * *

Had dinner last night with the gang at La Chapelle. Gang of Frenchies around too. "Liaison Officers" attached to our outfit. In fact, Colonel Penner has been in command of all the artillery in this sector, French included.

At mess we had a jolly time, and Whittaker was the most important man of the hour for his French is quite perfect, result of long musical studies in Europe. It was up to him to translate all that anyone said. As a soldier jokes are rough sometimes, and they form a large part of the conversation between the junior officers, in either army, he had a devils own time of it to get the requisite amount of humor into them all.

One Frenchman tickles us tremendously. He never got anything straight, but he got a kick out of anything any one else laughed at. They say the other night at dinner he was much impressed by a song he'd been hearing in the regiment, and in fact all thru the division, so he asked for a translation. "Such a stirring air" he thought it must be a National air or at least an old American folksong. He wanted to know all about it.

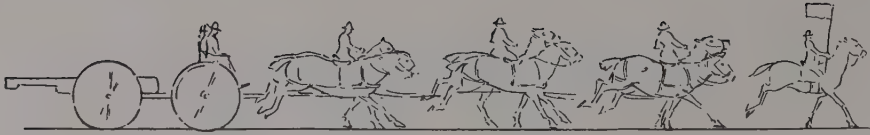
He could not repeat the words with any exactitude of course, but he said it had a great deal to do with something "noble" and he hummed the chief refrain in broken English, about as follows:

"Nobles at all, Nobles at all,"

For a time not anyone got him, but at last a light dawned and the humor of the situation broke forth. If any old artilleryman ever reads this stuff, he'll know the song.



DURING THE "SPY SCARES"



Spent yesterday riding again most of the day. Saw a lot of French outfits and a couple of big gun positions where they're camouflaged to the nth degree, as usual, permitting walking about the whole damn camp completely screened from aerial observation, which in some sectors should be a great relief, but probably is only practicable in places where they stay a long while without moving and never fire a shot.

Got lost for a little while, but finally came into Rougemont from a new direction so got straightened out again.

The girls around this part of the country are sights. I can remember way back in the days of the glass business in Columbus, Ohio, where we had to import help of all kinds from countries where they were skilled in glass blowing. Many from Alsace.

There was one Alsatian girl with silver blonde hair, features like a fairy, but tall and husky withal. She was mighty attractive, and she couldn't talk English for quite awhile, but I used to watch for her going by to the factory, her good looks seeming singularly out of place amongst that throng of workpeople.

My whole idea of Alsatian femininity seems unconsciously to have been moulded around her, but to my surprise—perhaps regret—I've seen no beauties in this neck of the woods.

They're all a bunch of clumsy wash women.

JUNE 12th

Today I did my trick as Battery Officer of the Day, which simply means carrying out all the little routine supervisory duties round about the place, getting up in time for reveille and being present at formations. We are splitting up that sort of work now.

One of my old friends turned up too. Gene Pruett. After a trip to the front from Gondrecourt, he was assigned to this regiment, and I hope he'll stay with us. I came to like him a lot while we were at the 1st Corp. School. While loafing before my billet for awhile, who should roll up in a comfortable Dodge, but Asbury Vale.

I knew darned well he was in this neck of the woods.

A captain too, more power to his arm. Gosh I was glad to see him. We had a fine visit. He told me about the Tuscania sinking—he was on that tub with the rest of the gang from Kenosha.

Said they were entertained in fine fashion in England, provided with quarters, clothes and so forth and advanced money to take care of all their needs.

Showed me a picture of his wife and baby. Made me homesick for old Kenosha. As he has evidently landed on both feet, the chances are that being in the Trains he will be a Major soon.

Somehow or other, it looks to me right now as tho all the promotions any one gets in this army will be in the S. O. S. and the Trains and Police.



Have an idea that there'll be damn little advancement for any line officers except via the route of "killed in action" which temporarily at least will move company and battery grades up automatically as each "accident" occurs.

Hell of a job—waiting for dead man's boots and taking them while they're full of blood.

"As" was looking great. Had spent some time with Ed Dayton recently, and was as full of news as a Boche is of cooties, for on his work he's riding around hither and yon all the time and has a chance to keep pretty well posted on what is happening.

He had to pull along finally, after having beaucoup libations to our mutual good health, good luck, and all the rest. I hated to see him go.

I'm mighty glad he came to see me, for a fellow never realizes how good old faces look, until some real friend turns up.

The newspapers now give credit to Battery C, of the 6th F. A. as having fired the A. E. F.'s first shot from a 75. It was on October 23rd, 1917. And the projectile fell somewhere in Lorraine.

MY REGGAMENT

Had a Major wuz a loyer and a Lute wat wuz a bloke,
Wat toted dinamite around and blew bridges up in smoke;

The Captains they was "L" road guards and football stars an such
As peddled real estate to boobs what never would know much;

An the Curnel he came from the Point and later was a scribe,
An our band conductor cum from some wild eyetalian tribe;

The adjutant raised dogs and hell and knew the latest fads
In Wimmins linjerie and stuff from writin all their ads.

And then the lutes was everything from movie star to mayor,
An three cum from the reglers and two of them wuz fair.

The personell wuz rah rah boys and lots of other guys
Like what hang round election time to vote agin the drys,

An sum wuz he-stenographers, a few wuz engineers,
A lot was foot rail polishers and free lunch conniseers;

Sum slung hash and biskits and them not broke was bent,
But take 'em all together, we're a DAM FINE REGGAMENT!



Official Diary

Tuesday, June 18, 1918.

Detail of officers and 58 men leave for Chalons on detached service in connection with drawing of horses for Army. Rain again today. Band concert and entertainment in open air theatre at Anjoutey Echelon at 7:00 P. M. A charming, petite Parisienne from one of the theatres sang quaint little French folk songs and two American airs. A violinist rendered a number of excellent solos. The program was closed by a French prestidigitator who was not only clever but also amusing. The evening was enjoyed by all. The Colonel, Captain Kohler, and Lt. Sontag came from La Chapelle for the occasion. There were present two or three French officers and a number of poilus. All the villagers too flocked to the performance. It was an interesting scene out there in the field, the mingling of the French blue with the American O. D., while the vari-colored costumes of the natives lent a touch of local color to the occasion. Battery "B" up in front fires intermittently all night.

An Entertainment at Anjoutey

Extract from a personal diary

Gathered on the grassy slope of a hillside orchard there in little Anjoutey, before a hastily erected platform of boards and benches, all the men of the echelon sat in the early twilight, to enjoy a band concert and performance put on by the Y. M. C. A., at our especial request.

An excellent Violinist gave us some good solos;—he played Dvorak's "Humoreske" most exquisitely. Then a marvelous prestidigitator performed the old time miracles "before our very eyes". Little Mlle. Mona Gondre, a talented young Parisian actress from the Odeon, proved a heart breaker to all the homesick boys, and capped the climax by singing in quaintly accented English, the old, old song from the States—"Honey Boy". How the gang applauded. She repeated it numberless times.

Official Diary

1st Battalion, 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

18 June, 1918.

INFORMATION FOR WAR DIARY 0 TO 24 O'CLOCK 17 JUNE 1918.

The day was very quiet.

The battalion telephone detail is laying a direct line today from our headquarters to battery M26½.

2nd Lts. Stacy L. Harding, Paul E. Behrens, and Cullen C. Zimmerman, battalion officers, left for LaChapelle at 14 o'clock to report to French headquarters. At 17 o'clock 2nd Lts. John Leene, Harold O. Little, Paul K. LeBaron, Geo. W. Blake, and Samuel E. Davidson reported as student officers—authority unknown. Lts. Leene and LeBaron attached to Bn. Hq., Lt. Blake to Battery M82 and Lt. Davidson to Battery M261/2. Lt. Little to O. P. 25.



At Battery M82 Lt. Rastad, the French officer on duty with the battery, was relieved by Lt. Benard of the 30th Regiment. There was nothing else of importance.

At Battery M261/2 about 14 o'clock two suspicious looking characters seen near battery positions. A sergeant and two men were sent to apprehend them, the military police of the village of Soppe-le-Haut were notified to be on the watch, and the officer commanding the first echelon at Soppe-le-Haut sent out mounted men to try and overtake them, but they were unsuccessful.

H. B. E.

1st Battalion, 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

INFORMATION FOR WAR DIARY 0 TO 24 O'CLOCK 18 JUNE 1918.

Batteries M82 and M261/2 in position. During day men worked improving gun pits and repairing dug-outs with available material on hand. At 1 o'clock Battery M261/2 received ammunition delivered from French by ammunition train. Reconnaissance made by battery commander, executive officer, and telephone sergeant of route to O. P. 122. At 17 o'clock Major Einfeldt visits battery position and gives orders for night firing. At 22 o'clock and again at 23:15 o'clock the battery fired 20 rounds harassing fire on enemy new construction. Nothing of importance to record at Battery M82. Gas Drill and Inspection by both batteries at 17:30.

Weather cloudy most of day, little rain. Troops in good health and spirits. Required amount of ammunition and forage on hand.

HERBERT B. EINFELDT,
Major, 120th Field Artillery, Comdg.

Wednesday, June 19, 1918.

Rain again, but just small showers. Some boys on our ammunition detail were heavily shelled by gas. A moving picture performance helped the men in the echelon to pass a pleasant evening. The villagers were again present in large numbers. Somebody, somewhere out of sight, discoursed the usual movie music, and one would scarcely recognize the difference between this makeshift movie house and the familiar 5c house back in the States. Chaplain O'Connor visits Kenneth Head in hospital; doing well. Batteries at front very active, again fire all night. "B's" No. 2 gun develops a "pastille" and is taken out of action.

Thursday, June 20, 1918.

Battery "B's" No. 2 gun sent to repair park at Montreaux. Raining again this A. M. Day gives promise of being showery. Detail from Battery "C" leaves for abandoned front line position to procure material for building reserve position. General Pershing in sector on tour of inspection. Captain Kuechenmeister ordered to meet him at Guewenheim to conduct him to "B's" position. Waits all afternoon with out result.

Friday, June 21, 1918.

Sunshine after the storm. Regular daily routine in echelon. Sgt. William Engelhardt, Battery "A", slightly wounded in breast caused by premature burst from his gun during a barrage.



Saturday, June 22, 1918.

Sunshine and rain. We enjoyed the sunshine but not the rain. Nothing unusual, save an occasional stir caused by anti-aircraft guns trying to bring down Boche planes.

Sunday, June 23, 1918.

Sunshine Sunday, fine visibility; with field glasses Swiss town can be distinguished in mountains across the border. Services for Catholics in echelon held at Church in Anjoutey at 8:00 A. M. by Chaplain O'Conner. Regimental non-sectarian services at 10:00 A. M. in square of village, conducted by Rev. Howie, Congregational Minister working with Y. M. C. A. Interesting sermon on "Appreciativeness." Day passed quietly. Major Hedrick and 2nd Battalion of 147th F. A. (South Dakota National Guard) assigned to our Regiment by verbal order. Captain E. V. Cook, formerly of our regiment with Battery "A", 121st F. A., also arrives in sector. Band gives concert at Rougemont.

Monday, June 24, 1918.

Sunshine. Some air activity in vicinity. Usual daily routine. Color Sergeant Schmidt, Chief of White Wings, cleans "Boulevards" in Anjoutey. He will have his hands full making it a "Spotless Town".





Tuesday, June 25, 1918.

Again Old Sol favors us with his pleasant beaming countenance. Lieut. Louis Nicoud, Commander Battery A Limber echelon, visits Anjoutey from Burbach-le-bas. Cherry time in Alsace. Firing batteries kept well supplied by picking squads. Batteries fire a few special missions.

Wednesday, June 26, 1918.

Sunshine again. Battery A does considerable firing. No retaliation on part of enemy.

Thursday, June 27, 1918.

Rain. Lieut G. G. Satrang leaves for American Gas School, in preparation for his new assignment as Regimental Gas Officer. Some boys of horse detail visit echelon.

Friday, June 28, 1918.

Chaplain O'Connor leaves echelon for regimental headquarters at LaChapelle. Considerable anti-aircraft activity. Boche shell railroad guns in vicinity of LaChapelle, inflicting several casualties. 30th French Artillery has left the sector and we are now under the 243rd French Artillery.

Saturday, June 29, 1918.

Sunshine. Orders for Coup de Main—Batteries A, B and C to take part in raid on Boche lines. Day and night preparations. Batteries Register. Battery "C" moves during night from position near Felon and takes temporary position near Soppe-le-Bas. Battery "A" takes temporary position near Michelbach.

Sunday, June 30, 1918.

Beautiful sunshine. Mass in Anjoutey Church for men in Echelon at 8 A. M. Regimental services in field 10:00 A. M.—Rev. Howie, Mr. Bartlett, Y. M. C. A., assistant. Patriotic address by Mr. Bartlett.

In evening Batteries A, B and C take part in first military offensive operation. Furnish barrage for trench raid by 125th Infantry. No casualties in our Regiment. Batteries fire 600 to 800 rounds each, barrage beginning at 21:14.

Monday, July 1, 1918.

Day began in wee hours after midnight when Batteries A and C retired to their regular positions. Considerable enemy shelling of woods between Soppe-le-Haut and LaChapelle.

Tuesday, July 2, 1918.

Sunshine. Soppe-le-Bas bombarded. Chaplain in city during bombardment. Nothing doing for Regiment.

Wednesday, July 3, 1918.

Reorganization of sector. Colonel Penner, Light Field Artillery Commander of Sector, 17 Batteries of 75's and 2 batteries of 90 mm's of 2 guns each. Battery "A" remains in position; Battery "B" moves to position near Rodern, with limber echelon in Rodern. Battery "C" goes to position near Battery "A", east of Burbach-le-Bas



Thursday, July 4, 1918.

Independence Day—Holiday in A. E. F. Division celebration at Massevaux. Our Band plays concert in Fontaine. Batteries "B" and "C" working to improve very unsatisfactory positions.

Friday, July 5, 1918.

Very quiet along the sector and in echelon, except for bombardment of Battery B echelon in Rodern. Two horses killed and two badly wounded by shell.

Saturday, July 6, 1918.

Battery "C" now occupying "B's" old position near Soppe-le-Haut, the Colonel of the 243rd French Regt. being satisfied after inspection with Colonel Penner that new position was impractical.

Sunday, July 7, 1918.

Sunday services for catholic soldiers in Anjoutey 7:00 A. M. Regimental services for everybody at 7:00 P. M. in open air theater. Mr. Cramer of Indiana speaks on "Here or Nowhere". Service followed by band concert.

Battery "A" ordered into "Open warfare exercise", gallops into unprepared position on the Dollar River below Guewenheim, establishes communication and opens fire, guns hidden among trees and underbrush along river bank. A French lieutenant is pleased with the maneuver and miraculously produces a bottle of Champagne at the officers mess.

Monday, July 8, 1918.

German plane brought down in flames near Battery "B" position. Boche send some gas into LaChapelle woods.

Tuesday, July 9, 1918.

Rainy day. Things very quiet along line. Battery "B" reconnoitering for new position. Czecho-Slovaks, new organization largely recruited in the United States, in brand new French uniforms and equipment move into lines in front of us for a period of trench training. We are now supporting Americans, French, Senegalese and Czecho-Slovaks.

Wednesday, July 10, 1918.

Batteries now at following places:

,, Battery A—Bourbach le Bas;

Battery B—Bourbach le Bas; open warfare battery position near Michelbach;

Battery C—Soppe le Haute.

Battery "B" building an entirely new position in a place not previously occupied. One gun under Lt. Cornelius Nicoud left in forward position.

Thursday, July 11, 1918.

Considerable firing on part of batteries. Elsie Janis, famous American stage favorite, entertains for troops at Sentheim.



PEASANTS DECORATE WINDOW WITH FOURTH OF JULY FLAG
Made of Poppies and Daisies Sewn on Towel



THE VOSGES, FROM ANJOUTEY, ALSACE



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONERY FORCES

12 July 1918.

OPERATIONS ORDER NO. 1

I. (a) A raid will be executed on J day, at H hour, by the troops of the 63rd Infantry Brigade, on the enemy trenches at BEYREUTH TRENCH at 74.96.

II. (a) Certain batteries of this command will support the Infantry with box barrage, protective barrage, diversion fire and interdiction fire, with positions as follows:

Battery A/147.....16.74 (A)	Battery 26/243.....36.92 (A)
Battery B/147.....40.67 (A)	Battery 27/243.....20.01 (M)
Battery C/147.....25.92 (A)	Battery 28/243.....44.64 (A)
Battery D/147.....22.08 (M)	Battery 29/243.....52.54 (A)
Battery 24/243.....29.87 (A)	Battery Audard 90 mm....48.59 (A)
Battery 25/243.....29.98 (A)	

(b) The command of the above batteries will remain in their respective sub-groupment commanders, with the exception of batteries 24, 25 and 26 of the 243rd F. A. (French) who will be temporarily under command of Captain Longuet (243rd F. A.). Captain Longuet will select a suitable P. C., reporting its location to these headquarters.

III. (a) The plan for the use of the artillery is as follows—

At H hour, three batteries designated below will open diversion fire. At the same time engineers will blow up the wire in front of the objective. As soon as this is accomplished, the raid commander will reconnoitre and determine if the breach is sufficient to permit the raid. If he decides in the affirmative, several green rockets will be sent up, and box barrage will be fired by all batteries until receipt of signal for protective barrage. If, however, the above reconnaissance shows the raid to be impracticable, or upon the completion of the raid behind the box barrage, several red and green rockets will be fired and all batteries will fire protective barrage, fire ceasing after ten minutes.

The raiding party will return to their starting point by H plus 35.

IV (a) Diversion fire—(Plan 1)

Signal—None (Start at H hour).

Batteries—

24-25-26 of 243rd Reg. (French)

Projectiles—H E

Rate of Fire—5 shots per gun per minute.

Cease—Upon signal for box (green) or protective (red & green) barrage.

Objectives

H', H'', M'.

(b) Box barrage and interdiction (Plan I)

Signal—Green rockets



Batteries	Objectives
24-25-26, 243rd FA (French)	Targets B. and H
D/147th and 27/243	Target G from north
extremity to (x-467.850) (y- 99.700)	
South Sub-Group, 75 mm	Target G from (x-457.650
	(y- 99.700
	to south extremity & targets E and C

Batteries—	Objective
Battery Oudard 90 mm	Target A
Projectiles—H. E.	
Rate of fire—5 shots per gun per minute, except Battery Oudard	
which will fire at maximum rate.	
Cease—Upon signal for protective barrage.	

(c) Protective Barrage (Plan II)

Signal—Red and Green rockets

Batteries—	Objectives
D/147 and 27/243rd	G from (x-457.350) (y-457-460
	to
	(y-100.050 (y- 90.700
South Sub-Groupment	All of G not covered by center
	Sub-Groupment, E and C.
Battery 24-25-26, 243rd	B and H
Oudard, 90 mm	Target A
Projectiles—H. E.	

Rate of fire—5 shots per gun per minute, excepting Battery Oudard which will fire maximum rate.

Cease—After ten minutes fire.

- V. (a) All rocket signals will be fired from O. P. 105 at 50.94, and repeated at (x-453.350 west of Hecken. (y- 99.300
- (b) Captain Longuet commanding Batteries 24, 25, 26, 243rd, will establish telephonic connection with the general system, and advise these headquarters of the station call.
- (c) Charts (Plan I and II) have been furnished commanding officers of sub-groupments and Captain Longuet.



VI. Batteries 24, 25 and 26, 243rd F. A., and Battery D/147 will return to their normal positions, immediately upon completion of fire.

By order of Colonel Penner:

CHARLES F. SAMMOND,

Adjutant.

Captain, 120th Field Artillery,

North Sub-Groupment

Center Sub-Groupment

South Sub-Groupment

Captain Longuet

57th F. A. Brigade

243rd F. A.

Colonel

Information

File

63rd Brig. Inf.

C. O. — Bn. 126th Inf.

C. O. Heavy Field Artillery

South Sub-Sector

SECRET

SECRET

P. C. C. R. GILDWILLER,

11TH JULY 1918.

FILED ORDER NO. 32.

RAID ON GERMAN LINES OPPOSITE THIS C. R.

MISSION:—

Raid on Trench Bayreuth and Trench Stettin between points 57.38-99.81 and 57.30-99.53. Special attention being given to point 57.48-99.63 and Boyeau east of that point.

Bring back prisoners and material of identification.

STRENGTH:—

Three (3) Officers, six (6) Sergeants, eleven (11) Corporals, and fifty-four (54) privates.

DISPOSITION:—

Four (4) Groups:—One (1) Group of Execution, two (2) Groups of Protection on account of the two Salients Cuvette and Carlsruhe, and one (1) Groups of Demolition.

A. Group of Execution: 1 Officer
2 Sergeants
4 Corporals
25 Privates

Objective and Itinerary:—Gap in wire made west of 57.37-99.58—Trench of Bayreuth, 50 meters north and south—C. T. to Trench of Stettin—Trench of Stettin, 50 meters north and south—point 57.48-99.63—western part of Boyau du Ponceau—exit by same C. T. leading to gap in wire.



Return:—By gap in wire to be made west of point 57.37-99.58.

Mission:—Clearing out of those trenches and getting prisoners.

B. First Group of Protection:—(North of Execution Group)

- 1 Sergeant
- 1 Corporal
- 5 Privates

Mission of First Group:—To protect the left flank of the Execution Group and not to permit the enemy to cut off the falling back of the Group of Execution.

Itinerary:—This group not to go any farther than point 57.30-99.80.

Return:—At the same time as the Group of Execution.

C. Second Group of Protection:—(where gap is made west of point 57.37-99.58.)

- 1 Officer
- 1 Sergeant
- 2 Corporals
- 10 Privates (One being armed with an automatic rifle)

Mission of the Second Group of Protection:—To protect the Group of Execution on its right flank. To indicate the gap in the enemy wire on the way back, as well as in our wire. Blocking the gap in our wire after the last man is in. Take special care of the west end of Boyeau du Ponceau where it forks.

Itinerary:—Up to the gap made west of 57.37-99.58 and not farther than Bayreuth Trench.

Return:—Not before the last man of the Group of Execution has left Bayreuth Trench.

D. Group of Demolition:—

- 1 Officer
- 2 Sergeants
- 4 Corporals
- 14 Privates

Objective and Itinerary:—To point west of 57.37-99.58 where gap is to be made through enemy's wire. Demolition of enemy wire making gap to Bayreuth Trench. (See Notes).

Return to old trench and PP-9 after performing task.

EXECUTION:—

Time of leaving:—Day:— ——— Hour:— H ———

Time of Returning: ————— H plus 35'.

Starting Point:—About 56.90-99.85 (old trench)

Assembling Point for Return:—PP-10, day position.

SIGNALS

End of Operation:—To be indicated by several red and green rockets fired by the C. O. of the Raid.

Call for Special Barrage:—Several green rockets fired by the C. O. of the Raid.

Signal for Abandoning the Project:—Several red and green rockets fired by the C. O. of the Raid.



PRISONERS:—

Two (2) men from each group, excepting the Group of Demolition, will be detailed to take back prisoners to the C. O. of the C. R. as soon as possible.

EQUIPMENT:—

Group of Execution:—Pistols, trench knives, six (6) O. F. grenades per man, helmets, and gas masks. Three (3) incendiary grenades will be carried by the group detailed for dug-out destruction.

Groups of Protection:—Rifles, two (2) O. F. grenades per man, helmets and gas masks. One automatic rifle for the stronger group (Second Group of Protection).

Group of Demolition:—Pistols, trench knives, wire-cutters, and Bangalore torpedoes.

ARTILLERY:—

- A. Artillery Execution:—At H o'clock the Artillery will open fire upon the enemy's wire and trenches north from La Lanterne (76.06) in order to make the enemy believe that an attack is to be made at that point. The rest of the Artillery will be prepared to lay down, upon the call of a *green* rocket, a barrage in rear of Trench Bayreuth and to commence counter-battery and preventative fire on the batteries, Machine Gun Positions, etc., to protect the raiding party. The batteries firing on La Lanterne will, on the same signal, immediately shift their fire and form the sides of the barrage.

At H plus 35 Artillery fire will begin to slacken.

Artillery fire ceases at H plus 45.

The red and green signals at any time mean to shell the enemy's trenches and that the Infantry has returned to the take off trench.

- B. 37 m/m Cannon:—Such 37 m/m Cannon as can reach the trenches will fire on the Machine Gun Emplacements north of point 57.30-00.00 and south of Point 57.29-99.50.

Those that are placed north of PP-9 will fire to the north and those that are south of PP-9 will fire to the south. Fire will begin at H hour and cease at H plus 45.

- C. Machine Guns:—Machine Guns north of PP-9 will fire upon the trenches to the north of 57.30-00.00 and those to the south of PP-9 will fire similarly on enemy's positions to the south of point 57.29-99.50.

LIAISON:—

- A. Connection by Buzzer-Phone will be maintained with the C. O. of the Raiding Party and a clear wire will be maintained from H to H plus 35 minutes.
- B. The Bn. Liaison Officer in conjunction with the Artillery Liaison Officer will arrange for relay stations to relay the rocket signals.
- C. Optical Liaison:—Should be ready to work during all of the operation from the day positions of PP-8, PP-9 and PP10 to the rear.



FIRST AID STATION:—

At the support unit of PP-10 on the resistance line, with an officer in charge, in the vicinity of 55.84-00.61.

Two ambulances as near 55.84-00.61 as possible on the Chemin des Disque Road.

Two (2) medical men at day emplacement of PP-9

Two (2) medical men at day emplacement of PP-10

Two (2) medical men at night emplacement of PP-10

PP'S:—

The PP's of PA-3, PA-4 and PA-5, C. R. G. O., will keep their day emplacements while the raid is on. They will retire to their night emplacements at H plus 40 unless it is broad day-light.

TROOPS OF THE C. R.:—

Will be alerted from H less 20, ready to deliver counter-attacks if necessary.

REPORTS:—

Written reports will be sent to the C. O. of C. R. G. I. as soon as the operation is completed, by the C. O. of the Raiding Party.

The C. O. of the Raiding Party will furnish these headquarters, not less than four (4) hours before the hours H, the names of all the men and Officers taking part in the raid, with their serial numbers and Group assignment.

Notes to be Followed Minutely

1. All troops will be in the take-off trench at H less 20.
2. The advance from these trenches will begin at H o'clock.
The Engineer group will advance first followed by the Group of Execution and the Groups of Protection in the order named.
3. All except the Demolition Group will lie down about 100 meters from the wire and wait until informed that there is a gap in the wire.
4. The Demolition Group will advance to the wire, open the wire with the wire-cutters as far as possible and make the rest of the gap with Bangalore torpedoes.
5. After the explosion of the torpedoes, the wire cutting detail will again advance to examine the gap and will notify the Group of Execution when it can pass through. The Group of Execution will not enter the gap until ordered to do so, thus avoiding Machine Gun fire on the gap.
6. Immediately upon the explosion of the torpedoes or upon the successful opening in the enemy's wire by the wire-cutters, the raid commander will send up *several green rockets* which will be the call for the Artillery to open barrage in head of Trench Bayreuth and to shift all its fire according to pre-arranged plan upon that sector.



7. Routes within the trenches, conduct of the parties after passing the wire and the details concerning return signals, location of protection groups and all other details covering the action of the raiding party, will be fixed by the Battalion Commander and C. O. of the Raiding Party, and *rehearsed in detail*. Commanding Officer of the Raiding Party will make all arrangements to obtain the necessary material except the bangalore torpedoes and wire cutters, which will be obtained by the officer in charge of the Demolition Group.

8. Retirement will be made through the same gap by which the detachment entered the enemy's lines.

9. In case the Commander of the Raiding Party decides that a gap cannot be made in the wire, he can use his judgment as when to return. He will not keep his men under heavy fire after his judgment that the gap cannot be made practicable. He should be able to decide this in five (5) minutes, after the explosion. In case he decides the entrance impracticable and wants the raiding party to return, he will send up several red and green signals when at a safe distance from the wire. The *red and green signals* call for *barrage on the enemy's trenches* to cover the retirement.

10. The raiding party must under any circumstances, be back to the take-off trenches at H plus 35 minutes.

11. The raid commander, upon the return to the take-off trenches will, after accounting for his men, send up several red and green rockets to advise the Artillery of the termination of the raid. In case of necessity on account of enemy barrage, the troops will return to their position via the old trench leading to PP-10.

12. The Demolition Group will return on the completion of its task to PP-9. The Officer in charge of this group will immediately verify and account for all his men and report same to C. O. of C. R.

13. White brassards will be obtained and worn on the cuff of the left sleeve. In this way the hand can be raised and a silent signal of identification given.

14. Recognition word———, Answer to same

15. All units concerned will synchronize watches from the 63rd Brigade Headquarters, six (6) hours before the hour H.

By order of Major McCullough,
CHARLES R. MEYERS,
1st Lt. 126th Infantry, adjutant.

Copies to:

C. O. 63rd Brigade	C. O. Co. D. 120th M. G. Bn.
C. O. South Sub-Sector	Bn. Liaison Officer
C. O. 126th Infantry	Bn. Int. Officer
C. O. C. R. Gildwiller	Artillery Liaison Officer
C. O. C. R. Balschwiller	Bn. Scout Officer
C. O. C. R. Buschwald	Officer in Charge of Demolition Group
C. O. Artillery	(Engineer)
C. O. PA-3, PA-4 and PA-5.	Stokes
C. O. Reserve Co.	37 m/m
C. O. Sanitary Detachment	File.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONERY FORCES

14, July, 1918.

SECRET

OPERATIONS MEMORANDUM—

With reference to Operations Order No. 1, J day is 15 July 1918, and H hour is 2:30.

Synchronized time from these headquarters will be sent during the evening 14, July 1918.

So much of Operations Order No. 1, as requires batteries in temporary positions to return to their permanent positions immediately upon completion of fire, is recinded owing to the lateness of H-hour. Batteries 24, 25 and 26, 243rd F. A. French, will return to their normal positions during the night 15-16, July 1918. Battery D/147 will return to its normal position immediately upon completion of fire.

The combat Post of Command for Light Artillery of this sector will be at the Infantry Battalion Headquarters—Hecken. The Commanding Officers South Sub-Groupment will have a messenger (bicycle or mounted) report for liaison at Hecken at 23:00 o'clock, 14, July, 1918. The bicycle agent from Captain Longuet now stationed at these headquarters, will be taken to Hecken as agent.

The commanding officer Light Field Artillery, will occupy the combat P. C. at 22:00 o'clock, 14, July, 1918.

By order of Colonel Penner:

CHARLES F. SAMMOND,

Captain, 120th Field Artillery

Adjutant.

North Sub-Groupment

South Sub-Groupment

243rd F. A. French

Colonel

Captain Longuet

Brig. Hq.

File

Friday, July 12, 1918.

Boys of Battery "B" working hard in building new position, as they are under balloon observation, extra care is being given to camouflage.

Saturday, July 13, 1918.

No special news. Things in general rather quiet on front. Services for Battery C at Soppe le Haute.

Germans shell an American working party repairing a bridge just outside chateau grounds at Sentheim.



Sunday, July 14, 1918.

France's Independence Day. Divisional Celebration at Massevaux, Alsace. American boxing exhibition. 1st Battalion Headquarters enjoys a big feed with French officers at their "popote" in Sentheim.

Monday, July 15, 1918.

Batteries continue occasional fire. Help to furnish barrage for infantry coup-de-main. All batteries in sector take part.

Tuesday, July 16, 1918.

Day spent quietly. Batteries fire a few special missions.

Wednesday, July 17, 1918.

Battery A moves to reserve position in vicinity of Massevaux. One platoon of Battery C to Massevaux. Fire breaks out in Nonnenbruch Wald on German side, and all batteries keep up lively fire to keep it burning, using incendiary shell, H. E., and shrapnel.

Thursday, July 18, 1918.

Movement of 32nd Division ordered. "Where do we go from here" heard on all sides. Capt. Kuechenmeister visits echelon at Anjoutey.

Friday, July 19, 1918.

In evening Division starts to move for parts unknown. Packing equipment the order of the day. Lt. Bluedorn of Hq. Co. attached to Btry B in place of Lt. C. Nicoud, who returns to the U. S. with six non-coms. as instructors.

Saturday, July 20, 1918.

Under cover of darkness, 1st Battalion Hqs. moves from Sentheim to Romagny. Battery A from Massevaux to Bourg. Battery B from Bourbach les Bas to Bourg. Battery C from Massevaux and Soppe le Haut to Romagny. Battalion concentrating for move. Travel thru dense darkness made difficult by terrific wind storm.

Sunday, July 21, 1918.

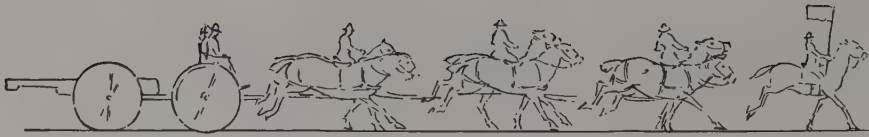
Every thing packed and awaiting orders. Rumor we move to Chateau-Thierry.

Monday, July 22, 1918.

Final touches on packing wagons. At noon the first column starts on its way. Arrives at Belfort dusty and weary about 4:30 P. M. Begin loading. 1st Train ready about 6:00 P. M. Moved 8:00 P. M. Sharp. Other trains left 4 hours apart.

Tuesday, July 23, 1918.

Our journey carries us thru most beautiful and picturesque parts of France. We pass thru Chaumont, A. E. F. Headquarters. This is where General Pershing resides and has his headquarters. The Champaign country, with its numerous vineyards and beautiful chateaux, the swift flowing Seine, the plains, valleys, wooded hills, a day of delightful brilliant sunshine. Paris in the distance. The city "par excellence" of France. Eiffel Tower; the tallest in the world, now a radio station, pierces the em-



pyrean blue to the West, dominating the heart of la belle France. As our train slowly rolls thru the outskirts of the great city we are cheered on all sides by the populace in the streets below, in the windows of the tenement houses, even from the house tops. An occasional excavation along the roadside as we leave the city shows where the air-raiders or the longe range guns have been busy.

The train halts at a little village, Ormoy-Villers, south of Soissons. We discover after some parleying that we have arrived at our destination. It is now about 22:15. A bright moonlight helps the boys to unload. Continuous rumble of artillery fire and flashes of guns to East and North.

Soldier's Letter

July 14, 1918.

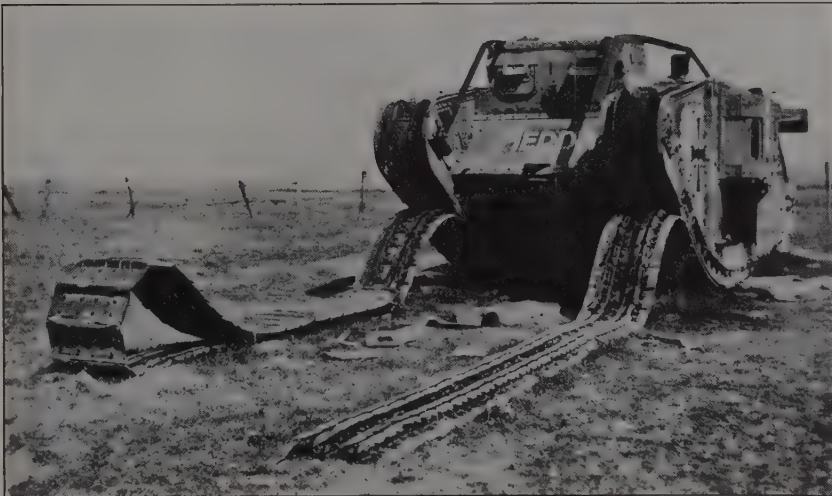
Dear Folks:

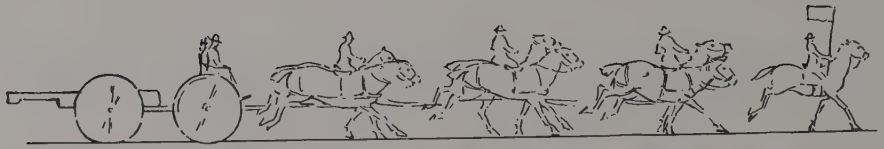
As you will probably surmise from my scribbled message of last week, we are indeed very busy. You won't read anything about it in the papers at all, because we are not making an offense or a defense, but just bothering each other a little more than usual, which seems to be the regular thing where Americans are "in". Our regiment as usual has been extremely lucky, and were I to tell you of our casualties you wouldn't believe we were at the front. I don't think descriptions of actual combats or artillery duels are in accordance with censorship spirit. Outside of that, there isn't much.

We go around from battery to battery and from one infantry regiment to another upon our business, and once in awhile something goes over our heads or drops near us, but that's all there is. Of course, it's interesting and exciting. It's interesting but damned bother-some at night. You should see me (and lose all romance from the war) in a pair of pants, carpet slippers, and a telephone headpiece at 2:00 A. M. taking a long code message by phone, cussing at each new sentence; decoding laboriously and then arousing batteries to fire on some point which I don't know about, they don't know about and apparently nobody else knows about; but because somebody higher up thinks that there might be, or was a few years ago, machine guns there. After much cussing, quarreling with numerous operators, and growling in general, I get a sleepy captain, tell him what's wanted. On the stage he says "yes sir" and salutes the telephone. Here, he says "I suppose that — — place won't keep until tomorrow, will it? All right, but I wish this — — war was fit in more reasonable hours". (You mustn't think our morale is low, but I am not a superior officer and a little repartee is to be expected in the early morning hours. Actually, I never have any trouble whatever in getting orders carried out), I sit down and light my pipe and read the Stars and Stripes and when the first shot is heard I phone up above and report the order complied with, the enemy routed and add any other details which may appeal to my imagination; then the man higher up invariably asks a few fool questions, which to answer truthfully would require my presence at or near the point we are shooting at. Their questions I always have to answer promptly and the only answer I don't give is "I don't know". Whatever answer I do give is besprinkled with "sirs" which always pleases the higher-up staff officers, especially if I rank them outside of our respective staff jobs; thus the higher-ups say "That 120th is a pretty damn good outfit."



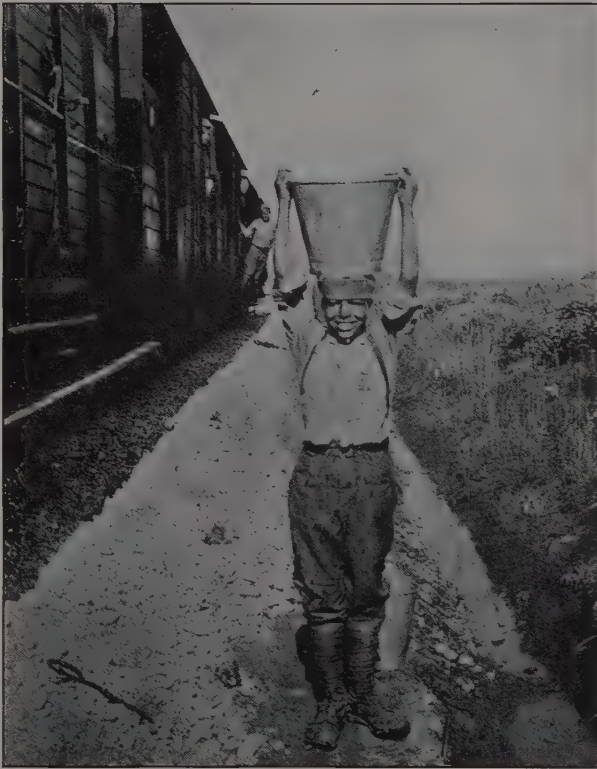
Having finally shaken off the inquisitive guy (who is never a real artillery man and will swallow anything) it takes me thirty seconds to kick off aforementioned pants and slippers and be asleep. If the higher-up is particularly inquisitive and hard to get rid of, I start telling him about trajectories, zone of dispersion and other technicalities and he soon says "termine", which is telephonic French for "good-bye". Often times in about half an hour Mr. Bosch (if we happen to have blundered into shooting where he'd rather not have us) starts answering. In answering, he has the same handicap we have; staff officers who tell him to shoot the enemy. Therefore, he shoots where he is told to, and some poor farmer's wheat is blown all to blazes. Well, I am awakened as usual by the telephone operator, and hearing the shells, and knowing the line the call is coming over, I realize that it is my inquisitive friends; so the well trained operator announces that I am busy with another line and will call in a few minutes. Then we call up a few places and I tell Pete or Jim up the line that I am sorry to bother them but somebody above is on my tail and will they please tell me where that stuff is coming down. They do, and I call up and ask sweetly what is wanted, and they demand to know where the enemy is "bombarding". I tell them, and they want to know how many, and I tell them "30"; that is the number I usually tell, and then they want to know what direction they are coming from, and I announce "east", that being the direction of the enemy. That generally satisfies them and we again go to bed. Next morning at my place at breakfast there will be a pile of telephone reports of all that was seen and heard by the various night observers. These reports are accurate and I send them in correctly. Of course, we wouldn't monkey with the buzz saw if the correct dope didn't go up, and if the people who asked the questions made any possible use of the information they got; and I am not describing my own cleverness, but rather the war as she is fought by all experienced regiments.





GUN EMPLACEMENT IN ALSACE

The Horse Detail



ABU CARRABA BEN RAMI—ALIAS "GYP"



The Horse Detail

*Notes from diary of a man on this service of requisitioning
horses in the interior*

Arrival at Villemoyenne

It was on June 21st that we arrived at St. Parres-les-Vaudes, the little station nearest our particular village. There we were met by Major Firth, who led us across the two kilometers to our present billets in Villemoyenne.

Crossing a long wooden bridge over the River Seine, we entered the prettiest little town I've yet seen anywhere in France, Ville Moyenne. A village of lovely cottages—wide clean swept streets and smooth shaven lawns—comfortably dressed prosperous appearing folks all about, for along the shady river road all the populace was out to greet us in spite of the shower.

After noting all the external appearances as we marched down thru the town, our spirits lifted buoyantly, and we were glad we'd come, for it was easy to see that good times lay ahead.

We learned from the villagers that we were the first Americans who had ever come to town. How those old folks' eyes did sparkle . . . how the maidens blushed and smiled as the daring glances of boys in the ranks, sought them out from their places in the crowd. The children marched proudly along beside us, pointing the way to the place where the Maire awaited, near the billets prepared for our men.

It was a genial heartwarming welcome—and every man in the outfit seemed to respond.

This week has been a busy one up to the present day, and so far we have shipped out 250 horses and received all told \$70,000 worth. Prices are running exceedingly high. About half of them average between 1500 to 2000 francs and the balance average way up between 1500 and 3000.

Nearly all are great big heavy French mares, a few stallions, and so far, only four saddle horses.

Riding the Horse Cars

Darkness came and the horses now hungry and restless with the bumping of the train and their crowded quarters, started the usual night pawing and biting, and kicking and racing against the car walls. We tried at last, to get some sleep in spite of the racket.

It is interesting—trying to sleep in a horse car. But not exactly pleasant. There are just about eighteen inches of clearance on either side of you,—from the horses' hooves. Very seldom do they actually reach out far enough to paw you over—but when they do you have some nice black and blue marks to show where you've been stepped on.



"In Villemoyenne"



Also—you invariably have a nightmarish sort of feeling that the great brute over you is just about to walk up and down your frame, about the time you drop into a doze, so that you awake with a start and a curse and a slash of your whip, which sends all the animals back on their haunches, wondering what the trouble is, I suppose. Then you try to sleep again. It is not very restful.

Got away about ten o'clock that morning. Went right thru Troyes without a stop, just as tho we were on a regular railroad, and we made Foulain, our unloading platform, by six in the evening,—a record breaking trip, and plenty of time to unload before dark. This would be fine for the horses.

Then the fun began. I immediately telephoned the 308th Engineers at Nogent, to whom horses were to be delivered, and found no one there but a "Supply Sergeant" who would see the Captain at once and have a truck full of men over in half an hour. We got ready to move, doing all the work except actually unloading. I was taking no chances on that.

In an hour no truck had arrived, but the R. T. O. from Chaumont had. They check up on the speed with which cars are unloaded and released, and he was furious because no efforts was being made to unload ours. He called the Q. M. at Nogent, and the man could find neither hide nor hair of any officer connected with the 308th. All drunk I guessed—and not even an Officer of the Day on the job. I was sore. No chance now to unload that night, and a whole day lost after a fine quick trip.

The R. T. O. wrote his report to G. H. Q. and it was enough to cause the captain to lose his job. About then, in came five more cars of horses—one lot of three cars shipped before mine were—and two cars in charge of a private. This man had let one horse jump out of a car for him.

I told the men they could put their stuff back in the cars again and go to bed. We boiled coffee and had lunch. About that time along came a queer sort of a duck who furnished much fun.

A corporal. He walked up with a stiff salute, and said "Does the Lieutenant need any assistance?"

"Whoinell are you?" I asked, and he pulled an M. P. band out of his pocket and slipped it on. "I am sir, the R. T. O., the M. P. and the Town Major of Foulain—a Corporal doing three officers' work sir!" He fingered his scanty chin, wiped his big tortoise shell glasses, and coughed politely. I eyed his long skinny neck, and listened to his "Boston" accent, while the boys began to snicker.

"Just what do you do here?" I inquired. "Why nothing much sir," he said. "I meet the trains and act as interpreter for those who need me. Sometimes I'm busy. Why I had a *prisoner*—the other night. He was *intoxicated*. I kept him locked up in my tent for three days, but when we ran short of rations he escaped." Then . . . "I only wear my M. P. badge up to 7:00 p. m. and then I quit. But—very condescendingly—"If you have any trouble with your men, sir, I'll be glad to come down and run them in."



The gang went wild. I had a bunch of our "toughest eggs" with me this time, who were hard as hard could be. And this boob—this Goop in fact—would not have made a satisfactory mouthful for any one of them.

I told him in a whisper that I had a bunch of AWOLs and other desperate characters with me—that one man had committed murder and was still awaiting trial, but I had brought him along because we were short of help—so wouldn't he please keep his M. P. badge on and stay up tonight so I could get some sleep? I didn't dare let myself doze off with this crew even for a few minutes.

He perched on a nearby pile of railway ties, and was soon asleep himself, while the boys discussed the merits of the case and tried unsuccessfully to agree upon something bad enough to do to him.

In the morning, coffee running out, I bought enough from a nearby cafe to take care of the gang, and while they were breakfasting I called Nogent some more. In fact I called off and on for three hours, rousing no one, and finally got Division Hq. and reported the whole affair. The 308th is now Army Corps Engineers, but they promised to have a complete investigation of the whole affair. I hope it costs that book captain his job.

The hour of eleven struck on the old church tower, a truck full of men finally rolled in and the bird of a Captain—a fat bleary eyed Southerner, came along in a motorcycle. I expressed my opinion of him in no uncertain language, and told him all the different reports that had been made concerning him. He was still drunk and didn't have much to say.

His gang was a mob, talking loudly of their wonderful abilities as horsemen.

When my boys turned over to them the seven stallions we had in the lot, the real sport began. After cutting loose all over the place, fighting with each other, and roaring like lions, the studs got out on the road and started off. The Top Sergeant of the bunch was a "fearless" sort of guy, and rode too close to one of these spirited animals whereupon it kicked him clear out of his saddle, breaking his leg. We sent him to the hospital in the truck.

Strange to say however, after that blooming bunch of horses got started, they were as quiet as lambs, so I rode on in to the next town and had dinner, closed up business, rode back to the station on the dinky, and we were all ready to board the 5:40 for Troyes when the next bum deal hit us.

The train pulled in. In a minute and a half two of the men on board and others passing our plentiful baggage of ropes, buckets, halters, and so forth into three compartments,—we were about half ready, when with a jerk and toot-of the whistle the damned old wagon pulled out, and there we were left standing on the platform minus two men and our junk.

We finally got back to the city at seven. Bunked in the Franco-Anglais Red Cross Canteen, and as once more the food was gone it took my remaining francs to buy chow for the gang, as there was no way to get back to Villemovenne that night.



THE RETURN TO THE REGIMENT

Bois de Meuniers,
August 12, 1918.

After the usual confusion and commotion incident to moving a company of men with all such equipment as we had now gathered about us, we boarded a special car at St. Parres-les-Vaudes and set out for some place unknown.

Two days we spent on that train. Riding, sleeping, eating when we could find a place to buy eats close to the tracks, and stopping often on the sidings to let troop trains go by toward the front or hospital trains pass us to the rear.

Very early on the morning of the third day, we found ourselves passing thru the ruins of Chateau-Thierry itself, so the original forecast proved true. The 32nd was "busy". It was with a curious mixture of feeling that we looked out over the ruins visible in that old town, with the windowless houses on the hill across the river, showing up gaunt and cold in the early morning light.

On down thru a couple of villages we went—Fossoy and Dormans—finding even the station walls filled with holes made by machine gun and rifle bullets, while the fields on either side were a sea of shell holes. Then some three kilometers to the east of Mezy, we were side tracked, ordered to detrain, and proceeded to do so at once, tho it later proved a mistake as we should have been pulled into the last mentioned town.

Ah—but *that* was a picturesque spot in which to unload soldiers soft from the kind of a life we had been leading, without experience except for the little war in Alsace with its quiet front lines.

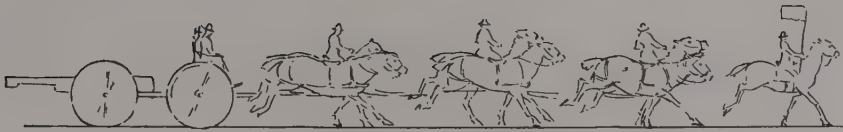
The railway ran some four tracks wide, between rather high embankments. Piling out of the cars, the men rushed to the top on one side, to lay down their equipment while they attacked a breakfast of corn willy.

From the top of the embankment however, there was suddenly broached upon their view, a sight that did away with all thought of hunger. In the road which ran below—thru a copse of brush, was one of the typical scenes left by a battle newly finished.

Shell holes made by 75's and 77's—a big one too here and there—filled the road. It was literally plowed up. On the side toward the track just at our feet, were two abandoned machine gun nests which had commanded the approach down the long slope which fell away from the old French lines. Here was one gun twisted out of shape by a direct shell hit—another uprooted by a handgrenade explosion. All about lay the usual loose belts of ammunition, exploded cartridge cases, a few signal rockets, and bits of clothing . . . Boche clothing!

Across the road, the little wood seemed torn by the blast of a hurricane. A storm of bullets and shells had swept it from end to end, and the half dozen lads who rushed into it at the urge of curiosity came out as quickly as they entered, with the startling news—"the woods are full of Boche. Dead Boche!" Several brought helmets to prove it.

We had landed right on the scene of one of the many little actions which took place along the Marne. There remained not only the sights to give notice of what happened, but also . . . My God! . . . what smells!



We didn't tarry long amid these surroundings. Each officer or group of officers rounded up the men of his own outfit, loaded packs on backs, and started them off toward Mezy which lay a short way to the west and south.

It was the beginning of one of these wonderful summer days, and all the little rolling hills with clumps of trees and broad spreading fertile acres glistened with sparkling dew. Even birds were signing in a fainthearted, sort of frightened manner, here and there in the bushes, and overhead at least, the world was made of the same old fashioned summertime we've always known.

We followed one path or another, thru the small woodland for half the way to town. Signs of even greater fighting were apparent. The action must have been terrific while it lasted. The ground was pockmarked with shell holes always, forcing one to choose his steps with care. Every tree and bush was twisted and wracked by bullets and shell fragments. All along the way were the same old abandoned machine guns of German make, shallow dugouts filled with clothing, letters, newspapers, each giving evidence of extremely hurried departure. Many dead gave visible proof that part of the occupants were never able to leave. I was much impressed by the sight of them, but, again, that awful smell of men long dead!

Going thru one clump of little bushes—I stumbled over a pair of German legs sticking out across the path. They had heavy black boots on them.

"The Marne!" What a glorious name it is now. What an undying phrase the French *poilu* coined. . . . "They shall not pass!" They didn't . . the Boche is gone to come no more.



ON THE MARNE



What sights there were in that beautiful valley to remind us of what the first week's offensive fighting had cost! To spur us on to greater deeds still, when we should rejoin the ranks of our comrades up ahead. As our thoughts broke free and we looked forward to the days to come, each marched ahead with a quicker step, eager to get into the game in which our regiment was playing its part so well.

Reaching Mezy, a little shattered town right on the banks of the river, we found a busy camp indeed. A typical base of supplies now. Artillery unloading, battery after battery; motor trucks drawn up in columns waiting to be filled with food and ammunition for the front. On the hillside near the station, were great salvage dumps, where men were sorting into heaps, all sorts of equipment gathered up from the battle fields . . . rifles, packs, mess outfits, bayonets, saddles, machine guns, a few Boche cannon and so on. You could pick up for the asking, nearly anything in the way of equipment you desired . . . except revolvers or pistols. Of these there was not one. Strange.

Everywhere all over that country it seemed, were shiny metallic cartridge cases, like a carpet on the ground . . . cartridges fired from rifles or machine guns. Literally millions of shots must have been represented by the gleaming empties which lay about over everything.

In the town there was located the railhead of the 32nd Division, and we met old Major Williams, our Q. M.—who told us a great story of how the boys up ahead were chasing the Boche mile after mile, the artillery struggling night and day to keep from being left entirely behind. A glance about the place, told a story too, of the terrific preliminary bombardment which must have marked the beginning of this action, and the part of the fight which occurred within its environs.



DEAD BOCHE \



Not a single house undemolished. In fact, I saw not a solitary house all during that day, on the way far up front, that was untouched by shells. But soldiers living and working in the ruins had already fixed up quite comfortable quarters.

The Major showed us where he had first put his office. Just across the street. They had been working hard that first day, getting ready for the business of supplying the division. Suddenly with a whistle and a roar, a great six inch shell came thru the roof. As they leaped thru the windows and the door, they wondered of course, why it hadn't exploded. It proved to be a dud. They carried it gingerly out, across the street, and while the crew stood about looking it over, another shell struck the office building and below it all to flinders.

Thanking the Boche mentally, for the first warning which had saved many lives, they moved the office across the street and went to work, all except the Major who it is said, spent half an hour cussing over the loss of a typewriter.

A few slightly wounded and shell shocked men remained about. They told us of the fight that had gone thru the town and across the hills beyond—in which they had taken a part. How the Germans had finally fled panic stricken, tossing aside their arms and outer clothing the better to make speed, and how our boys likewise stripped down to rifles and ammunition belts, had followed on their heels, fighting as they ran, going on and on for days, with superb endurance and supreme bravery in the tight places when they came across "points of resistance", teaching the Prussian Guards a new lesson about American styles in war. Many of the prisoners who did come back, told tales to German speaking inquisitors, about the "ferocity" of the "terrible Yanks".

Wandering about the village, we found it a total wreck. Nothing remained that would ever be useful again it seemed. Not a single house that looked fit for repair, and only the tumbled broken remnants left . . . a pitiful sight indeed to behold, when one realized that each place was once a home to someone.

After lining up the men and drawing new equipment for them, getting gas masks fitted, and having a good feed all round, we found ourselves with hours to wait, so Heinie and I went out for a further exploration.

Going down toward the high railway embankment, we came upon scene after scene of the stubbornest hand to hand fighting. There were graves of all nations everywhere . . . men buried exactly where they fell . . . some right in the embankment under the tracks, some in the ditches along the sides. From the top, down toward the river, a broad spreading field had been demolished, tho it seems strange to say that of a piece of land.

Here, what had once been a golden wheat field was now a torn bloodstained waste. Shells of all calibres had thrown the dirt up in huge piles, with holes between. Graves—again—everywhere. A few of the German graves bore crosses too, but these had been made while the Boche held the land without much combat.

Along the roads the scene seemed at first glance, one of perfect chaos, but one soon detected method in all the jumbled movement. The endless streams of wagons, troops, artillery, motor trucks passing constantly either way, were being handled with order



and ease. For all action, be it known is not on the fighting front with the doughboys, but day and night back here behind the lines, subjected to heavy shelling and air bombing, millions toil ceaselessly to feed men and materials into the insatiable maw of the War God.

A touching sight one often sees on these busy thoroughfares, is that of some old peasant man or woman, bent and toilwrecked with years of unbelievable labor, returning on the eve of victory to take up life anew in what the Boche has left of the homes.

Trudging silently along the road, dodging in and out among the grinding shells and churning feet of traffic, they go by, pushing a wheelbarrow full of bedding and kitchen utensils. Sometimes you see them standing before the tumbled stones and half demolished walls, looking silently and tearlessly at what remains, or poking about in the ruins searching out bits of furniture still serviceable. A wonderful race—in spite of all their faults. The Boche has beaten and broken them, but they will never be conquered, and they always keep coming back . . . yes, even before the armies have passed on.

Farther out along a little road running over a hill, from which I looked down over a sloping field I could see along the crest of a shallow ditch, the "fox holes" which infantry scoop out for scanty protection when they stop for a breathing spell during an advance.

Going back to Mezy, we found our trucks waiting and on that summer's afternoon, we started out on a wild goose chase to find the 120th Field Artillery . . . bidding goodbye to comrades from other regiments and promising to meet them somewhere up on the line.

We knew that our regiment was "on ahead." That was all. The fight was moving too fast just then, to be sure at the end of a day, where anything was. So we started out. The driver had instructions to keep going with us until we were landed. A real sightseeing tour it proved to be.

Across the river, via a pontoon bridge . . . the big one with its toll gates having been destroyed of course. Trying the route down thru Jaulgonne first, but having news of the outfit over farther to the west, we struck back across to Fere en Tardenois.

At this place there was no information available so we turned across the front, and by devious routes reached Roncheres. Thence to the village of Cierges, passing along the way, a dead Boche in most unusual posture. On one side of the road was the horse he rode when the shell landed, evidently right under his feet. In the opposite ditch, was the Boche, standing exactly on his head, hips in the air, and feet in the road. Tho he was stiff, it seemed as tho he was "playing ostrich."

We came to Cohan . . . to Coulonges. At the latter place we found some of the 119th—our sister regiment—and they told us the 120th was farther up.

All along the way we passed thousands of men in all stages of repair. A few stragglers, hunting as we were, for their own troops. Some wounded, not badly hurt,



but evidently escaped from the field hospitals and going forward or back as their taste inclined. Trucks in long trains, general's cars . . . Y. M. C. A. wagons, and ambulances galore.

Every town and village had been subjected to frightful shelling. All sorts of soldiers were at work putting up some semblance of roofs and often cooking individually over tiny fires, tho in most places great rolling kitchens smoked and bubbled, as it was nearly supper time.

"On ahead" seemed to be the cry. We began to think the 120th must be a will o' the wisp—for always it was just a "little farther on". On every hand along the roads, were spoils of war in the form of great shell heaps, whole ammunition dumps, piles of equipment, cannons, wagons, dead horses, all covered with deep layers of the white dust.

We passed a place called Reddy Farm and came later to the town of Dravegny. At this place . . . it was now 4:30 . . . we stopped while I got down to make inquiries. Up ahead I saw a big flaring Y. M. C. A. sign . . . a French one. "A chance to buy some chocolate, anyway," I thought, and trotted up to the place. It was gutted by several direct shell hits. Evidently a relic of "before the drive".

Outside things were beginning to happen. Shells were whining and landing in the fields nearby. I went into the street . . . there is a sort of stone fountain in front of the Y and under a nearby tree sat a man, his back against the trunk, looking out at the spot where most of the shells were spouting dirt, as tho watching a vaudeville entertainment. He was "solid comfort" exemplified.

I walked swiftly to him, and asked a bit hurriedly I'm afraid . . . "Where in hell is the 120th Field . . ." and then I clicked my heels and saluted. I saw stars! He was a Major General. Evidently "relaxing" a bit from the work of watching the fight and planning the movements.

He grinned. "You from the 120th?" he asked. "Yes sir. I'm looking for them sir, and have a truck load of men here."

He grinned some more . . . "See that hill over there?" "Yes sir." "Well, they're in position back of the crest somewhere . . . firing now. My boys are about 1500 yards in front of them, on this side. The Boche is not much farther."

I was amazed. We had sure come far enough. If we'd gone on another town or two, we'd have landed right in "Germany".

Then I answered . . . "We'll have to report at the echelon sir. Does the General know where that is located?"

He told me we'd find it back near Coulonges, so we turned around, beating it at great rate as the shelling was increasing now to the danger point, and in a little while with instructions from an M. P. at the cross roads, turned off a couple of kilometers into the heart of a great woods thru which our road ran.

There in the Bois de Meuniere, we found a good many outfits camped, and among them our own old gang.

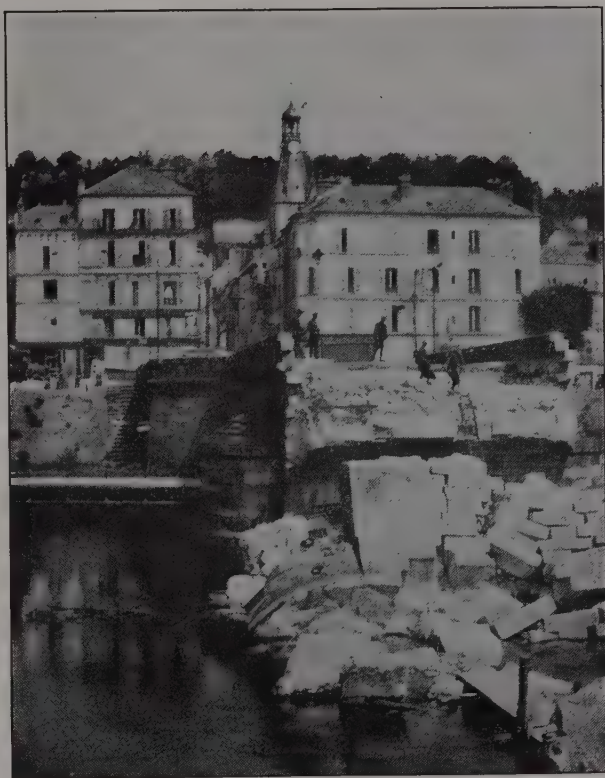


CAPTURED BOCHE M. G. NEST



IN CHATEAU THIERRY

The 120th on the Marne and the Vesle



CHATEAU THIERRY



Official Diary

Wednesday, July 24, 1918.

Today began with regimental headquarters and Headquarters Company hiking along a lonely road "Somewhere in France". Many ambulances filled with British wounded pass our column on their way to Senlis. All the night long the dusty column creeps over the white roads of France, while to the north and east the continuous flash and roar of artillery gives a hint of the purpose of our march. Weary, footsore and hungry we pull up alongside the road under cover of trees and have our first chow since 15 o'clock yesterday. Are we hungry? Wow! About 9 o'clock on the road again. As we pass thru one village after another one hears on all sides "is this the place?" Everyone is looking for a chance to rest and sleep. We finally arrive at Pont St. Maxence, where we are to pitch camp at 11 o'clock. Headquarters and Supply Company and Regimental Headquarters are established in a big factory store house on the banks of the Oise. The officers are billeted in the city. The batteries arrive at intervals during the day and go into bivouac in the forest which overlooks the city. This forest was the scene of two bitter struggles in 1914. We are refreshed by a good meal and every man in the outfit crawls into his bunk as soon as he possibly can to get much needed sleep.

Thursday, July 25, 1918.

Some work—wash up clothes—some swim in the Oise. Many visit city. A wooden bridge has been built on the abutments of the old stone bridge, which we are told was destroyed by the British during their retreat in 1914. The city is subject to occasional air raids and people leave their homes at night to sleep out on the hill-sides, leaving a deserted city.

Friday, July 26, 1918.

Rumors of move. Whole 32nd Division is in the vicinity and the dope is that we are to be sent into the big fracas wherever it looks most desperate. Shock troops! Rather quiet day. Batteries have inspections. Band concert by the 120th F. A. Band in square before Church of St. Maxence, a 15th century edifice. Supply Company required to make several trips to Ormoy-Villers to haul reserve rations and forage from detrainning point.

Another bitter struggle, like that of 1914, takes place in the forest where our batteries are bivouaced, this time between French Gendarmes and the 120th F. A. drivers, because our horses have chewed the bark off some of the trees.

Saturday, July 27, 1918.

Colonel called out of bed at midnight and given orders to move. This time overland. Up at 4:30 in a drizzling rain. Batteries pack and load and get out on the road in fine order, in spite of the difficulties of pulling out of the soft ground under the trees. Headquarters and Supply Company pull up the long hill out of town and take their places at the head and rear of the column, respectively, and all are mounted and ready at 10 o'clock. A march by brigade has been ordered—Order of March: Brigade Headquarters, 147th F. A., 120th F. A., 119th F. A., 107th Trench Mortar Battery, 121st F. A. The horse elements of the 107th Sanitary train, 107th Engineers



GROUP OF 120th F. A. OFFICERS
Near Chateau Thierry



Train and 107th Ammunition Train are to follow the Brigade. The 147th has plenty of trouble pulling out of the mud in the woods across the road. Brigade column takes hours to form, so we dismount and wait at the side of the road till noon when we get the order to move. Our route lies south through the Forêt D'Halatte to Fleurines and then east through Villers-Sté Frambource, Brasseuse, Villeneuve-sur-Verberie, Nery, Verrines, Trumilly, Duvy and Crepy-en-Valois, a good sized town which is badly shot up. Many delays during the early part of the march due to trouble with teams and heavily loaded wagons in the regiment in front of us. Had mess during an hour halt late in the afternoon. Now marching east along the national highway in the dusk. Orders are to billet at le Berval, about 5 kilometers off the highway, north of Vaumoise, which we reach after terrific exertions by the animals, crossing a trail over fields and a dry creek bed where several chariots du parc get stuck. Last battery pulls in at 2:30 A. M. July 28th. As there are only four or five houses in le Berval, billeting consists of flopping on the ground after caring for the animals. About 40 kilometers made today. General Irwin reviewed march of brigade from his automobile, halted at a cross road, in the afternoon. Compliments Colonel Penner on fine appearance and excellent march discipline of 120th.

Sunday, July 28, 1918.

During the night—27th-28th—Colonel Penner and Captain Sammond make a trip to Vez and after interviewing assorted British sentries and French inhabitants finally locate Brigade Hqrs in the Chateau near an ancient castle or fortress, very picturesque in the moonlight. March conditions and exhaustion of men and horses reported to Captain Gilson, Brigade Adjutant, who was not in the best of humor at being roused out of sleep during the small hours of the morning. No change in orders possible, which means that the head of our column has to be back at Vaumoise at 8:00 o'clock and in order to make it, we are up at 4:30. This is a forced march and we are at it again after only two hours' sleep. At 7:00 o'clock we are on the road. This time, our outfit is out in front of the brigade.

Brigade Hqrs make no effort to maintain brigade formation today so we are able to step out at our own pace and the going is much better than yesterday. Each battery's machine gunners, with their guns mounted on caissons, are ready for enemy airplanes, but our march is undisturbed. Our route is east and south through Vaumoise, Chavris, Ivors, Autheuil-en-Valois to Mareuil-sur-Ourcq where we cross the Ourcq and have hot slum from the rolling kitchens. Then on through St. Quentin and Chezy-en-Orxois to a chateau near Brumetz where we go into bivouac on the chateau grounds, having made 25 or 30 K. today. During the whole day our march has been along the rear of the front of this new German offensive which has just collapsed and we are seeing many evidences of the fighting of a few days ago. The chateau has been considerably damaged by shell fire. Great quantities of salvage, German, French and American, have been gathered and piled in the chateau grounds, including arms and equipment of every kind from bloody bayonets to German 77 millimeter field guns.

Our men get busy making up shortages. Many French soldiers wandering about are picking up rifles and firing them for amusement. Many soldiers graves in the vicinity and we learn that there was a bitter fight here about ten days ago. We make a comfortable camp in pup tents and every body has a good night's rest, except the horse shoers who work all night replacing lost shoes. French horse-shoes and American nails are a bad combination.



CROSSING THE MARNE



CAMP NEAR VAUX



Monday, July 29, 1918.

On way again at 7:00 o'clock. As we move out we pass 121st F. A. who are just finishing yesterday's march and going into bivouac at the roadside. Off for front, via Marigny-en-Orxois. Hear heavy shelling to the north of us all morning. Way leads through villages literally razed to ground. Vaux, outside of Chateau-Thierry, a mass of ruined buildings and roads. Truckloads of wounded passing continuously remind us of fierce struggle into which we are going. Reach outskirts of Chateau-Thierry about 15 hours and camp in field near ruined village of le Buisson. Germans held this region a week ago and here we are today. Dead body of German soldier found and buried in vicinity by Chaplain O'Connor. Another partially interred was covered up by our burying detail. Our camp is a mass of shell holes and everywhere there is grim evidence of the awful struggle of a few days ago. The city of Chateau-Thierry lies in the valley of the Marne at the foot of the hill on which we are camped and we have a fine view of the city and the surrounding country; Cooks dig fresh potatoes and carrots in the gardens of the ruined village and the men explore the deserted ruins.

2nd Lieut. Alfred Palm, "C" Battery left regiment this morning under orders to return to U. S. as instructor.

Tuesday, July 30, 1918.

Day spent in bivouac outside Chateau-Thierry, on Le Buisson road near railroad bridge. Much needed rest for men and animals. Some of the men and officers go swimming in the Marne. Others visit the wrecked city. In a church, the recent invaders had collected great quantities of goods including every thing from brass utensils to automobiles, but had been obliged to abandon their spoils of war in the retreat. French soldiers on the banks of the Marne use German hand grenades to kill fish.

Rev. Howie reports for duty with regiment as Y. M. C. A. representative.

Orders received that our brigade would move early to-morrow to relieve the 3rd F. A. Brigade.

Wednesday, July 31, 1918.

Reveille at 4:30 o'clock. On march to front at 6:00. Our route is over hilly winding narrow roads through Trugny and Epieds and through la Cense a Dieu farm, beyond which we make camp in the Foret de Fere about 1:00 o'clock. Continuous booming of big guns in vicinity. Chaplain O'Connor buried two French infantrymen found in nearby field. Many unburied Germans scattered through woods. The warfare through here was evidently a machine gun defense of the German retreat through woods and fields of tall wheat, now dead ripe but with no one to harvest it. "Machine gun nests are scattered plentifully through the woods, abandoned or occupied only by unrecognizable, heaving masses of squirming maggots, the center of a buzzing cloud of flies. These are the mortal remains of the late defenders who sacrificed themselves with faultless technique to cover the withdrawal, as laid down in the manuals and practised at maneuvers. Had time permitted they would undoubtedly have been rewarded by burial and a neat and workmanlike cross such as we came upon in a quiet corner of the wood, inscribed "Hier ruhen in frieden zwei treue Deutsche Helden". During a retreat, evidently, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave", but end a trifle short. Air battles overhead. Aeroplanes bomb our camp at 22 o'clock. Gas alarm. No casualties.



In
Chateau
Thierry





Thursday, August 1, 1918.

Day began for us at 2:30 o'clock with aeroplanes again bombing us. No casualties. Orders for relief of 1st Bn 10th F. A. received during the day. Colonel Penner with auto loaded with battery agents goes to Roncheres where guides from 10th F. A. batteries conduct 120th battery agents to the positions to be occupied tonight. Hundreds of 32nd Division wounded being brought to first aid station in Roncheres and some American unburied dead are lying where they fell. Battalion Hqs and Batteries A, B, and C. move from camp in Foret de Fere at 10 hours to Roncheres, via le Charmel relieving 10th F. A. Town shelled as we enter. Batteries make relief at about 22.30, taking the positions occupied by Batteries A, B, and C of the 10th F. A. 3rd Brigade, about 1 K. east of Roncheres in the Bois de Pexieres. 1st Battalion P. C. in Roncheres. Regimental P. C. in Le Charmel. All colonels of the 57th F. A. Brigade called to Brigade Hqs at Le Charmel at 23 o'clock to receive orders for big attack before dawn.

Friday, August 2, 1918.

Barrage data given out verbally at 57th F. A. Brig. P. C. at 2:30 o'clock. Colonel and Lt. Whittaker with Lt. Jenson of 147th F. A. make frenzied trip by auto to 1st Bn. P. C. at Roncheres, from whence runners have been despatched to bring in an officer from each battery of the 120th and 147th. Capt. Kuechenmeister, Lt. Schutz, and Lt. Wallber come in from 120th batteries, receive hastily prepared orders and sketches and hurry away thru the inky darkness to find their batteries and work desperately to be ready to begin the preparatory fire at 4:15 so that the doughboys of the 32nd will not be without artillery support when they attack at H hour. Barrage continues till 6:35. Attack has succeeded. Major Einfeldt and Capt. Quill, Kuechenmeister and Swift make reconnaissance for new positions. Rain. Batteries on march again from Roncheres to Cierges. Regimental Hqs. moves to Cierges. In afternoon of same day we are on the road again—to Chamery. As we enter town it is being heavily shelled. 1st Bn. Hqs. and batteries go into position in field of Farme de Reddy and lay guns in the darkness. Enemy in rapid retreat, followed by our doughboys. Many dead in the fields, both American and German.

Saturday, August 3, 1918.

Everything moving forward this morning. Roads congested and muddy. 1st Bn. Hqs. and batteries on road till late afternoon, several positions having been reconnoitered but not occupied, as infantry still advancing. Bridges blown out at Coulonges and everything is halted while engineers make repairs, but our batteries cross stream south of the town by cutting down the banks and building a crossing of German ammunition baskets. March thru Coulonges, Cohan, and Dravegny to vicinity of Montaon Farme, where German planes swoop down and sweep roads with machine guns. Infantry still cleaning up machine gun nests in vicinity and enemy keeps up desultory shelling as batteries go into temporary positions. Men have only one meal today. Rain during the night. Porte, Battery A, slight head wound. Regimental Hqs. at Dravegny. Whizz-bangs shell town in late afternoon. Capt. Myron West, Adjutant 127th Infantry, mortally wounded. Fritz Klotz, Regtl. Hqs. Cook, bakes hot biscuits under shell fire. German newspaper found, giving account of Quentin Roosevelt's death in air battle and burial at Chamery, thru which we passed yesterday.



IN DRAVEGNY



REDDY FARM



SECRET.

G. S.—G. 1.

ORDERS, NO. 14.

Hq., 32nd Division,
France, 3 August, 1918.

1. Those battalions of the 32nd Division which are not actually holding positions and who are in effect in reserve, must be utilized constantly for clearing the battlefield, particularly in burying soldiers, both American and enemy, and properly marking their graves and also in clearing the field by burying dead horses or other animals; otherwise the sanitary conditions will become unbearable.

2. Active steps will also be taken to collect into places along the roads in dumps munitions of all kinds, excepting artillery ammunition, that is, American abandoned packs, rifles and munitions of all kinds; also German munitions such as small arms ammunition, rifles, machine guns, etc.

3. Battalion commanders of these battalions will organize their battalions regularly for this work and will start in at once to clear the field as much as possible.

4. These battalion commanders and all other commanding officers located near the roads will make it their business to see that traffic congestion is avoided, and if military police are not present, to regulate the traffic. They will detail from their battalions such officers, noncommissioned officers and privates as may be necessary to keep the roads from being blocked and to help repair the roads. Trains going forward and coming back in the forward zone, particularly must be very careful not to close up but go in groups of not more than five vehicles in a group with at least 50 meters between. The greatest care is necessary because there is only one road to supply the Division and the road is getting worse as we go forward. Every officer must make it his business to see that traffic regulations are complied with just as much as he must make it his business to see that his soldiers fight well.

W. G. HAAN,
Major General, N. A.
Commanding.

To Bn. Cmdrs.

From A Soldier's Diary

Aug. 3, 1918.

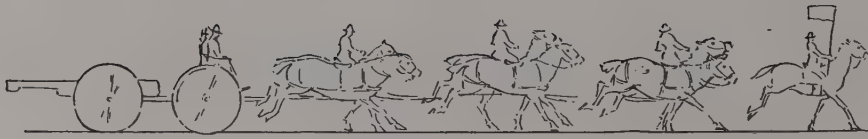
1 p. m. After having one good meal and watering the horses, we were again advancing for the infantry had the German's running now. Passed through Chamery and Coulonges, safely but on the way a German plane swooped down on us, but soon beat it when we all opened up on him with pistols. The main road was blocked with traffic and hiking was slow.

Near Dravegny the Germans opened a bombardment on the town and we could see just what damage those shells were doing. Kept on and entered Dravegny under shell fire. Pvt. Ben Fisher of Hq Co., slightly wounded below the eye.

7 p. m. Arrived at our last position, Montaon Farm. Very tired and soon asleep, but awakened soon and six of us had to find Major Einfeldt's horse, who had made a hurried trip from Regtl Hq. Shortly thereafter Corp. Sheahan and Corp. Landgraf reported to the 127th Inf. as runners for artillery fire. Were constantly under shell fire and passed thru an awful night with the infantry.



"Montaon Farm



From a Diary in Battery C

Friday, August 2, 1918.

The doughboys are certainly going some. We pulled ahead at 2:30 this afternoon and went into position 4Km. farther forward only to find that we were still out of range so we pulled ahead again at 7 P. M. to another position farther forward. Pulled in about 10 P. M. and had a hard time laying the battery in the dark. Our bunk appeared to have been placed in the center of a garbage dump but we were too tired to move it. Also there are two dead Boche horses across the ravine which are rather annoying. This war of movement is a pretty hard game. We sleep fully dressed and wash infrequently.

Saturday, August 3, 1918.

Our position is again too far back so we again await orders to move up.

We pulled out about 3 P. M. went forward with the Major. In broad daylight. The Boche balloons, the aeroplanes were up in force and none of our planes were to be seen. We pulled up to about 4 K. from the lines when a Boche plane swooped down about 500 metres overhead and opened on us with his machine guns, but his aim was poor. He was quickly driven off by our M. G. Pretty soon the shells began to land around us. The Major called out and designated a position forward about 500 meters and told us to go in there. I went up and found two batteries of the 147th there and no place for us so I galloped back saw a slightly protected hedge, turned the battery around and beat it in, "tout suite". Just as we got in, a shell landed directly in rear of No. 4 but no one hurt. It rained all night and the shelling was incessant, so we were thoroughly worn out by morning.

Sunday, August 4, 1918.

This noon we went ahead again to a position just in rear of St. Gilles. As we passed around a bend below St. Gilles, we saw what happened to a relief going up in close order. The shell appeared to have landed directly in the center and the remains were ghastly. 30 casualties, mostly dead. The Major found a place for "A" Battery here and then told "B" and "C" to find their own. We found one alright but the shelling was pretty thick. I was certainly in a dilemma as to whether to go ahead into the position but decided that it was the thing to do, so took one section at a time, quickly unlimbering, and sending the teams back at a trot. The shells were dropping all around and I was worried sick for fear one would find a target but the teams got away all right. The infantry was attacking Fismes, so we opened on Fismette across the river, firing until all our ammunition was gone and then sought shelter at the bottom of a high bank. Our reserve caissons came about 11:30 P. M. We hurriedly unloaded them and turned them back. They were no sooner on the road than the Boche opened a furious fire on "A" battery just in rear of us and near the road, about 200 metres from our little cave. Of course, we could not sleep so we watched the shelling for an hour and a half putting on our gas masks at intervals as a gas shell came along. About 3 A. M. the shelling ceased and Jim and I dropped off to sleep feet to head in the little cave.



Monday, August 5, 1918.

This morning I awoke when the chow wagon came along at 9 A. M. and relished some sow belly, potatoes and coffee. We get only two meals a day so we are somewhat hungry in between. We learned that "A" lost about 30 horses, two guns and a caisson but had no human casualties. When "B" chow wagon came they pulled it up to the guns, a gas shell exploded nearby wounding badly both the drivers and the horses. The latter had to be shot.

Yesterday the wounded of the 127th Inf. streamed past all day. They are attacking Fismes, which is full of snipers and machine guns. During the night the town was on fire and under heavy bombardment.

We are again firing north of Fismes. It is raining and muddy but the men are in good spirits just the same.

We have been going since August 1st, with scarcely a rest. Haven't had our clothes off once and the meals are punk but we are "carrying on" just the same and don't think we are having a hard time either. The infantry are the boys that are catching it, they are certainly the real heroes of this war.

I am writing this in a little dug in place in the side of a bank, our guns are firing and the Boche shells about half of them gas, keep coming over.

I went up on a nearby hill this afternoon which afforded a good view of the battle field. Was just going to adjust fire on a few places, when the order came thru to fire on Fismette so had to give it up.

We fired at a desultory rate until 3 A. M. Pvt. Quinn is our first casualty—shell shock. During the night our forward echelon was shelled and bombed, losing four horses. My own mount was blinded in one eye.

Tuesday, August 6, 1918.

This morning "A" was shelled again, one killed, several wounded including Lt. Little. About noon I went up to the observatory and using one gun fired on several possible battery positions and on the town north of Fismette. Had quite a little fun watching the Boche beat it to his caves.

They shelled our town tonight so we are going to fire on his town again in a few minutes. Tit for tat.

The infantry have made no progress since reaching the Vesle; so we continue to occupy our little caves along the road, and are quite well protected if we keep our heads down.

While the Boche were shelling the road today two "B" battery men kept sticking their heads over the edge to watch the bursts. One shell struck on the road opposite them, giving fatal head wounds to both.

The Boche planes have everything their own way here, coming down close to the ground to harass us with their machine guns, and by spotting batteries, etc. We have to be everlastingly watchful to avoid being seen. Today a Boche plane chased a French plane down to within 200 metres of the ground, another French plane on top of him, pumping away with their machine guns all the while, but no one was hurt. Some of their planes are painted so they glisten like silver with a broad black stripe entirely around from stem to stern.



They fired two of our balloons also, both coming down in flames. We have an ammunition dump just across the road. This afternoon they spotted it and let loose some 150's, getting a live hit just 3' from one far corner and a "dud" went right thru a box of fuses on the other far corner, spoiling most of them. Certainly was a close call. The night was the calmest we have had and we all got a good sleep.

Thursday, August 8, 1918.

Today we unloaded all the ammunition boxes and put the bare shells in several holes around the guns. Now the Boche can blow up the empty boxes all he pleases. We do quite a little firing and are supposed to have 200 rds. on hand at all times.

Today I discovered that the barrel of No. 2 had two spots on it, quite deep, and the size of a spoon so we are laying this gun up till the repair squad can fix it up.

The flies are becoming worse all the time due to dead horses etc. lying around.

Just as I wrote the above a jagged piece of H. E. landed on my bag a foot from my head. I picked it up but it was so hot I had to drop it. Last night was warm and not being tired I sat up and watched an infantry battalion march by in single file going to relieve another. I thought the column would never end and knowing how well the Boche likes to shell this road I was in continued apprehension for fear a shell would drop among them but nothing happened. I shall never forget the execution that one shell did down at the bend of this road.

About 10:30 the sky north of us lit up to such a brilliance as to turn night into day around us, it was awe inspiring, terrific, remained bright for several minutes and then died away as suddenly as it came; probably ammunition dump exploding.

Friday, August 9, 1918.

This morning we fired from 6:00 to 7:30 to protect some engineers putting in a bridge, but now we are quiet and the Boche has laid off too.

The nights have been extremely favorable for gas but we have had very little Thank Heavens. A good many alarms due to gas floating in from other parts and some sneezing but not much.

Last night a squadron of our planes which have motors like a saw mill but are very speedy showed up putting joy in all our hearts, for we don't think the Boche will bother so much any more. Tonight I saw the prettiest aeroplane fight ever, close to the ground a Boche plane coming down and an American on top of him both firing incendiary bullets which showed up plainly, it being almost dusk, they were both turning beautiful spirals, till they sailed out of sight beyond the hill.

In the evening battalion Hq. sent me an order requiring the figuring for 12 separate barrages, then when I was nearly finished they called up and said it was all off but to expect another one which came at 2 A. M.

This was to commence at 4 A. M. and last two hours and 40 min. I figured it and went to bed and slept so soundly the firing of it never awoke me.

Today the Boche shelled in and all around us landing one 10' from our dugout and another between No. 1 and No. 2 guns but no one was hurt. We stick pretty close to the ground when they come over. About 5 P. M. a Boche plane shot down another observation balloon just in rear. Our planes are away again today.



TRAFFIC NEAR COURVILLE



BELLEVUE FARM



Sunday, August 11, 1918.

Shaved and washed my head today.

There was little activity during the day but we were up all night with various things, two barrages, etc. for which we were not prepared.

Monday, August 12, 1918.

The day was very quiet. This afternoon we learn that we are to move about 2 K. farther east to relieve two French batteries, for which I am thankful for we are a little too close to the front lines here, being continuously under shell fire which interferes with our supplies.

Also the flies are terrible because of unsanitary conditions due to dead horses, uncleaned stables, etc.

Tonight we left St. Gilles at dark and went to a position near Courville where we relieve a French battery of the 232nd. The place is a paradise after what we left. We are in the edge of a grove of trees which formerly held a hospital now in ruins. We are no longer continually under shell fire, millions of flies and the stench of dead horses.

I left St. Gilles with the third section and had no sooner cleared town than the Boche commenced to drop in shells, to the demoralization of the machine gun company, who loosed all their mules and let them run, and our fourth section which had to get under cover for the time being. One M. G. man was wounded but none of our men. Our luck still seems to hold.

Tuesday, August 13, 1918.

The relief of the French was accomplished without further incident and I went to bed so tired that I failed to hear our own battery fire a barrage about 4 A. M. We both slept in a trench about $2\frac{1}{2}' \times 6'$, so it wasn't very comfortable.

The boys are all busy digging in, for they have learned the value of protection afforded by the ground.

The Boche are shelling a battery on our left and the shells go over very softly sounding whooh-ooh, whooh-ooh, something like an owl in the distance.

It looks as tho we would remain on the Vesle river instead of pushing across to the Aisne. If so, we are well placed.

Tonight the planes started bombing about 9 P. M. and continued till about midnight, when it became too dark to see. They dropped them all around us on different battery positions as many as six at a time, but didn't come near us. I felt so secure in our little trench dugout that I went off to sleep about ten, quite a different experience than the last.

Wednesday, August 14, 1918.

This morning we learned that "A" had one killed and several wounded as a result of the bombing last night. One man was literally blown to bits, "Judge" Wallber going around with a sack to pick him up. So far we have had a real vacation, just fired one barrage, and the men are digging deeper and deeper. There is more or less artillery fire on both sides of us but so far we are unscathed.

The weather for the past week has been beautiful and quiet.

Tonight we were shelled about midnight with some gas but had no casualties.



"A" BATTERY—CAISSON, ALL THAT WAS LEFT AFTER
BOMBARDMENT AT ST. GILLES.



VESLE BRIDGE AT FISMES



1st BN. HQRS., FISH HATCHERY—ST. GILLES



Official Diary

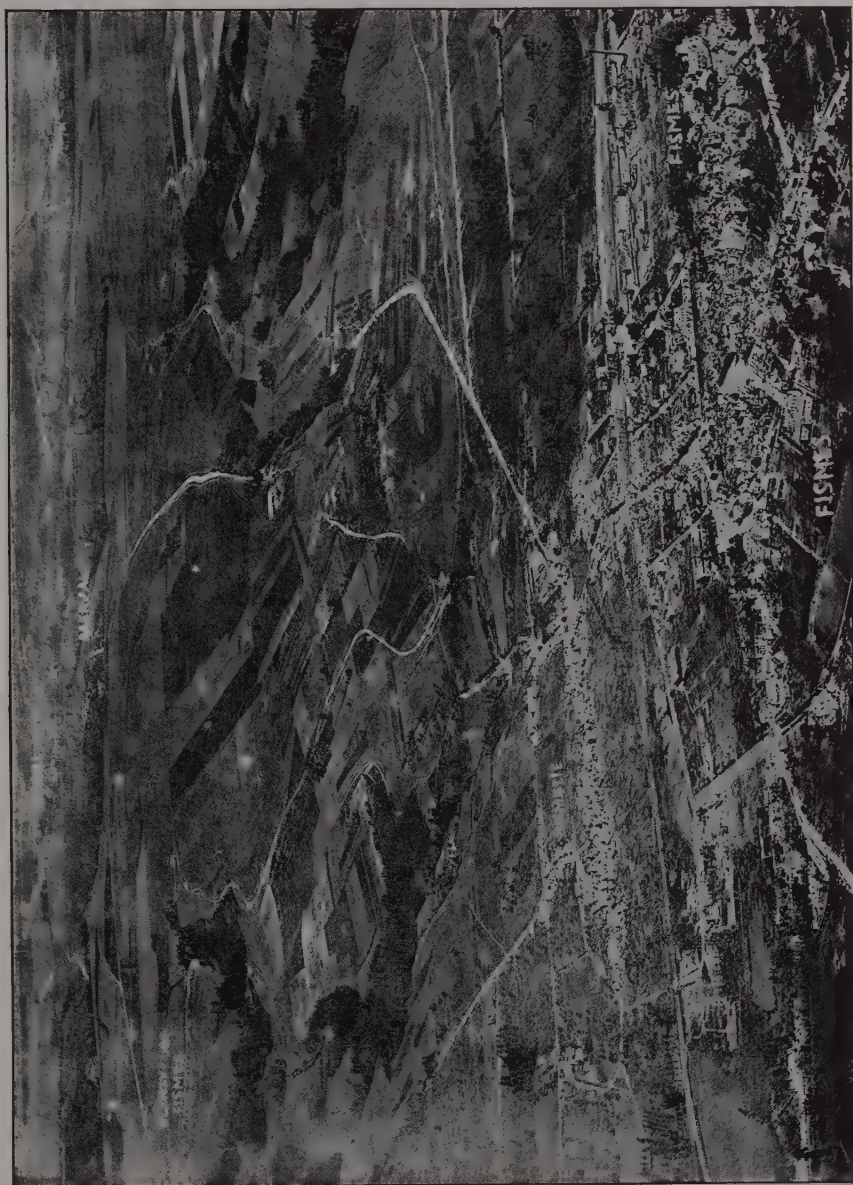
Sunday, August 4, 1918.

Batteries near Montaon Farme roused early by shells dropping among them. Morris, Battery B, receives scalp wound. Positions are prepared and guns laid on Fismes at request of General Winans, commanding 64th Inf. Brig., whose P. C. is at Dravegny. During morning General Winans visits 120th Regtl. P. C. to telephone General Haan, comd. 32nd Division, as telephone detail of 120th have succeeded in keeping open the only communication to Division Central. Informs Gen. Haan that a message has just come in reporting Fismes taken and patrols crossing the Vesle. Says wait for confirmation on this, as it seems too good to be true. Very soon Gen. Irwin, comdg. 57th F. A. Brig., calls Col. Penner and orders 120th batteries to be moved forward at once to line approximately Mont St. Martin—St. Gilles. Same order to be transmitted to Colonel Wales, 147th F. A. Order transmitted to batteries about noon. Batteries are put in march, preceded by Major and Captains with reconnaissance party who make hasty selection of positions near St. Gilles, while infantry line advances over hill at left. Soon afterwards Regtl. Hqs. receives request to shoot up Fismes, as report of its capture was premature and infantry is meeting desperate resistance. Transmitted to 1st Bn. Hqs. by messenger with orders to open fire immediately after reaching new positions. Road to St. Gilles being heavily shelled as batteries advance. At "Dead Man's Curve" the road is piled with bodies where an unlucky shell caught Company G, 127th Infantry. Lt. Schutz, conducting Battery C, takes them into position at the gallop, one section at a time, and soon they are in action. "B" follows, taking position near "C" in orchard at edge of village of St. Gilles under brisk enemy shelling and immediately go into action. Battery "A" is obliged to take an unfavorable position in the valley to the right near the junction of the Ardre and Orillon Rivers, under enemy balloon observation. 1st Bn. P. C. is established temporarily in the "Fish Hatchery" a little stone building at the edge of the Orillon River. Lt. Harper, Battery C conducts limbers to rear and returns before night bringing up the battalion combat train with much needed ammunition. German artillery gives Battery "A" a terrific shelling with H. E. and gas for four hours. Three guns and other materiel damaged. Thirty horses killed. Many men gassed but none seriously. Men take cover in make-shift dugout scooped into side of sand pit; no casualties.

Lt. Col. Fish and Lt. Pilgrim rejoin Regiment from remount duty at Chalons, and Lts. Lathrop, Appel and Heimberger with remount duty detail from batteries and Hqs. Co. also rejoin.

Monday, August 5, 1918.

Firing batteries and limber echelon in valley of the Orillon, north of Longueville Farme, shelled at intervals during night. Shortly after midnight a shell dropped among a group of drivers of "A" Battery in the limber echelon and killed Private Earl Conley, the first man in the 120th to be killed in action. A gray, rainy, warm morning. "A" Battery's position saturated with gas, ground upturned and trees felled. All guns and caissons damaged. Enemy still shelling at intervals. Battery personnel removed to old French hospital huts on hill and efforts made to remove battery property. Batteries B and C heavily shelled about noon. H. E. and gas. "B's" kitchen limber arrived just before noon with the first meal of the day, which had just been





issued when a shell struck, seriously wounding Pvt. Arthur Kerlin, in charge of the mess, and Wagoner William Graunke, Supply Co., and killing both horses. Several men wounded, gassed and shell-shocked. 1st Bn. Hqs. moved into a damaged house in St. Gilles with a fairly good "abri" under it. Shelled for two hours, no casualties. Word received that Private Kerlin died in field hospital. Infantry is in Fismes. Batteries B and C fire several harassing fires on Fismette. Battery C does some sniping with observation with excellent results.

Tuesday, August 6, 1918.

The day began with heavy shelling. H. E. and gas on Batteries B and C and 1st Bn. Hqs. Battery "B" fires for two hours on reported enemy battery. Battery "A" personnel at La Petite Chezelle Farme. Chow wagon has just brought a meal when a shell bursts in the farm yard killing Pvt. Tarold Tanner and seriously wounding Lts. Martin and Little, Sgt. Frank M. Holt. Corp. Harry Krueger, Adolph Toupal, Alfred Ethier, Mechanic Frank Bohn, and Pvts. Maurice Slaney, Frank Kunkel and Joseph Kryzkwa and others. Private Tanner buried with solemn services by Chaplain O'Connor, rendered not less impressive by the fact that all have to "flop" frequently as shells come whizzing in. At infantry request, thru Lt. Holsclaw, our Liaison Officer, "B" and "C" shell Fismette; enemy machine guns reported in houses along river. Telephone communication being maintained between Regtl. Hqs., 1st Bn. Hqs., and batteries by tireless work of telephone detail, altho lines are repeatedly cut by shell bursts.



LOOKING OUT OF FOX HOLE



SECRET

G. S.-G-3.

Hq., 32nd Division,

France, 5 August, 1918, 2:00 o'clock.

FIELD ORDERS,

Maps: CHEMIN des DAMES—SUD.

FISMES,

Scale: 1/20,000.

1. It is not believed that the enemy intends to make a serious resistance between the VESLE and AISNE Rivers.

Allied troops have crossed the VESLE at certain points and patrols have crossed in our front.

Our Corps Cavalry will seek opportunities to patrol in our front and on our flanks. Its reports will be sent to Infantry Brigade Commanders and to the Corps Information Center at DRAVEGNY.

2. The 32nd Division will cross the VESLE River and continue the pursuit.

Division Sector:

Western Limit: Les CRUAX (incl)—les BOULEAUX (incl)—MONT ST MARTIN (incl)—le MONCEL (incl)—PERLES (excl)—Cx NOIRE—BARBONVAL (excl)—VILLERS-en-PRAYERS (excl).

Eastern Limit: 300 kilometers East of LONGEVILLE—CHAUSSÉE du MARAIS—les PETITES CHEZELLES Farm—ETABNT PISCICOLE—Western edge ST. GILLES—Eastern edge FISMES—AUX PRES ST. MARIE—GLENNES (incl)—MAIZY.

Limit between Bridges: Le MONT CHAMPOIS—Western edge MONTAON Farm—le CHAMP GAILLARD—Western edge FISMETTE—MERVAL—Eastern edge REVILLON—le MOLIGON.

Neighboring Divisions:

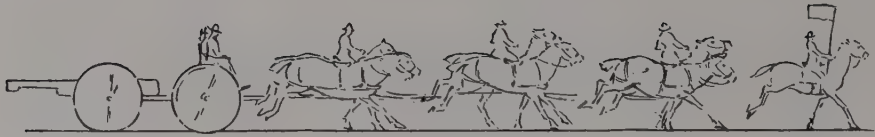
On the Right 4th Division French of the 3rd Corps U. S.

On the Left 4th Division U. S. of the 1st Corps U. S.

On the South 28th Division of the 3rd Corps U. S.

3. (a) The following principles will be adhered to:

The Advance Guards of the 2 Infantry Brigades will cross the VESLE as soon as possible by any available means that may have been provided or may be provided and will seize the plateau North of the river to establish bridgeheads and assure the crossing of troops necessary for the pursuit, the passage being supported by artillery if necessary. The Advance Guards will keep close contact with the enemy and continue to the Aisne.



When the debouchment of main bodies north of the VESLE has been assured these main bodies will cross the river and proceed to establish themselves on the advance lines east and west through BLANZY-les-FISMES.

Howitzers and light guns will be so placed south of the VESLE so as to give artillery support to the advance guards as far to the north as possible. This artillery will not cross the VESLE until the advance guards have reached the north slopes of the plateau between the VESLE and the AISNE. The heavy artillery (guns) will be pushed as far forward as they can be provided with ammunition, with a view to firing on the principal crossings of the AISNE. As far as possible the offensive works on the plateau between the VESLE and the AISNE will be utilized. These appear on the Plan Directeurs, copies of which are furnished to units concerned.

The plateau between the VESLE and the AISNE should be crossed in very thin lines of small columns. Troops will be warned against explosives and traps set by the enemy.

(b) The Chief of Air Service has been directed to place one squadron at the disposition of this Division for artillery observation and one squadron for Infantry observation.

Brigade Commanders will insure liaison between themselves and the Divisions on their right and left.

4. Orders with reference to movement of trains will remain unchanged.

5. The axis of liaison as announced in Field Orders No. 32, these Headquarters will be in operation.

Division P. C. at CIERGES.

By command of Major General Haan:

R. M. BECK, JR.,

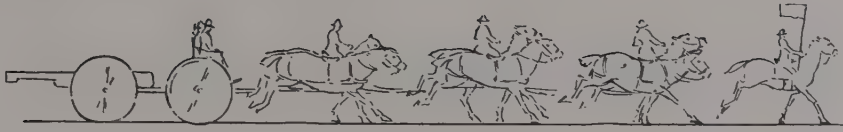
Lt. Colonel, Infantry, N. A.

Chief of Staff.

Copies to:

No. 1, C. G., 3rd Corps (U. S.)
 2, C. G., 1st Corps (U. S.)
 3, C. G., 32nd Div.,
 4, C. G., 4th Div., (U. S.)
 5, C. G., 4th Div., (French)
 6, C. G., 28th Div.,
 7, 8, 9, C. G., 63rd Brig.,
 10, 11, 12, C. G., 64th Brig.,
 13, 14, 15, 16, C. G., 57th F. A. Brig.,
 17, Chief of Staff,
 18, G-1,
 19, G-2,

20, G-3,
 21, Div. Surgeon,
 22, Engineer Officer,
 23, Ordnance Officer,
 24, Div. Quartermaster,
 25, Div. Adjutant,
 26, Div. Sig. Officer,
 27, C. O., Hq. Troop,
 28, C. O., 107th Tr. & M. P.,
 29, Ass't Provost Marshal,
 30, C. O., 88th Aero Squadron,
 31, File.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

P. C.

American E. F.

10:00 7 August 1918

Field Order No. 2

1. Advance elements of the 28th Division will cross the Vesle at H hour covering a front of 1000 meters on a line from 203.950-287.370 to 205.050-205,050,287,240.

2. Batteries B and C, 120th Field Artillery will support this movement with preparatory fire and rolling barrage.

(a) Preparatory Fire. M-15 to H

On same line as first line of barrage (046.90-874.10 to 050.70-874.20)

Rate of fire. 3 shots per piece per minute for 4 minutes.

2 shots per piece per minute for 4 minutes.

1 shot per piece per minute for remainder.

No sketch.

(b) Rolling barrage.

H to H+4 on line given for preparatory fire. Lift and progress in bounds of 100 meters every 4 minutes until H+20, where it will halt for 15 minutes. At H+35 it will continue forward in bounds of 100 meters every 4+minutes until H+55. See sketch.

Rate of fire. 3 shots per piece per minute for 4 minutes.

2 shots per piece per minute for 4 minutes.

1 shot per piece per minute for remainder.

By order of Colonel Penner

CHARLES F. SAMMOND,

Captain 120th Field Artillery.

(Official)
Distribution
1st Bn 3
File
Col.



Wednesday, August 7, 1918.

Lively shelling continues day and night. Most of the personnel of the firing batteries occupy holes dug into the rock of the hillside along the road entering St. Gilles. Chaplain O'Connor, assisted by Battery B, buries two machine gunners of Co. A, 121st M. G. Bn. at roadside. Gas masks are worn frequently, sneezing gas predominates. During the afternoon Pvt. Leo Tallroth, Battery B, was killed by a shell fragment and Pvt. Charles Hagerstrom, Battery B, wounded so seriously that he died in the ambulance. Seven others wounded or shell shocked. The German fire is now coming from the right so the hillside no longer offers much protection. At 18:45 hours "B" and "C" fire barrage of two hours for infantry to attack across the Vesle. We are now supporting the 28th Division, Pennsylvania National Guard. Our Division has been relieved, except artillery and ammunition train, and is in reserve in our rear. During the day an enemy plane shot down the French observation balloons at Le Creaux and Dravegny, the latter at our Regtl. Hqrs. One of Lt. Gallun's ammunition trucks from the 107th Ammunition Train gets shot up while delivering Battery B and goes to shop for repairs. Personnel of "A" Battery returns to rear echelon in Bois Mueniere to await new guns. Many men and animals have mustard gas burns and all need rest and a square meal.

Thursday, August 8, 1918.

This was the quietest day since our arrival in this sector. Occasional shelling but comparatively little. We are cheered by seeing some new Allied planes sailing overhead. The Germans have had their own way in the air to date. Batteries B and C shelled. Corp. Jos. Higgins, Battery C, slightly wounded—his escape almost miraculous. 1st Battalion echelon and P. C. heavily shelled and the gas mask is worn in afternoon and at midnight. Batteries B and C execute several fires on Fismette. Fire at midnight for protection of Engineers replacing bridge across Vesle. Several gas alarms during the night at Regtl. P. C., and just before midnight gas and H. E. make everybody take to the trenches. Our observation post, Lt. Harris in charge with Corp. Herian and Pvt. Dees, reports Fismette in flames.

Friday, August 9, 1918.

Batteries heavily shelled during small hours. Fire protection barrage for engineers in early morning for several hours. German balloons in observation and batteries get a lively return fire from enemy. 1st Bn. reports first aid station in St. Giles hit; requests three ambulances. Battery "B's" Number 2 gun damaged by shell fire. Four guns arrive at Regimental Echelon in Bois Mueniere for Battery A, and by a curious coincidence are our own Battery "D's" guns which they turned in at Saumur; Lt. Ritzler's handwriting in gun books. Capt. Swift and Capt. Fuller reconnoiter new position for Battery "A". Red Cross gives us a case of chocolate, 500 bars, enough for every man in firing batteries, limber echelons, battalion and regimental headquarters. Repeated shelling of all forward elements during the day.

Saturday, August 10, 1918.

Day spent in comparative peace. Shelling in afternoon and during night. A day typical of this temporarily stabilized warfare. The operations journal kept at the Regimental P. C. by the staff officers alternating on duty at the telephone gives a fair picture of the activities of twenty-four hours:



August 10/18.

0:0 (midnight) Telephonic communication with Madison, Waco, New York, *Bumble Bee, Elkhart.

0:25 Received from Waco 3rd Corps plan, to be put into effect in case plan indicated under 23.20 is followed by success.

H hour for this will be transmitted later. Rate of fire, 3 shots p. p. p. m. for 4 min., 2 shots p. p. p. m. for 4 min, 1 shot p. p. p. m. thereafter. Concentrated fire of one battery on points indicated.

P	X 206400	Y 287700
1	207600	288100
2	206680	288350
3	606900	289100
4	207000	289200

Fire on points will be directed—
on point P H—15 to H

1	H to H plus 10
2	H plus 10 to H plus 30
3	H plus 10 to H plus 55
4	H plus 55 to H plus 1:15

0:4 This plan was telephoned to Elkhart, Covington. He will use a battery of 3 guns (C) speeding up rate of fire 33.3%.

1:00 Official time Waco to LaCrosse to Elkhart, Covington.

1:30 From Elkhart, 130 and 150 (German guns) start firing one shot every minute and one shot every two minutes respectively on road between 1st Bn. 120 Hq. at St. Gilles and batteries B and C at approximately 49.57. Transmitted to Madison 2

1:40 Request Ballistic elements "Sentage" of Waco 2.

1:50 Gas Alarm sounded some distance away on Dravegny, St. Gilles road. West wind. Alarm was not transmitted to men.

1:50 -2:00 Sound of intensive machine gun fire—guard reports direction of east edge Bois Chanet 12:92 Rep. to Mad. 2

2:30 Received from Waco 2 "Sentage" Temp. 13 P 769 at 2 A. M.

Wind	Alt.	Direction	Velocity
	0	35	2
	200	36	5
	500	38	9
	1000	38	8
	1500	39	8
	2000	39	7
	3000	38	9
	4000	38	10

2:45 Sentage transmitted to Elkhart, Satrang.

2:45 From Elkhart Satrang 1:30 shelling of road at St. Gilles lasted 25 minutes. 2:35 Battery B shelled by a few shots Transmitted to Madison 2.

3:55 Whittaker reports that he has transmitted H hour 4:30 for start of program indicated at 23.20 to Elkhart.

* For Code Names See Page 10.



- 4:05 Passy, Cpl. Herian reports 5 two star green rockets direction 46.37-37.88 also some German Artillery fire on 45.45 north of O. P. Transmitted to Madison 2.
- 4:40 From Elkhart Richter reports C Battery starts fire at 4:01. B at 4:17 mistake in H hour (B). He said he had given H hour as 4:30. B Battery shelled at 4:30. Latter transmitted to Madison 2.
- 5:00 Communication to Madison 2 slow, otherwise good.
- 5:35 Requested of Waco 2 H hour of second program for shoot. Program probably will not be effected. Waco will advise us of H hour as soon as he receives it.
- 6:05 Call to Elkhart, Richter. B Battery shelling at 4:30 lasted 10 minutes. B Battery completed fire at 5:45, fired 560 rounds. C Battery still firing. No casualties or material damage reported on B Battery. Not transmitted to Madison.
- 6:20 Passy reports South entrance road to St. Gilles being shelled 1 per minute. Transmitted to Madison.
- 6:25 Elkhart reports shelling of Bumble Bee (old Battery A position) at 6:22, Battery B at 6:25, Elkhart at 6:25, transmitted to Madison; request for counter battery.
- 7:25 Complete Communications.
- 7:30 Bombardment of Bumble Bee, Kicky and Elkhart reported finished. 60 shells—no damage. Reported to Madison 2. Soucy wishes us to change O. P. location to heights near Fismes.
- 9:13 Waco orders 1 battery fire following barrage:
From pt. 205650 — 287365
to 205800 — 287200
rate of fire 3 rds. p. p. p. m. for 5 min.
1 rd. p.p.p.m. for 10 min.
To be laid and reported to Waco who will order fire when needed. Transmitted to Elkhart.
- 9:47 Elkhart reports batteries laid. Transmitted to Waco who says their barrage will be known as "Fismette Barrage"—transmitted to Elkhart.
- 9:54 6.00 Sentage received from Waco and transmitted to Elkhart. See file.
- 10:35 10.00 Sentage received from Waco and transmitted to Elkhart. See file.
- 10:37 Cövington reports enemy fire (150s) 500 meters due north of St. Gilles. Continues at time of report. Transmitted to Madison.
- 10:40 Waco orders Fismette barrage fired immediately, to last one hour. Transmitted to Elkhart.
- 10:49 Waco orders following fired by remaining battery: from point 205800-287500 which is on Fismes-Merval road sweep back and forth between this point and one kilometer North-east, rate of fire: 2 rds, ppm for 5 min., 1 rd. ppm for remainder. One hour of fire. Transmitted to Elkhart. Observation on this fire believed possible. Bn. will communicate with O. P.



- 11:23 We observed 4 rds. probably 150's on 36.86. Transmitted to Madison.
- 11:25 Major Einfeldt requests following transmitted to Col. Penner:
2000 rds. at battery position too many for safety. Requests 700 to 1000 rds. at battery reserve dump in immediate rear between which battery truck service be established. Wants formal order on this.
- 11:35 Elkhart reports C Battery commenced Fismette barrage at 10:57. Passy reports Germans ran out of barrage for cover. Transmitted to Waco.
- 11:41 Waco orders fire of both batteries continued at rate 7 rd. pppm until ordered to stop. Transmitted to Elkhart.
- 11:45 Lt. Col. Fish found dud 200 meters rear of P. C. If Capt. Kohler has it dug up and sent to Brigade H. Q. they can get dope on battery firing.
- 11:54 Elkhart reports B Battery commenced firing at 11:48. Transmitted to Waco.
- 12:05 Waco orders fire of Batteries C and B cease, C to remain laid on Fismette barrage. Transmitted to Elkhart.
- 12:15 20 rds. on 36.86. Transmitted to Madison.
- 12:20 Waco gives following information: Division to left (56th and 55th Brigade) will swing across r. r. and clear woods of M. G.'s at approximately 102870-283568. Waco helping them with fire of heavies (155's). This will clean up situation and permit us to advance. Division on rt, and left have held us up by lagging. Our ground cleared for an advance when rt. and left are ready.
- 12:38 Elkhart reports batteries being shelled. Fire coming from true North. Calibre 150's. Transmitted to Madison.
- 12:50 Harris at O. P. reports shell fire. Neighboring O. P. (10 meters away) struck and a Lt. and two men injured. Instructed to abandon O. P. with men and instruments in case of bombardment and get into dugout. Also instructed that each man at O. P. must know way to Bn. P. C. Transmitted to Madison.
- 13:05 Covington reports data on two fires of "C" and "B" respectively.
(a) "C" fired Barrage Fismette from 10:57 to 12.16-360 rds.
(b) "B" fired on road from 11.48 to 12.17 105 rds.
- 13:05 Report from Covington: German balloon up, direction Fismes. Fire on batteries commenced 12.30, ceased 12.42. Started again 12.58 and continues. Transmitted to Madison.
- 13:20 Enemy shelling LaMulette woods again. Continues at time of report. Transmitted to Madison.
- 13:30 Shelling of batteries by 130's at rapid rate of fire reported by Elkhart. Continues at time of report. Transmitted to Madison.
- 13:40 Shelling of road St. Gilles-Dravegny at rate of 3 to 4 per minute at point near Bumblebee at 286 Y line reported continuing at time of report by Bumblebee. Transmitted to Madison.
- 13:40 Shelling of Raray farm reported by Capt. Kohler. Continues at time of report. (35.77) Transmitted to Madison.
- 13:50 French Communique received, see file.



- 13:59 Major Einfeld reports enemy fire on St. Gilles continuing with extreme violence. Further judgment of fire indicates 77's and 105's. Believe two Boche balloons directing fire. Requests action. Transmitted to Madison.
- 14:10 Parker at Bumblebee reports 6 balloons up, 2 in our sector. German plane from behind their lines flew south over Bumblebee. Fire on road St. Gilles-Dravegny (at intersection with 286 Y line). Continues with violence. Transmitted to Madison.
- 14:25 1st. Bn. Hq. and B Battery being heavily shelled. Transmitted to Madison 2. Urgent request made for counter battery work. One of B battery guns put out of action by shell.
- 14:50 Above shelling stopped at 14:30. From Elkhart Covington transmitted to Madison. Soucy advised of good O. P. positions on North end of ridge 1 kilometer south-west of Fismes—trench and protective hedge; telephone connection thru 28 Div. Central Chezelles Farm.
- 15:30 Waco 2 Hunter orders Fismette barrage to be increased by 100 meters
- | | | | |
|---|--------|---|--------|
| x | same | x | same |
| y | 287465 | y | 287300 |
- transmitted to Elkhart—Covington.
- 15:50 Passy O. P. Dees reports three German balloons in observation. Location called for.
- 15:55 To Bumblebee Harris. Information on possible O. P. location S. W. of Fismes transmitted.
- 16:05 German shelling of Bois Chanet and road near 46.86 N. E. corner of Bois de Ray. Reported by Colonel Penner.
- 16:40 Coordinates of location cited 3.55 transmitted to Bumblebee—Harris. O. P./204200—285836 equals EYMEYY—EOAORN central/204838—285630 equals EYMORO—EOANRY
- 17:06 Synchronized time received.
- 17:10 Elkhart—Pink. Bn. P. C. being shelled. Two guns 1½ min. interval, then again two guns. Transmitted to Madison 2.
- 17:30 French Balloon in forest vicinity 60.04 was shot down by German airman amid a strong anti-aircraft and machine gun barrage. Balloonist descended in parachute. French balloon north of latter also subject to attack of same German airman. Was not shot down. Balloonist descended in parachute. Very daring skillful exploit.
- 17:40 Passy—Harris refer to 3:50 report from Passy. Reference point church in Fismes coordinates 286600-205780.
- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1 | 5 mils to right of ref. point |
| 2 | 87 mils to left of ref. point |
| 3 | 178 mils to right of ref. point |
| 4 | 338 mils to left of ref. point |

German balloon in ascension during day. At 16:30 a squad of about 15 men who seemed to be Germans marched north at 288100-206000



- 18:00 Bumblebee—Wallber message to Swift. Continue along to Bn. Central on Main road. Turn east at Bn. Central pass old "A" position. Wallber will try to meet Swift at Bn. Central. Transmitted to Swift personally by H. V. K. Counter battery work. One of B battery guns put out of action by shell.
- 18:30 Holsclaw telephoned rumored German counter attack not confirmed. Suggested O. P. and Bn. Hq. be warned of possibility however.
- 18:40 Elkhart—Covington Bn. Hq. and Battery B being shelled transmitted to Madison 2.
(C Battery's operations report for Aug. 10, up to 6 A. M. not recorded elsewhere. Battery fired 4.00—6.40; 625 rounds H. E. barrage. Enemy fire light and intermittent. Gun No. 15000 inspected and ordered back in action.)
- 19:15 New coordinates for Fismettes box barrage from Waco:—
X 205 420
Y 287 620
X 205 500
Y 287 620
X 205 800
Y 287 300
Transmitted to Pink at once with instructions to lay on it.
- 19:25 Passy's 17.40 dope on balloons reported to Madison 2.
- 19:30 Dravegny shelled with gas and H. E. continued till 8:15 Roughly 80 rounds.
- 19:35 Passy reported that at 19:15 he was shelled. Some gas. Corporal has difficulty adjusting mask. Thinks he got some.
- 19:40 N. Y. line reported out.
- 20:20 Bn. reported batteries laid on Fismette barrage. Report forwarded to Waco.
- 20:40 An aeroplane dropped an 8 star flare almost over this Hq. Fired machine gun. This reported to Signal Corps 28th Div. who were unable to account for it. Transmitted to Brigade.
- 20:40 Bn. Hq. reported caterpillar rockets from direction of lines. Report forwarded to Waco.
- 21:15 N. Y. line reported in.
- 22:22 N. Y.—Bumblebee line reported out.
- 23:25 New York—Bumblebee line reported still out. N. Y's batteries lines also out so they have no men to send on N. Y.—BB line.
- 23:35 Gas shells landing about a kilometer away to N. W. of P. C.
- 23:45 General gas alarm at P. C.
- 23:50 Masks off.



Headquarters 120th F. A. Information Report to Brigade

From 12.00 Aug. 9 to 12.00 Aug. 10 1918

1. ARTILLERY FIRE.

Considerable artillery activity directed mainly against the Battery positions and St. Gilles and vicinity marked the past 24 hours. Shelling of the Battery positions started at 13.20 when the 150 Howitzers fired for a short time on Battery B and C. The same positions were again shelled at 15.56 and at 4.30. At 6.22 firing again started on the same positions and was continued intermittently until 7.30. Harassing fire was directed during the day and night on the roads leading into St. Gilles and on Dead Mans Corner. At 2.45 the road leading into St. Gilles from the south was shelled for 25 minutes. At 20.25 the enemy directed a gas bombardment at the Longueville Farm which continued until 20.50. During the night the enemy continued dropping gas shells over the region near Fismes, but no casualties have been reported. At 5.45 gas was placed at Boie de la Muette and Raray farm. Again at 11.00 2 gas shells were again dropped near Bois de la Muette.

2. MOVEMENTS.

Very few troop movements were reported. The observer at St. Gilles reported at 13.30 that several squads of men numbering from 10 to 12 were seen travelling along the road to Fismette from the north and turning west at 51.77 into Perles. At 16.46 troops were again sighted passing along the road leading to Blanzly les Fismes. At 10.45 OP reported that our artillery fire was driving the Boche from the woods at 205500-288450.

3. WORKS

No Change.

4. BALLOONS.

One balloon was observed on the German side evidently observing the fire directed at our batteries at 16.05. No other balloons were sighted. The above balloon was located north of St. Gilles approximately at Blanzly les Fismes.

5. PLANES.

At 18.35 an enemy plane was sighted over Dravegny but was immediately turned back by the Anti Aircraft guns. Another plane again appeared at 19.50 but the aircraft guns also turned it back. At 17.50 about 6 planes pursued a Boche plane over Fismette and drove him back.

6. VISIBILITY. Good.

7. IMPRESSIONS OF THE DAY: It is quite possible that the enemy is making its stand on the North bank of the Vesle from a quite thoroughly prepared position, with very little artillery at its disposal. It is obvious that the enemy artillery is very much less in quantity than our own. Enemy fire has effectively raked the valley in which lie Cohan and Fismes and the small lateral valleys that feed it. All attempt to cover



echelon, bivouacs, battery positions and to retard the circulation. The fire while well directed has served rather to harass than to destroy. In a number of instances gas shells were used where obviously H E would have served the purpose better, an instance being the harassment of Dead Mans Corners above cited. This suggests the proposition that the enemy is not bringing up new large quantities of ammunition but is utilizing such ammunition as immediately available to him.

The counter battery work requested through Madison 2 against Batteries firing on 120 F. A. 1st Bn. P O and Echeleon and Batteries B and C has not been effective. The German batteries responsible for the harassment fires on these points have not been covered sufficiently well or at all, or they have moved or other batteries have taken their mission. These points continue to be seriously molested at irregular intervals which will result in reduced efficiency unless the condition is relieved.

The enemy movements observed probably anticipated the counter attack on Fismes considered by the enemy as suggested by Madison 2.

The entrance into the sector of the new Allied air planes should serve to decrease the activity and accuracy of the enemy artillery fire. Previous absolute air supremacy of the enemy air planes not only retarded circulation but surely impaired the morale of the troops maintaining the Cohan-Fismes valley position.

Herbert Kohler
Capt. 120 F. A.
Information.

Headquarters Third Army Corps

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, 10th August, 1918.

MEMORANDUM

CONFIDENTIAL.

NO. 17.

1. The following extracts from a report of the Second Bureau, VI Army are published for the information of all concerned:

COMMENT ON AMERICAN FIGHTING:

The German prisoners are much of a mind that the American troops show bravery in action. They go at it as a sport, one Saxon prisoner of the 364th Regt. declared on August 2nd. *A general observation is made that the Americans sacrifice their troops needlessly by close formation, by needless headlong rushes at machine-gun nests, and by insufficient attention of soldiers to their shelter from German fire.* This, they note especially relative to the machine gunners. One prisoner declared: 'I am sure that my company without casualties on one occasion mowed down three American



companies.' Another prisoner, however, complained that his company was blocked for some hours by an American machine-gun nest, which they were unable to locate. (An officer commanding a company, 401 Regt. at Hill 184), July 24.

An officer of the 354 Regt. refused to talk August 1st, other than to abuse the Americans as 'inhuman', to the French interrogator. A stool-pigeon chatted with him during the night about the Americans. The officer declared:

- (a) *The Americans advance in closed formation.*
- (b) *They attack slowly without paying attention to bullets instead of going forward by jumps and seeking occasional cover.*

He praised them for: (a) Precautions taken at night to cover their lights. He declared that they are courageous fighters, and was impressed at the number of their autos and their substantial equipment.

Other interrogations disclosed that: (a) American officers and men had been seen going to the trenches on horse-back. (b) That a counter attack on Vaux was foreseen by the increased activity within the American outposts and the frequent telegraphing of the official time."

It is believed that the attention of all commanders should be called to the advantage which may be gained from:

- (a) Greater use of natural cover.
- (b) Greater attention to depth of formations, with less density in the attacking lines.
- (c) Preceding the first advance of the attack with groups of automatic riflemen and machine guns at wide intervals, working forward to positions under cover for neutralizing fire on hostile troops and machine guns during progress of the attack. Such groups could often be worked forward under cover of darkness and should select positions covered from fire from the rear in order not to block the fire of the attacking troops.
- (d) Insuring that the objective receives the combined effect of the three small arms (rifles, automatic rifles and machine guns).
- (e) Thorough instruction of platoon commanders in combining the effect of the four weapons at their disposal upon strong points.

This Memorandum is issued to Divisions, and the distribution to lower units will be limited down to and including Company Commanders of Infantry and Machine Gun Units.

By command of Major General Bullard:

A. W. BJORNSTAD,
Brigadier General, G. S.
Chief of Staff.

Official:

DAVID O'KEEFE,
Acting Adjutant General.



Official Diary

Sunday, August 11, 1918.

Battery "A" with new materiel takes up new positions a half kilometer east of St. Gilles. Bon chance to you, Battery "A". Four planes in combat north of Regimental Hqrs. One falls, nationality unknown. Battalion Hqrs. and "B" battery receive most attention from the enemy artillery today. Batteries fire the Fismette Barrage and a number of zone fires. Infantry fighting in and around Fismette. Lt. Harris makes reconnaissance of new O. P. position. Reports plenty M. G. fire at proposed location. Notice received at 6:40 P. M. to prepare for movement of batteries tonight to relieve French on our right; Batteries to move one platoon tonight and one tomorrow night. Col. Wales, 147th F. A. Col. Penner and Lt. Whittaker with French liaison officer from Brigade Hqrs. visit French Colonel near Abbaye d'Igny to arrange for the relief. French Colonel calls off relief as it is too late for daylight reconnaissance and arrangements are made for relief by full batteries tomorrow night.

Monday, August 12, 1918.

Early morning news of move. Everybody anxious to go. Day spent in packing. Day quiet. About 9 P. M. battalion detail leaves Piscicole le Louline (Bumble-bee) bound for Courville. Batteries leave St. Gilles, as they entered it, under brisk shelling. We relieve 232d French Artillery in new portion of Sector on right. New home looks good to everybody. Batteries B and C move. Battery A retains position. 109th F. A. 28th Div. U. S. attached to 120th F. A. Regimental Hqrs. moves to Arcis le Ponsart.

CONFIDENTIAL.

Hq., 32nd Division,
2nd Sec., G.S.
August 15, 1918.
No. 6

Summary of Information

FRENCH COMMUNIQUE FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER,
15 AUGUST, 1918.

The French troops continuing their progress between the Matz and the Oise have taken possession of RIBECOURT. To the East of BELVAR, elements of French Infantry having broken up a German counter-attack in preparation, have succeeded in taking prisoner seven officers, two of which are Battalion Commanders, and a certain number of soldiers. In the regions of ROYE and of LASSIGNY the artillery duels continue very lively.

CAMOUFLAGE

Translation of a German Document: From French IVth Army Bulletin, August 8, 1918.

1st Army
Command of the Aviation Service.
Ia-Ib.

Army Headquarters,
July 1, 1918.



I. Essential Points in the Construction of Positions.

(ab) General.

1. Camouflage will be completed before undertaking the work.
2. Camouflage will be sufficiently extensive in order that all the work required may be carried out under its protection.
3. Faulty installation will be left in place as dummy work and begun over again at another point with the necessary prudence.

(b) Tracks.

1. Tracks must be as few as possible and have a natural appearance. It is best to avoid all tracks by building the position on roads already in existence.
2. Provide fixed access for everybody.
If necessary, stake the paths out by means of wire.
3. Extend indispensable tracks beyond the position as far as the dummy work.
4. Use furrows as paths, do not go across fields.
5. Do not dump materials in the immediate neighborhood of the position.

(c) Color of the camouflage.

1. Harmonize the color of the camouflage with the terrain. Green camouflage in meadows, brown in plowed fields, white in quarries.
2. The upper surface of the camouflage will be in alternate light and dark tones; grass, reeds, hay or branches fixed in iron wire, etc.
3. Renew the camouflage in proper time: the grass and branches fade quickly and appear light and not dark on the photographs.
4. The position must not extend partly over one field and partly over another, as two fields are seldom of same color. The furrows will be reproduced in the camouflage.
5. Camouflage materials, such as the sod removed and small trees, will be taken at a distance of at least three to four hundred meters from the position; place the dummy work at a sufficient distance in order that it does not reveal the true position.

(d) Forms of camouflage.

1. Do not raise the height of the camouflage needlessly; the higher it is the more shadow it throws. Raise it by means of posts during the work; bring it down by day and lay it flat if possible; cover mainly the entries and exits.
2. Do not make a heap of the earth removed but scatter it immediately.
3. There must be no fresh cuts visible, as marked contrasts result from it between the light and dark surfaces, the latter appearing as deep shadows on the ground.
4. Avoid regular shapes and rectangular outlines.



5. Do not change natural shapes. Positions in fills and embankments must not change the form of the fill or embankment.

6. Use the roads, fills, embankments, slopes, sunken roads, edges of woods, to greater extent. Deceive the enemy by false tracks ending in woods.

II. Main Instructions for Columns.

(a) Resting columns, location and nature of halting-places.

The most important thing is that the halting-places be of irregular form.

1. It is best to distribute the columns irregularly under trees of gardens, avenues, roads and courtyards, even if not very dense.

2. The camouflage of wagons or artillery pieces by means of branches does not secure them from reconnaissance by airplanes, when the column is in the open on light-colored ground, as for example, on dry roads. Shadows enlarge in a surprising manner.

3. In villages, keep close to the houses, walls, enclosures of gardens and hedges, but, if possible, with irregular distribution. The best side is always the north side of houses, walls, etc., on account of the shadow.

4. In small court-yards, the wagons are lined up one beside the other and the tarpaulins joined in order to make a roof. This appears as a smooth and very natural surface on the photograph, which does not attract the enemy's attention.

5. In broken country seek the protection of the ground, the north side of embankments, hollow roads, hedges, etc. When there is no cover, very irregular distribution is required. Contrary to what has been said above, camouflage with branches is recommended when the ground is green: these branches will, if possible, be formed with a regular curtain and extend to the ground so that the shadow is diminished and weakened.

6. Lessen the tracks, if possible. Do not widen the roads of approach uselessly. Follow the track. Mark out footpaths, staking them out, if necessary, by wire.

(b) Troops on foot, wagons and artillery columns on the march.

1. Even at night make more use of tracks which are generally dark; the columns can then with difficulty be observed by airplanes; on the other hand, columns on roads which appear light can be seen even at night.

2. Infantry columns will be divided into small groups distributed in depth and advance along the shady side of roads.

3. When airplanes use light projectors at night, keep in the shade of trees or buildings.

III. General Rule.

When surprised by airplanes either by day or by night use all natural shade provided by trees, embankments, houses, etc., and remain motionless.

By order of the General Commanding the Army.

Chief of Staff.

(Signed) FAUPEL,

Lieutenant Colonel.



STATEMENTS OF THREE ITALIAN PRISONERS WHO ESCAPED
FROM THE GERMANS
(FROM THE 28TH DIV. U. S.)

There is very little infantry along the front but a concentration of machine guns, in nest of two or three guns each.

The prisoners crossed the AISNE RIVER at BOURG COUMIN where they found a great congestion of traffic on the bridges. There are three bridges at that point, a wood bridge, a pontoon bridge and the railroad bridge. They stated that our shells were falling about 600 meters to the northwest of these bridges.

The prisoners saw a great deal of movement, all of which was toward the North beyond the AISNE RIVER.

The food was very inadequate, and when a horse was killed by shell fire the Germans issued the meat to the prisoners.

They reported having seen trains of wounded going toward the rear, in some cases some of the wounded men were riding on the tops of the cars.

In the ravines to the north of the VESLE RIVER were the German 77's and farther to the rear the prisoners saw guns similar to the Italian 152's.

NOTE

On the improvement of protective measures against aerial attacks.

Seeing that the frequency of bombardments effected by the enemy aviators against the cantonments, the camps, the roads, etc., is always increasing, it is necessary to take stricter measures to avoid useless losses. These losses are caused in great part by the imperfect organization of our cantonments; also by the carelessness or the indifference of the men and the inefficiency of the "alert" discipline.

It is above all in the occupied camps where no protection is offered, that there will be losses at each bombardment. In using the following methods, the losses are reduced in considerable proportion:

1. Construct camps of as many small barracks as possible, separated by large spaces. Big barracks increase the number of victims. Locate yourself if possible in the woods.
2. Do not build barracks for men or for horses on the surface of the ground, but dig them in above one meter in depth, (even deeper than that for stables), in order to protect the sleeping men against the fragments.
3. Where the nature of the ground or water prevents digging in, raise around the walls big piles of earth or sand bags having at least one meter in height for barracks for men, and higher for stables, in order that standing horses will be protected against bursts in a horizontal direction. This order is in effect for all existing barracks where it has not already been adopted.
4. Where there are no shelters or caves that cannot be made use of, the organization of the cantonments will be completed by establishing some shelter trenches set in the immediate proximity of houses. Zig zag trenches made up of rectangular sections five meters in length and two meters deep have given the best results.



4. If shelters have been built on slopes, in the quarries, etc., the entrances must be protected by banks of earth.

6. The conduct to take in case of an alert must be taught by practice. This point still leaves much to be desired.

7. An individual happening to be on open ground that offers no protection against bursts must lie down as rapidly as possible, flattening himself against the ground, the head against the ground (it is useless to keep the head up to see what is happening). The men will be made familiar to this by frequent practices during maneuvers, marches, etc. Special attention is given to lying down rapidly to protect themselves from bombs. Having been given a numerical superiority over our enemies it is indispensable in this order as in former orders that all chiefs must have the constant idea of conserving the war force represented by each of our combatants; we must take care of our horses which cannot be replaced. It is necessary that the men are entirely convinced that this is absolutely necessary in order to bring the war to a victorious end.

P. O. (Signed) Ludendorff.
PAUL B. CLEMENS,
Major, Infantry, N. G.,
2nd Sect., G. S., 32nd Div.

Headquarters 28th Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONERY FORCES

SECRET.

FRANCE, 15 August, 1918.

PLAN OF DEFENSE

MAP: FISMES 1:20,000.

CHAPTER I — GENERAL.

1. The enemy is holding the plateau between the VESLE and the AISNE with machine guns, light artillery and sufficient infantry to make local counter attacks. He has scattered machine gun nests in the ravines and on the south slopes of the plateau and still holds a few isolated posts between the railroad and the river north of MAGNEUX. His heavy artillery and main defensive position is undoubtedly north of the AISNE.

Our front line at present runs along the north side of the railroad from BAZOCHES through the woods of the CHATEAU DU DIABLE, thence eastward to the northern outskirts of FISMETTE, thence along the railroad on the southern bank of the VESLE.

Pending the advance of the VI Army our present front line will be held, with aggressive and strong reconnaissance toward the plateau north of the VESLE, establishing bridgeheads in accordance with the principals set forth in paragraph No. 3 (b).



ANALYSIS OF THE GROUND

2. (a) THE ENEMY.

The ground between the VESLE and the AISNE forms a plateau. This plateau falls off rather abruptly toward the VESLE and completely dominates the area from a line running generally along X coordinate 285 north to the VESLE, over which our forces will have to move to accomplish an advance. This plateau is serrated with ravines running up into it from both sides following a general north and south direction. Immediately north of the AISNE the terrain again forms a plateau which as we know from previous occupation, is well organized with a complete network of trenches and strong points.

OUR OWN FORCES.

The slope from the plateau south of the VESLE river is indented by four ravines from which it is possible for the enemy to deliver a very effective machine gun fire. East from FISMETTE both banks of the VESLE river are swampy and the stream is difficult to cross, while to the west of FISMETTE within our sector the ground is solid. South of the VESLE river to along X coordinate 285, the ground in general is exposed to the view of the enemy and will be difficult to cross. South of this coordinate line the terrain is undulating and in part concealed from enemy view.

TROOPS OF THE ENEMY.

From German prisoners and escaped Allied prisoners and observation it is concluded that the enemy is not holding the area between the VESLE river and the AISNE river with any considerable force. He has established well selected machine gun, minnewerfer and light artillery positions along the south edge of the plateau without any permanent concentration of Infantry. His principal line of defense is undoubtedly at or just north of the AISNE river.

(b) The division sector will be divided into two sub-sectors, and will be known as the RIGHT SUB-SECTOR and the LEFT SUB-SECTOR.

(c) The right sub-sector will be organized and held by the 55th Infantry Brigade.

(d) The left sub-sector will be organized and held by the 56th Infantry Brigade.

(e) BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN BRIGADES.

RARAY FME (to 55th Brig)—BOIS de la MUETTE (to 56th Brig)—MONT SUR COURVILLE (to 55th Brig)—ST. GILES (to 56th Brig)—cross-roads 500 M. WEST of VILLETTE (to 56th Brig)—BASLIEUX (Brid)—MUSCOURT (to 55th Brig).

In each Brigade one regiment will be up in the line, echeloned in depth; one regiment back occupying the second position, in training.

(f) Plan for the use of Engineers and labor troops will be discussed under separate chapter to follow. The distribution of those troops will be considered in plan of alert and subsequent orders. The Division Commander will command all troops in the Division sector. He will exercise direct tactical command of the battalions employed on the 2nd position or barrier zone.



BOUNDARIES OF DIVISION SECTOR

3. (a)

WESTERN LIMIT.

JAULGONNE, exc.—RONCHERES, inc.—CIERGES, inc.—CHAMERY, inc.—DRAVEGNY, inc.—Hill 213.0 to 204.1—BERGERIE, inc.—MONT ST. MARTIN, exc.—road fork at coordinates 204.7—286.4—FISMETTE, inc.—Hill 175.8, inc.—MAIZY, inc.

EASTERN LIMIT:

BOUCONVILLE, inc.—CRAONNELLE, exc.—CONCEVREUX-MEURIVAL-LE GRAND HAMEAU—cross roads 300 M west of HUIT VOISINS-COURLANDON-MAGNEUX-BONNE MAISON FME.—COURVILLE-ARCIS LE PONSART (ALL of the above to 28th Div.) MACUGNY, exc.—VILLERS AGRON AIGUIZY, inc.—PASSY-VERNEUL, exc.

(b)

ORGANIZATION OF THE GROUND

The attached map shows the general lines and the organization of the defensive system.

I. The green line marks the rear limit of the outpost zone. This zone will be organized in depth and will consist of small posts, well concealed, wired and entrenched somewhat in checkerboard formation with rifle, auto-rifle and machine gun fire over the entire zone. This zone will be held by approximately two (2) companies of Infantry and 1 Machine gun company to each $1\frac{1}{4}$ kilometer of front,

II. The red line indicates the forward limit of the zone of resistance. This zone will be also organized the same as the outpost zone and will be held by about one (1) battalion of Infantry and two (2) machine gun companies to each $1\frac{1}{4}$ kilometer of front,

III. The blue line will be organized as a barrier or second position along the general lines laid down in par. 3 (I and II) and will be held by a force of about two (2) companies of Infantry and one (1) machine gun company per $1\frac{1}{4}$ kilometer.

IV The remaining elements of each Brigade will be bivouaced in rear of the second position in well sheltered places where the men can rest and be trained.

(c)

MISSION OF DIVISION

The enemy will not be attacked in force except in pursuance to orders from these headquarters. The enemy will not be permitted to get away from the plateau between the VESLE and the AISNE without our instant knowledge of his action, and to that end small bridgeheads over the VESLE will be established and maintained as part of the outpost zone. To keep in close contact with the enemy strong aggressive patrols will be sent out covered by the necessary artillery protection.

If these patrols reach their objectives with little or no opposition the broadening of the Bridgehead will be undertaken. Therefore, each patrol is authorized and expected to feel the enemy's line with determination, but not to attack with determination if the enemy is holding strongly, but to retire to the bridgehead.

A succession of such strong patrols, each afforded adequate artillery support must be carried out toward various points and at various times. Bridgeheads will be no larger than is reasonably consistent with security. An increase in size or number of bridgeheads will increase the proportion of troops in the outpost zone.



CHAPTER II—ORGANIZATION OF COMMAND

1. (a) The 55th Infantry Brigade commander will command all troops in the Right Sub-sector. P.C.—MONT SUR COURVILLE.

(b) The 56th Infantry Brigade commander will command all the troops in the Left Sub-sector. P. C.—MONTAON FME.

(c) The 57th F. A. Brigade (less one regiment 75 m/m and two battalions 155 m/m will be attached to this division. P. C.—ARCIS LE PONSART.

As fast as the batteries of the 53rd F. A. Brigade are ready to go into action they will be attached to battalion units of the 57th F. A. Brigade now in line. When the three batteries of a battalion have arrived in the sector and are in action, with suitable equipment, they will be consolidated as battalions and attached to regiments. P. C.—With Commanding General, 57th F. A. Brigade.

The P. C., 103rd Engineers—ARCIS LE PONSART.

One Battalion of Engineers for the present will be attached to each Brigade of Infantry, for the purpose of outlining strong points and trenches and supervision of construction.

The towns of ST. GILLES, COURVILLE, MONT SUR COURVILLE, will be organized and defended by Infantry and machine guns; this will be treated as a separate study and issued as a supplement to Chapter II, Plan of Defense.

(d) Each sub-sector will be organized upon completion of the relief of the troops of the 55th Brigade now in the left sub-sector, by troops of the 56th Brigade. The intervening time will be devoted to reconnaissance and partial organization.

(e) The Commanding General of each Brigade will at once prepare and submit to these Headquarters a plan of defense for his sub-sector.

(f) Each sub-sector commander will prepare a plan of work for his sub-sector and push the work to completion. Attention is invited to the necessity for careful concealment. A plan of work, with map, will be submitted to these Headquarters, and thereafter daily report of progress will be made.

(g) CONDUCT IN CASE OF ATTACK.

In the event of a general attack, the line of resistance will hold at all cost. In the event of a break through by the enemy of our line of out-posts there will be laid down a zone of fire by Infantry, Artillery and machine guns, between the southern limit of the zone of outposts and the northern limit of the zone of resistance. To that end the Commanding General, Field Artillery Brigade will establish a barrage line about 500 meters north of the red line. THIS BARRAGE NOT TO BE FIRED EXCEPT UPON ORDERS OF THE DIVISION COMMANDER.

POSSIBLE HOSTILE ATTACKS.

Besides small raids and larger organized ones by special troops, the following possible attacks should be considered:



1. Local attacks on LE ROLAND USINE.
2. Serious attacks on FISMETTE and FISMES.

In case of small local attacks or raids troops in the line will maintain themselves to the last extremity. They will be assisted by the troops in support, and any ground lost must be retaken by counter attack.

(h) The Commanding General, 55th Inf. Brigade will establish with the Division on our right mixed liaison posts as follows:

LA CENSE FME—1 SEC. INF., 1 M. G. SECTION
 94.65—PETIT BOIS—1 SEC. INF., 1 M. G. SECTION
 LA BONNE MAISON—1 SEC. INF., 1 M. G. SECTION

(i) The Commanding General, 56th Inf. Brigade will establish with the Division on our left mixed liaison posts as follows:

Woods, 47.68—1 SEC. INF., 1 M. G. SECTION
 33.51 (approx)—1 SEC. INF., 1 M. G. SECTION
 23.34 (approx)—1 SEC. INF., 1 M. G. SECTION

(j.) The Commanding Generals of the 57th and 53rd Field Artillery Brigades will prepare the artillery defense of this sector by dividing up the front into sections and numbering sections so that barrage may be put down by means of numbers.

(k) DIVISION RESERVES. (Other than Infantry).

Plan for the use of Engineer and labor troops will be discussed under Chapter VII, to follow—The disposition of these troops will be considered in "Division Alert" and subsequent orders.

(1) DIVISION POST OF COMMAND.

ARCIS LE PONSART (or as subsequently ordered).

The following plans will be promulgated later as Chapters to this general plan of defense.

CHAPTER III—PLAN FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF ARTILLERY.

CHAPTER IV—PLAN FOR LIAISON AND COMMUNICATION.

CHAPTER V—PLAN OF SANITARY SERVICES.

CHAPTER VI—PLAN FOR USING THE MACHINE GUNS.

CHAPTER VII—PLAN OF ALERT.

CHAPTER VIII—PLAN OF SUPPLY AND CIRCULATION. (showing location of food dumps, ammunition dumps, engineer dumps, prisoner cages, etc.).

By command of Major General Muir:
 JOE R. BRABSON, Chief of Staff.

(The foregoing is a typical Operations Order covering the defense of a sector in open warfare.)



Official Diary

Tuesday, August 13, 1918.

1st Battalion relieves French Regiment at 2:30 A. M. Considerable Artillery activity in vicinity. Battery positions shelled intermittently during day. Reg. Hdq. moving from Arcis le Ponsart to Montaon Farm about 9:00 P. M. bombed by planes on road. Hdq. Detachment loses way on road, going to Mont sur Courville. After some difficulty and considerable excitement reach their new Hdq. Battery positions heavily bombed from 10:30 P. M. to Midnight. One big bomb lands about 100 feet from Bn. Radio station. No damage. Echelon in Bois Meuniere bombed several times during night.

Col. Penner assumes command of Light Artillery of left sub sector, including Fismes; command includes 107 F. A. 28th Div. attached to 120th F. A.

Wednesday, August 14, 1918.

More bombing in vicinity of Courville at 4:30 A. M. Pvt. 1st cl. Fred L. Cameron, Battery A, killed by bomb while on guard. Pvt. 1st cl. Warren Fricke and Pvt. Max Murphy, Battery A, wounded by fragments of same bomb. Cameron buried on spot by regimental chaplain. Shelling of Bn. Hdq. and battery positions continues throughout day. Courville is a most uncomfortable place to live in, to say the least.

Thursday, August 15, 1918.

Battery "A" 120th changes position during night to vicinity of Courville. Shelling of battery positions and Bn. Hdq. continues. Shell breaks in "C's" telephone dugout. Pvt. Morisse shell shocked. Capt. James J. Quill, C. O. Battery C, 1st Lt. Wallace Schutz, Battery C, 1st Lt. Percival Slater, Battery B, 2nd Lt. John Leene Battery A, 2nd Lt. Paul K. LeBaron, Supply Co., and 2nd Lt. Richard Bard, Hdq. Co. leave Bois Meuniere for U. S. A. to act as instructors. Bon Voyage! We will miss you. 1st Lt. J. R. Harper assumes command of Battery C. 1st Lt. Hilbert Wallber, of Battery A, recommended for captaincy, goes to duty with Battery C. 2nd Lt. Ralph H. Pierce reports for duty; attached to Battery A. 2nd Lt. Thomas Uhl, acting 1st Lt. Battery B. Lt. Harris with observation party establishes new O. P.

Friday, August 16, 1918.

Bn. Hqrs. and battery positions plentifully shelled. Bn. Hq. moved to Mont-sur-Courville from Courville. Pvt. Earl Dusty, Battery C, shell shocked. Battery C under fire continuously thruout day. Lieut. Harry Sontag, Regimental Telephone Officer, leaves for Saumur Artillery School, where he is ordered to report as instructor. Battery B moves to new position in woods south of Courville.

Saturday, August 17, 1918.

Fritz still pounding away at our batteries; we return the compliment. Regimental Hqrs. at Montaon Farm under fire off and on during the afternoon; no casualties. More men ordered to return to the States as instructors; 1st Lieut. Ren L. Holsclaw, Hqrs. Co., Liaison Officer, the Englehardt twins, sergeants in "A" Battery and 1st Sgt. Hotchkiss, Battery "C", leave for America. Good luck, men.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

PC MONTAON FARM

17 August 1918.

FIELD ORDER NO. 3—

1. ORGANIZATION:

The artillery of the left sub sector of the right sector consists of two battalions of the 107th Field Artillery and one battalion of the 120th Field Artillery, this sub sector artillery being under the command of the Commanding Officer, 120th Field Artillery. The Commanding Officer 107th Field Artillery will exercise immediate control of the two battalions of the 107th Field Artillery.

This subsector is being organized in depth by the establishment of lines of observation, resistance and barrier. Complete tracings of these lines and of the boundaries of the subsectors have been furnished battalion commanders. The latter will furnish battery commanders necessary extracts.

The artillery is similarly organized. Two batteries from each battalion will be stationed approximately on the line of resistance to fire on the plateau north of the Vesle. One battery in each battalion will be stationed two to three kilometers in rear of the line of resistance. The rear batteries will be able to deliver normal and eventual barrage in front of the line of observation but will not be required to fire beyond such barrage. They will be prepared to deliver barrage 500 meters in advance of the line of resistance.

2. SECURITY:

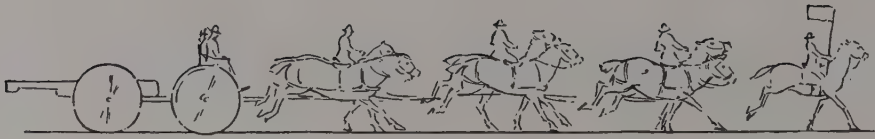
Machine guns will be placed several hundred meters from battery positions with regular positions provided for gunners. They will fire on planes positively identified as hostile, particularly bombing planes which fly low. While accuracy may not be possible at night, the machine gun fire acts as a barrage and will ward off bomb laden planes.

Excepting barrage and fire delivered in conjunction with Infantry operations, battery commanders will avoid fire while their batteries are under enemy shell fire, or balloon or aeroplane observation, and are authorized to temporarily discontinue unimportant fire under such conditions.

3. POSITIONS:

Limber positions will not be in advance of Dravegny. Battery limbers in battalion will be separated by a minimum of 100 meters, and battalion echelons in regiment by 300 meters.

Permanent protected positions will be constructed immediately. Requisitions for timber, iron, sand bags and camouflage will be submitted to regimental commanders as early as possible. Gas proof dug outs are particularly necessary.



Reconnaissance will be made by battalion and battery commanders for the location:

(a) Alternate positions in neighborhood of present position to be occupied in case present position is made untenable by bombardment or gas.

(b) Reserve positions in rear of line of resistance. The area for each battalion in rear of line of resistance will be published later.

Battalion commanders will secure and forward to these Headquarters before noon 20th of August 1918, tracings showing locations of the field of fire, minimum range and dead space of present positions.

Similar reports will be furnished for alternate positions selected in accordance with above paragraph before noon 21 August 1918.

4. LIAISON:

An officer from these headquarters is stationed with the Commanding General, 55th Brigade.

Each battalion commander will station an officer with the infantry regimental headquarters.

Each battery commander will station a non-commissioned officer at the infantry battalion headquarters which they support.

Requests for fire received by liaison officers from the infantry will be received through these headquarters.

5. OBSERVATION AND REPORTS:

Battalions will maintain observation positions, and these OP's batteries and battalions, will telephone these headquarters of all enemy fire and movements observed. Reports of enemy fire will contain time, number of rounds, presumed calibre and when possible the direction of fire.

The following daily reports are required from battalions. They will include in confirmation all reports from battalions, etc. telephoned during period:

(a) Information reports. To arrive at these headquarters before 10:00 A. M. To include reports for 24 hours from 8:30 to 8:30. See sample form attached.

(b) Operations reports. To arrive at these headquarters before 10:10 A. M. daily. To include reports for 24 hours from 8:30 to 8:30. See sample form attached.

(c) Munitions report. To be made to the respective regimental headquarters as required. 1st Battalion, 120th F. A. will continue reports as at present.

By order of Colonel Penner:

CHARLES P. SAMMOND,
Captain, 120th Field Artillery, Adjutant.



Headquarters Third Army Corps

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, August 16, 1918.

OPERATIONS REPORT

From 20:00 August 15 to 20:00 — August 16, 1918

- I. WEATHER: Fair.
- II. VISIBILITY: Fair to poor.
- III. GENERAL IMPRESSION OF THE DAY: Quiet.
- IV. INFANTRY ACTIVITY:

ALLIED

Two patrols sent out north of FISMETTE last night by 28th Division to get prisoners advanced about 250 metres when they encountered heavy machine gun fire. Mission unsuccessful. No mentionable activity elsewhere along front. Our lines remain unchanged.

V. ARTILLERY ACTIVITY:

Interdiction fire with 155's and 145's on CUIRY-LES-CHAUDARDES, bridges and roads at MAIZY on GLENNES and MERVAL. Harassing fire on enemy forward areas.

VI. AVIATION:

Active. Seven reconnaissance, two photographic, three artillery adjustment, five protection, six miscellaneous flights. Two balloons up.

ENEMY

Little activity. Some harassing machine gun and rifle fire. No troop movements or circulation observed in forward areas.

Heavy shelling about 1 A. M. on our front line, and forward areas and battery positions. FISMES, ARCIS-LE-PONSART and ST. GILLES shelled with 150 L. Harassing fire on COURVILLE, MONT ST. MARTIN, FOND DU MEZIERES and ST. GILLES-COURVILLE road. More mustard gas shelling vicinity of MONT NOTRE DAME and VILLE SAVOYE.

Normal. Patrols over our lines. Some bombing during night on left of sector. Usual balloon activity.

VII. CASUALTIES: Certified casualties from 32nd Division, from July 30, 1918, to midnight, August 15, 1918:

	Killed	Wounded seriously	Wounded degree undetermined	Wounded Slightly	Missing	Died of wounds	Total
Officers	23	40	30	50	3	9	155
Men	549	811	749	1982	304	65	4460
Total	572	851	779	2032	307	74	4615



Following patients have been admitted to Corps hospitals from noon August 15 to noon August 16, 1918:

32nd Division	41
28th Division	207
77th Division	615

The 77th Division reports 641 gas casualties resulting from gas shelling in their zone. The 28th Division reports 70 from vicinity of VILLE SAVOYE.

VIII. CHANGES IN DISPOSITION OF TROOPS: Nothing to report.

By command of Major General BULLARD:

F. W. CLARK, Lt. Col., G. S., A. C. of S., G-3.

ECHELON – Bois Meuniere

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

This morning from a shady seat beneath my "roof tree", there is a view which ought to stir the heart of a soldier. Just the ordinary everyday activities of a camp up near the lines.

Here in the heart of the woods are congregated the horse lines of several batteries . . . some French scattered thruout the mixture. All the men go about in droves, almost entirely free from the usual discipline, lining up at mess call . . . a few squads out doing sanitary work . . . the horsemen caring for their animals . . . but at other times, quite free to loaf and laze and sleep and read, or wander about to heart's content so long as they do not leave the woods where they might be seen by observation planes.

Khaki tents scattered all about . . . strings of animals on the picket lines . . . the blacksmith shop on one side of me and the mess tent on the other. Even now they're shoeing one measly roan brute that doesn't want to be shod anyway, so the smith is using language appropriate to the moment.

Camouflage over all the yellow stuff . . . wagons bear screens of bushes about their tops so that they remain unnoticed if motionless . . . for especially in the echelon no foreign color must show on the airphotos which the Boche comes over to take every day or so.

For hat racks and mirror hangers, we use the trees. A stump before my tent serves as a washstand. As I write, my companion is shaving and "singing" in a perfectly horrible screeching yowl, about how He's "GOING Back to a Shack where the Bright Eyed Susan Grows" . . . but he isn't going. Soon as I finish writing I'm going to make a casualty of him, and won't be surprised if Susan doesn't recognize his battered phiz when she looks upon it soon. He's too lucky! Going back to the States as an instructor! Still . . . I don't believe I'd want to go at that.

At the office tent, the little old Y. M. C. A. man—Doc Howie—who is the most likeable one I've met in the A. E. F., is dispensing a store of cigarettes, and jam.



As there is scarce jam enough to give all the boys a taste, he invariably resorts to the selling formula . . . "Now boys . . . just one can of jam to every six men!" and he lisps a bit while he sends forth this war cry, so that the boys are prone to imitate it frequently and with considerable comedy.

The band, still with us and intact, is practicing for a concert, if the bombers don't bomb too much when the cool evening hours come again. The office, so called, is a table in the forest, surmounted with an enormous tarpaulin, and at this . . . and other tables out under the trees . . . the clerks do the little work required just now, and spend the rest of their time reading mail and magazines, playing cards, washing, sleeping, or "resting" from their endless labor of hunting German souvenirs which they'll never be able to carry away with them. The Boche helmets are the only useful things of the bunch. I have one for a footstool, and the colt has one for a feed box, and if you plug up the holes they make good wash basins or grain measures.

Souvenirs there are however, in plénty. I've picked up all sorts of stuff myself, only to discard it later. Boche signs which marked the roads thru the woods. Names on the officers dugouts, cigarette boxes, newspapers, maps, letters, clothing, haversacks, bayonets—and what not—all scattered around in a topsy turvy confusion.

Since I'm too hungry to write this morning, I shall now wend my way to the mess line which is forming, and with my trusty messkit in hand, draw my semi daily portion of slum. Looks to me as tho this Diary from this time forward, is going to be lacking in many details, for there's too much to do besides write.



MEUNIÈRE ECHELON



"Echelon
Scenes in
Bois Meunier"





August 14th.

Sleepy as the deuce today. The damn Boche bombed us as usual last night, until I sure thought my time had come. However, I refused to get out of my tent. Just rolled out on the floor and under the bed rather spontaneously.

At 11:30 and at 1:00 and at 3:00 they came . . . sometimes one and sometimes many. Each trip they dropped from ten to fifteen bombs each, and I always thought one plane only carried about *four* of the big ones.

The first time—I heard the motor but it must have been a different design, for I thought it an allied plane. Off half a mile to the north it was . . . there came a series of explosions, and I drowsily thought, “The anti-aircraft guns are getting after them awright!” Then suddenly, I woke up. We had no guns so near! On the instant came more explosions, and oh boy! . . . they were apparently right at my feet. The dirty devils were right over us and kicking their rotten eggs loose until I thought it was raining bombs.

Trenches are not much use in such a case. Besides it was too dangerous to get up on your feet and run. Better to lie flat on the floor.

“Oh good God!” cried Bard. “He’s just exactly *over* us now . . . I can see him!” Then . . . “And here come some more, straight for us . . . can’t you *see* them up there in the moonlight?”

From his side he could see them coming, and from mine I saw them pass dead over my tree . . . four in a row . . . as they passed on. One dropped a flare. It lighted up the surrounding woods with a dazzling gleam far worse than day light, and I thought they surely must have us spotted, for they circled round and round right overhead.

More bombs dropped. Still we were alive. We could hear the bomb splinters flying thru the trees tearing the branches. But still they were somewhat off the mark. I breathed more freely when they finally went away. We went back to bed. No casualties apparent in our outfit.

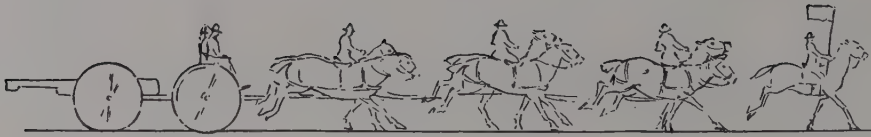
At 1:00 the performance was repeated. And at 3:00 once more. It’s an awful grind—a terrible mental strain . . . but two or three attacks seem to inure one to it, to some extent, so we don’t go quite crazy. We just lose sleep.

But . . . *they’ll be back tonight!* That’s what gets a man. Knowing that so long as you stay, you’ve got to go thru these attacks over and over again. It is a miserable way to live, when one can do no sleeping in the allotted time and must make it up during the day.

The moonlight nights are the cause of these raids. They can see well and not get lost—they can see clearly and do great execution—to places spotted on their maps in daytime—to traffic with which the roads are crowded during the hours when the balloons are blind—so we hope and pray for beautiful dark and cloudy weather, as these “horribly fine” evenings have not the appeal of other days.

Here is an “average bomb” hole—a hole which lies at the edge of the woods about 75 yards away. It was made by one of the rotten eggs the old hen laid last night. Lucky it didn’t fall on somebody’s head or he’d have been posted as “missing”.

Fresh Chicago meat came in today, so we’ll eat and be merry if we can’t drink. Soon we may lose all ability to enjoy such things. I wonder what sort of food the Heavenly Commissary supplies for Souls?



August 14th

This afternoon I took a fine bath. Had a pint of water. It's scarce stuff. There was almost enough to rub all over me b'gosh. Then—all dressed up in a clean pair of sox, I strolled out to the open hilltop nearby, to watch the air fighting down over the lines. And also to have a look at the Boche who go by overhead, at which times I was flat on the ground in an old trench,—not for fear of being injured—but for fear of being seen. The presence of several men near such a place as our, insures a bombing.

The sight of the bursting puffs of black and white which fill the air all around each hostile plane that crosses the line or passes an antiaircraft battery, makes it seem from the ground as tho it were a miracle that these tiny crafts can thread their way thru the barrage. As a matter of fact, I suppose the great majority of shells burst far short, but it ought to be great sport—trying to wing those birds.

On the slope of the hill toward Roncheres, were the emplacements of machine guns, well camouflaged, with tripods in the center from which the guns could shoot straight up at the planes, or down the slope at approaching men. The Boche used them first, and now the French.

While we watched the horizon, I saw three fights and in all cases they were were in range of field glasses. The action of the fugitive in each case proved him Boche, so perhaps we are giving them "what for" in the air.

I learn that some of our boys have mounted a captured German machine gun on one of these nearby hilltops and sneak over now and then to use up a little of the thousands of rounds of ammunition lying about, shooting it up at the original owners, as they fly by. This is against all rules and common sense of course, but I think I'll have a try at it myself tomorrow.

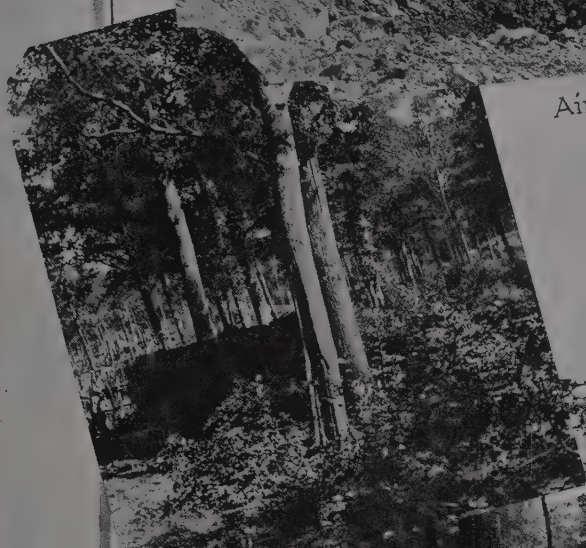
These Frogs next door are interesting folks. They live more comfortably I believe, than our boys do. They have gathered up all the chairs and tables from surrounding farm houses, and have built quite neat little shelters from boards, and straw and moss, all fixed up in quite homely style. They are moving soon, and of course will leave all such stuff behind. We'll profit by it. I want a table—but I don't want any of their cooties. I see them scratching all the time. So far, I've had none myself, but they're inevitable.

There is a big ammunition dump across the road from us. I suppose Fritz will be trying continually to set that afire. He put it where it is, so he ought to know it's there. Unfortunately for him, when the French and Americans started "cleaning up" this woods, he had to leave in too much of a hurry to take anything away with him. The doughboys, and even some of our advanced artillery, saw these Boche leaving in big motor trucks, and a few of the 75 men got "on" now and then, doing great execution.

The ammunition dump is a great sight. Among the enormous piles of "live shells" are many duds which have been directed at the spot. We gathered up quite a pile in the field and looked them over. In different stacks and on various little roads and paths there are piled all sorts of explosives and shell. Great six inch stuff—77's by thousands—little 37's, rifle ammunition, machine gun cartridges in web belts, hand grenades, rockets and flares. It would make a great bonfire.



Air Bomb Hole



Freak Shot
cuts Tree



Home Sweet Home



August 14th

Last night we had a "gas attack" instead of the usual air raid. When the weather is not suitable for one, it is perfect for the other. And sleeping in a gas mask is no fun.

It was not a real attack. But there was an alarm up on the front. At the same time long range shells were landing right beside our echelon, coming in with their wild screech, but exploding with a hollow "Plunk!" which means gas to those who know, so it was safer to don the masks.

What a feeling that gas alarm brings over you in the dead of night—up here in these woods which the Boche so lately infested—and which he would overrun again, were it not for those doughboys who keep him eternally back.

Way along toward morning the alarm came this time. There were the scattering shots from sentries' pistols, a subdued cry and then—

"GAS!"

"WHOOM! WHOOM! WHOOM! GAS! Bound out, you sleepy devils! Gas! Bound out, dam you! GAS!"

The booming of the triangle—the yells and shrieks and curses—the grumbling of sleepy men and the excitement of those who have mislaid their only protection; excitement? Hell yes! And why not?

The alarm continues—hammering on the triangles and empty shell cases which act as gongs, when suspended by a string from a tree. It spreads far and wide, up and down and all about, like the ripples in a pool when a stone is tossed therein, as neighboring outfits take up the alarm and pass it on.

Coming at night—breaking into your light slumbers—you leap from a sound sleep and fumble and bungle and hold your breath, while you get into the ungodly contrivance which alone can keep you safe. It's a great deal like the sensations you've had, when you hear the fire bell pealing at night, and in the darkness are unable to find your shoes!

Sometimes gas comes in clouds, but mostly in shells. Shells which whistle like H. E. but crack in feeble fashion, unless perhaps as often happens, the Boche mixes in something more powerful to mislead you and make you only duck.

When you decide there really is gas about, and settle down in your mask to stick it out—then gas mask pains and miseries begin to drive you wild. The straps over your ears make them burn and sweat and itch—the tension on your forehead and temples is a perfect ache producer—the eye pieces cloud up and keep you wiping—the gas comes thru and stings a bit—so that your eyes smart and water, while your nose runs and you want to sneeze. But sneeze you dare not, for the reaction is invariably a gasp, and you're likely to get a lungful if you risk it.

All the while the rubber tube in your mouth, tightly clenched between your teeth, makes you drule like a baby, and slobber all over your chin, while your jaws ache like thunder.

After half an hour, the temptation to pull the blamed thing off, and take a chance on the gas being gone, is almost too great to resist. But if you're wise, you wait awhile, even tho it be in cussing and grumbling, and you stick a finger under the mask, opening a crack from time to time thru which you sniff ever so faintly for the unmistakable odor. Perhaps it's still there, and you have to sleep in the mask, which



ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENTS



PILE OF DUDS



is almost an impossibility. And if you succeed, you need a man on guard to keep you from removing it unconsciously. If you have to run in the thing, you are exhausted in a hundred yards, and your valve refuses you enough air to revive you. All this may last all night or half an hour. Happen once in a week or a dozen times a day. It's truly a "gay life if you don't weaken." We got thru last night's performance in about thirty minutes, for what little gas came over in shells was soon blown away by the breeze.

Everybody is sick this morning. Not from gas but dysentery. It is not the fatal kind apparently—just a miserable condition. It has affected every man in the area, and comes from a mixture of causes among which flies, decaying bodies, bad water and the heat, are primary—tho we must not leave out canned food, which is always bad.

Flies—millions and millions of them. In spots, the air is black with the cloud of them. At mess you get a dish full of stuff, carry it away to a shady spot and sit down to eat. When you get there it is covered with flies so thick, that an observer would think we had "currant pudding", for every meal thruout the day. You wave one hand over it—grab a spoonful of the mess with your other—and then, blowing on it to chase away the last hundred or two from the spoon, gulp it quickly. If you are lucky, you don't swallow one or more insects. If you are not—then the fly is unlucky too.

A can of jam—which is a treasure here—draws an equal number of big yellow wasps. They're worse than the flies. They WON'T get off until pushed, and then they get mad and push back. It's a gay life.

It still stinks in these woods too. Found one Boche uncovered not far away. Threw some dirt over him. A rotten bird he was too.



BOCHE GRAVE



"Echelon
Days"





Summary of Reports on Gas Attacks

BATTERY A, 120th F. A.

8/20/18

Unit: 120th F. A. (1st Bn. only on line) Location, 205, 850-282, 500. and various points during recent advance.

Battery A. 1st Bn. 120th F. A.

Locations: 1st Attack, July 31, 1918, echelon near Chateau Thierry, consisting of few bombs dropped from aeroplane. Slight trace of gas. Masks worn $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

2nd Attack, Aug. 4th, St. Gilles

3rd Attack, Aug. 11th, St. Gilles

4th Attack, Aug 15th, St. Gilles & Courville

5th Attack, Aug. 17th, Courville

Method of Attack: All attacks made by H. E. Gas shells except 1st and 4th where gas bombs were dropped from planes.

Caliber: 77 mm H. E. shells used mostly in Aug. 4th Bombardment. 155 mm also used to some extent. Gas shells to the extent of 1000 or more fell in 4th attack.

Gases Used: Mustard, Phosgene and Sneezing Gas.

Wind Direction: No wind in most attacks. If present, was in South or S.W. by S. wind in our favor.

Character of Terrain: Low swampy, wooded region in 2nd attack. Low flat sector at edge of wood in 3, 4, and 5 attacks.

Length of front: 500 yds. by 100 yds. in 2nd attack. Narrow strip of wood for 200 yds. shelled. 600 x 50 in 5th attack.

Casualties: Gas liquid fell on clothes and there were no facilities to wash body until 48 hours after attack. Battery shelled incessantly and after three hours the position was evacuated as shelling increased and men spent night on hill top, masks removed. Material badly injured and battery vacated next morning. No Chloride of Lime available and disinfection impossible. Masks worn total of 5.75 hours in four attacks.

Carl J. Engelhardt, Sgt.

Bn. Gas N. C. O.

Official Diary

Sunday, August 18, 1918.

Usual shelling of battery positions. Our batteries and those of the 107th F. A. attached to us methodically execute their missions. Regimental Hqrs. again shelled. The old church at Montaon Farm with its modern dwelling attached is a populous place these days while the headquarters of both our regiment and that of the 107th occupy it. Perched on its hills, it affords a good target but our building has not been hit. Telephone officer of 107th F. A. and a number of men wounded in court yard. Billions of flies help us to keep our minds off our other troubles. Private Vincent Carver, Battery "C", seriously wounded by H. E. near Bn. Hqrs. at Mont-sur-Courville.



SOUVENIR



C BATTERY OFFICE



Monday, August 19th, 1918.

All elements of the regiment harassed by enemy artillery fire. Battery "C" pounded by 150's thruout the long afternoon. Toward evening, while the officers were giving orders to chiefs of sections for the night's fire, a burst of shelling drove them to shelter in a covered trench. A big shell struck just over Lieut. Wallber and he fell in the arms of Lieut. Harper, dying instantly. The regiment has suffered the loss of a brave soldier and a beloved friend, a type of all that was best in old Troop "A" and the regiment which succeeded it. Farewell, good old "Judge", we shall all miss you. Buried in the garden of the inn at Courville. 1st Sergeant Arthur Mueller, Battery "C" wounded by same shell, 2nd Lieut. Charles F. Richter, Bn. Liaison and Munitions Officer, transferred to Battery "C".

Tuesday, August 20, 1918.

Shelling of entire sector continues. Rumors of relief afloat. We hope they are true. We all need rest and change. The battle on the Vesle has been a stiff and stubborn fight. Our infantry is in Fismette but no progress seems possible up the slopes beyond. Our batteries and those of the 107th F. A. have been busily firing at all hours of the day and night. Lieut. Augustus McElderry, Battery "C", evacuated to Field Hospital, sick.



LIEUT. WALLBER'S GRAVE IN CENTER



CONFIDENTIAL
Not to be taken into
front line trenches

28th Division, American E. F.
Second Section, G. S.
No. 18.

Summary of Intelligence

August 20th — 21st, 1918

(From 12 hour to 12 hour)

I. GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE DAY

Generally quiet. No infantry activity. Enemy artillery and aircraft active.

II. ENEMY FRONT LINE

2 Machine Guns located by observation north of railroad at 207.5—286.9.

III. ENEMY ORDER OF BATTLE

No change. Shoulder strap and papers from body of soldier of the 113th Infantry Regiment (5th Baden) which still identifies the 29th Division. This soldier was killed by one of our snipers on August 19th in FISMETTE.

IV. ENEMY ACTIVITY.

1. *Infantry.* One of our patrols encountered an enemy patrol at 208.8-286.7 about 1:50 hour, and after lively rifle fire, enemy withdrew leaving no dead or wounded. Enemy machine gun fire from 204.5-286.9. Enemy snipers and machine guns were active from the west and northwest of FISMES, and in the small woods at 203.9-286.8. At 2 hour, German patrol of 7 men appeared about 205.5-287.3 and was driven back by our men. At 3 hour enemy patrol of 6 men was observed at about 204.9-287.5 and was driven away with automatic rifle and rifle fire.

2. *Artillery.* Continuation of the harassing fire on COURVILLE and vicinity yesterday in bursts of 4 to 50. From 14:50 to 17 hour concentration of sixty-five 105s immediately northwest of COURVILLE. A small percentage of these shells were gas. During the afternoon more bursts were observed in FISMES than during the previous day, and at 18:40 hour there were evident signs of small fire. Fire on ARCIS LE PONSART was less intense than during the previous day, about 50 shells being reported. From 14:40 to 15:10 hour 25 shells fell on PUIITS DE EXTRAC-TION, 1 at exactly midnight and 8 to 2 hour. ST. GILLES and the vicinity immediately north received eight 150s from 15:35 to 15:50 coming from the direction of LONGEVAL. At 22:30 hour 6 shells fell in MONT SUR COURVILLE. Caliber of most of these shells is undetermined. 77s, 105s, and 150s were used for harassing fire throughout our sector but no 120s were reported for the period. In our left sector about 2000 shells fell. These were harassing fire, with the exception of destruction fire on the southern outskirts of FISMES from 3:30 to 3:50 hour, and some destruction of wires. From midnight to 0:30 hour 30 mustard gas shells fell at 204.7-283.8. In our right sector there was no concentration. Following is report from our right sector:

Aug. 20 6:00 a. m. to 11:00 a. m. 40/150s H. E. 208.5-285.5
9:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. 40/105s Courville
9:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. 10/77s 207.8-285.6
(and so on)



V. AERONAUTICS

1 *Aeroplanes.* Enemy aircraft was active as usual making reconnaissance flights over our sector in groups of from 1 to 8 planes. At 15 hour enemy plane over COURVILLE flying from north to south was brought down in flames by an Allied plane, but landed inside of German lines north of VILLETTE.

2. *Balloons.* At 17 hour 4 enemy balloons reported up in center sector.

VI. ENEMY MOVEMENTS

Visibility varied. 6 Boche seen at 204.3-287.4 at 12:15 hour. At 6:00 hour 2 Germans seen on hill north of COURLANDON. At 4:15 p. m. German on path coming down hill entered woods at 209.8-288.7 another following at 4:40 p. m. At 5:30 p. m. 1 German on hill north COURLANDON laid in grass about fifteen minutes, then went west thru woods. These targets were picked up at O. P. The infantry who were within range did not see them owing to position of the infantry.

VII. ENEMY WORKS

A patrol reports sound of driving stakes north of VESLE at 207.3-287 between 1 and 2:30 a. m August 21st. Wire observed 150 yards south of railroad 208.8-286.7. Footbridge located by observation at 207.7-286.85.

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS

Nothing to report.

IX. ACTIVITY OF OUR OWN TROOPS

A patrol crossed railroad at 207.7-286.7 and attacked machine gun post killing or wounding two Boche and were then forced to withdraw by heavy machine gun fire. 2 machine guns and 1 one pounder fired on road from 4:45 to 5 hour to catch Boche retiring from his night positions. 1 pounder fired 16 rounds at shed in COURLANDON with good effect. Troop strengthening the positions and sending out reconnaissance patrols.

BY DIRECTION OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

S. A. HOWARD,

Major, G. S., A. E. F.

* * * * *

Such is the type of "newspaper" which is distributed to all headquarters each day during the fights, to keep them informed as to all that is done by ourselves and by the enemy.

THIS TYPE OF REPORT KEEPS US POSTED AS TO
MOVEMENTS IN THE REAR. AND REGULATES
THE ROAD ACTIVITIES

CONFIDENTIAL

G. S. G-1

ORDERS NO. 26

Hq. 32nd Division

22 August 1918

1. RAILHEAD: No change.



2. SUPPLY:

(a) Rations and forage: Commencing Saturday, the 24th of August, the daily issue of rations and forage will be received by the Field Train of the following organizations, from the Divisional Supply Train, at the Farm south of COURMONT, near junction of the roads LE CHARMEL CIERGES and LE CHARMEL—FERE EN TARDENOIS.

Field Trains of organizations will be accompanied by sufficient detail from Supply Companies to handle rations to be received from the Supply Trains.

Organizations:

Time Field Trains will arrive at destination for rations and forage

127th Infantry	10:00 A. M.
128th Infantry	10:20 A. M.
121st Machine Gun Battalion	10:40 A. M.
125th Infantry	11:00 A. M.
126th Infantry	11:20 A. M.
120th Machine Gun Battalion	11:40 A. M.
119th Machine Gun Battalion	12:00 Noon
120th Field Artillery	12:20 Noon
121st Field Artillery	12:40 P. M.
147th Field Artillery	1:00 P. M.
107th Trench Mortar Battery	1:20 P. M.
107th Engineers	1:40 P. M.
107th Military Police	2:00 P. M.
107th Ammunition Train, Horse Battalion	2:20 P. M.
107th Ammunition Train, Motor Battalion	2:40 P. M.

The following organization will obtain rations and forage with their own transportation at the Railhead, MEZY.

107th Supply Train	8:00 A. M.
107th Sanitary Train, Ambulance Section	8:30 A. M.
107th Sanitary Train, Field Hospital Section	9:00 A. M.
119th Machine Gun Battalion	9:00 A. M.
107th Field Signal Battalion	9:30 A. M.
Headquarters Troop, 32nd Division	9:30 A. M.

In order to avoid congestion on roads, organizations will not approach the refill station, in advance of time fixed for receiving supplies.

4. EVACUATION

Non-transportable and seriously wounded	(Evacuation Hospital No. 4 (at COINCY (To Red Cross Hospital (No. 111 at Hotel Dieu, (CHATEAU THIERY (To evacuation Hospital (No. 5 at CHIERRY (To Field Hospital No. 128 (at BARZY
Fracture Cases	
Evacuable Contagious and Venereal Cases	
Sick, Minor Infection, Contagious, and Complicated Venereal Cases	



Sick and wounded Corps Troop and attached elements to nearest Evacuation Hospital, or to Divisional Hospitals at COHAN, or CHATEAU DE FORET.

By Command of Major General Haan

R. M. BECK, JR.

Lt. Col. Infantry N. A.

Chief of Staff.

Official Diary

Wednesday, August 21, 1918.

Regimental Hqrs. at Montaon Farm again the favorite target of enemy sniping batteries. Orders for a move received. Batteries retire to Bois de Cinq-Piles during the night. Bright moonlight and the enemy airmen are busily bombing but our columns suffer no casualties.

Thursday, August 22, 1918.

Orders for entire command to go to rear. We turn over the defense of our portion of the sector to the 107th F. A. who are receiving their baptism of fire in a rough sector of the World War; Alsace was nothing like this. Under cover of darkness part of Regimental Hqrs. leaves Montaon Farm; Bn. Hqrs. leaves Mont-sur-Courville, for base echelon in Bois Meuniere. Orders for batteries rescinded by telephone from Brigade Hqrs. and they remain in Bois de 5 Piles.

How Moonlight and a Bald Head Served to Keep the Regiment on the Front for a Day

(Extract from a Staff Officer's diary.)

11:00 P. M. August 22, 1918 (Montaon Farm):

It's been an amusing and rather quiet day. Last night orders came to pull the batteries out of the dangerous and active positions they have held for the last week and have them rest in the Bois de Cinq Piles (Five Heaps Woods?) for 24 hours with their guns in firing position at the north edge. The idea was to give the relieving regiment (the 107th F. A.) a day to get adjusted to things, before pulling our more experienced guns and gunners out of here entirely. If friend Boche chose peace today, he could have it, but if he started anything, he would find us still "sticking around".

It was a welcome order to all hands, particularly in view of the fact that the orders provided that if nothing further was heard, the entire regiment would stand relieved at 8:30 P. M. tonight and might cheerfully seek the base echelon, where one finds the kitchens, spare clothes, mail and comparatively gasless and shell-less sleep. Three weeks in one battle is enough, to say the least.



In view of the fact that our elaborate telephone network came up with the battery retirement, that we retained only our one line to Brigade Hq., and that the relieving regiment has taken over the observation posts, we sent our twenty odd men from here into the echelon last night, and only retained a phone operator, a lineman, a messenger or two, not to mention the colonel and me.

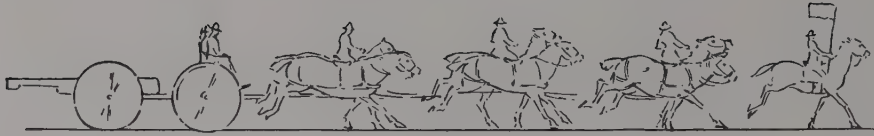
So we lazed away the day, basking in the sunshine, and retiring to the dugout like chickens out of a rainstorm, whenever a flock of shells came in.

But tonight, at about 7:30 P. M., the switchboard buzzed on the one line and Brigade Operations Officer announced, "Orders are to stay in another twenty-four hours. Higher command says they will feel more comfortable." Well, maybe the anonymous High Command may feel that way, but I know a flock of tired artillerymen who won't. The Colonel was away, and there was only one way to carry out the orders, so I dug out the motorcycle driver and folded myself into the "bathtub" and headed over east toward the Bois de Cinq Piles.

We hunted high and low for the outfit but darkness grew apace. Fortunately, the moon was bright and soon the countryside was resplendent with contrasting silver glow and black shadows. We cruised every road near the Bois in which they were supposed to be hiding but found no trace. I wasn't particularly unhappy about it, as I knew the gang wouldn't be sorry if I failed in my mission entirely. It was all of 8:30 by now, and I had decided that the outfit had "jumped the gun" in its eagerness to get away and was gone, but as we turned back, from the dusky shadows of the woods came a flash like a dull heliograph working in the moonlight. We stopped and looked. It flashed again. Something alive in there. I started across the field on foot, hoping that it wouldn't prove to be one of these spy rendezvous we have been hearing about, and reflecting that my armament consisted of one gas mask! Vain fears. As I approached the woods, I began to discern figures, and hear the rattle of harness on standing horses. Near the edge of the woods, I met Captain Glen Swift, and the mystery was solved. He had removed his helmet from his sparsely covered head at an inauspicious moment, and inadvertently had flashed the signal that resulted in my delivering the orders to unhitch, unharness, re-lay the guns, re-pitch the pup tents and stick in the woods for another day on the receiving end of the shelling and bombing. I never, in all my "staffing", had a more distasteful order to transmit. I fear I "cheated" on Rule "A" of the military game and gave the order as coming from higher up instead of assuming the responsibility for it ourselves.

After the first few minutes of unhappy adjustment to the situation on the part of everyone, we settled down for a pleasant visit, and chatted for the greater part of the evening.

Now, back here at the P. C. (Post of Command), I write by the guttering light of a candle stuck on my table down here in the telephone dugout. The old monks who built this place for a monastery, a few centuries back, probably designed this particular dugout for a wine cellar, but it's far better adapted to protection from enemy shells than anything else. In short, it is what our French officer friends would call "une belle cave". At the opposite end of this long, arched-roof, stone retreat, Vern Nichols is drowsing in front of his switchboard. A couple of maps on boards lean against the wall and a field desk or two complete the furniture. Behind me, the stone steps lead up to the moonlight, which bright as it is, can't penetrate here.



Later—I have been having a pipe-full out at the mouth of the dugout. The entrance happens to be right at the crest of this high hill on which the farm is situated. The Boche Avions must be short of bombs (they ought to be, by now) because this wonderful moonlight hasn't tempted them forth. Down at the foot of the hill runs the little Orillon River and the road from Dravegny to Fismes. Across the valley, a plateau stretches off toward Courville and Bois de Cinq Piles. Up the valley toward the front, one can even see the hills behind the enemy across the Vesle. An occasional star shell or rocket marks the "line". The silence is intense, except for a sort of apologetic tap-tap-tap of a machine gun trying by a short burst to search out a patrol or a shadow, now and then. Off to our rear is a French "G. P. F." (6 inch gun) which lets go about every ten minutes. It flashes, the ground trembles, the shell goes by overhead whispering and chuckling to itself, the roar arrives from the gun, then comes silence again, until as the ear readjusts itself, one again hear the whispering of the shell dying off into the north, and finally after complete silence for a moment comes a faint and impersonal crash, like a large wooden box thrown to the sidewalk from the roof. A bird disturbed by the roar of the gun, and deceived by the moonlight, chirps a note or two and then, awed by the silence of the world, again is quiet.

The beauty of this valley in the moonlight makes one ache, after the scenes of the last few weeks.

I guess I'll go to bed.

Official Diary

Friday, August 23, 1918.

Orders for 32nd Division to leave sector. All except the artillery have been in reserve for the last two weeks, and going thru a period of intensive training, which we are thankful to have escaped in favor of the front. Day spent preparing for departure to a new front. No rest, and oh how badly the men need it. Col. Penner and remainder of Reg. Hqrs. leave Montaon Farm and batteries leave Bois de 5 Piles and all assemble at base echelon in Bois Meuniere, arriving during the night without mishap.

Saturday, August 24, 1918.

About fifty replacements, many of them enlisted less than sixty days, are assigned to our regiment, among them many non-coms for whom we have no vacancies. Day spent in preparing for move. Some of the officers and men find time to visit graves of Arthur Kerlin, Maurice Slaney and Quentin Roosevelt. Colonel Penner makes reconnaissance by auto over the roads for the coming night's march. The camp is busy all day and at dusk, with teams harnessed and wagons loaded we lie in the forest waiting for the hour to start which some blessed mysterious higher-up has set for one A. M. Some manage to snatch a few hours sleep. At 23 hours the camp begins to show signs of activity. At midnight we form column on the road, some of the heavily loaded transportation have trouble in the soft ground among the trees. We turn our backs on the unceasing rumble and flash of the combat we are leaving, which has been a costly one for the Thirty-second. What next?

* * * *



Boche Huts
in
Bois Meunier





Taking Guns out of Courville

From a Private Diary

Harper's order—(there was a joker in that for sure)—read—"Don't come until the moon has gone down." And I surely had seen the moon well up in the sky late this morning! It doesn't *go* down!

A good hour ahead of time, I called the boys together, started them to harnessing horses and getting hooked up. We were ready and in line about a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock. I figured an hour or so in which to get to the position, barring any possible stops.

What a "beautiful" night it was—with the big yellow moon shining dead overhead, and all the delicate tracery of the shadows weaving back and forth upon the ground, while the boys sat about smoking, lighting their cigarettes down in the dug-outs, then coming out with them covered by a cupped hand—no spark of light however small must show, to an avion suddenly soaring over our well spotted woods.

The horses pawed and snorted now and then. The men talked in tones needlessly but instinctively subdued—indicating the gravity of the trip, for there is a good chance always on one of these rides that we will leave some poor boys behind for the burial squad.

As I waited, Richter came over from the Bn. P. C. He had questions to ask, and as I did not know him well, I merely answered them, and fumed around a bit impolitely I suspect, wondering if that blamed moon did "go down". But after an hour of watching I saw it would continue to rise until late in the morning.

Exactly at midnight, shells began to come in. One banged and then another. Then a bunch of them. All seemed to be quite well over in another corner of the woods. Planes too, seemed to start bombing on a given signal. Down on the road we could hear them rapidly dropping their cargo of explosives.

I decided that between the two—with so many teams and men right in a bunch here—the safer place would be on the roads, as the planes would have gone for another load before we reached the spot where they seemed to be concentrating.

With a command—"Mount Up"—I climbed aboard the leading limber seat myself and Van Tassel got up beside me. No monkeying with saddle horses up here where the difference in *height* is the difference between life and death sometimes. We struck out thru the dark shadows of the trail thru the brush, the limber bouncing miserably over the deep shell holes—horses stumbling and scrambling—drivers cussing.

Coming out by the ammunition dump, we turned up the road a little way, then cut over to the main highway which ran down to St. Gilles—the one that goes thru Mont sur Courville. Lord, what a murderously bright night it was, when we left the shelter of the trees.

All this country as far as one can see on such a night, is a panorama of bald and rolling hills—the woods only tiny spots here and there. There is not a tree—not a fence—scarce a house for miles, and only the silvery ribbon of road winding on and on before—from which a tremendous cloud of dust arises from the feet of our horses as we plod along.



Woods
near
Courville



Foxhole
near St. Gilles



Limber
Echelon
near
Courville



This country is scoured all night long by enemy bombing planes. From these there is no protection. Plane cannot fight plane at night. Our own squadrons are doubtless busy behind the German lines, at like occupations. But for we poor devils who have to travel these roads and do our work regardless of what goes on over head, it is simply hell. We have not even machine guns, as a last resort if seen and attacked.

No amount of shelling is likely to equal the nerve wracking tension of dodging bombers. A shell whistles when it comes—you can at least duck—and most of them light off the roads.

A Boche plane hums in a certain way, it is true—but you can't escape its speed—and once they spot you, they can drop down to a miserably low height, hold themselves dead over you and deliver upon your helpless head an avalanche of death.

What a target we made! Nothing else moving in all the waste of land. A white bright road—the dust clouds rising high—it seemed all but impossible for them to miss seeing us, unless—there was a slim chance that the dust in the moonlight would look like mist in the valley and pass unnoticed.

We made considerable progress from our woods—were well out on the flat plateau before the planes came with their bombs. Overhead they passed and it seemed as tho they circled or slowed down a bit—so that every one was riding with an eye and ear cocked aloft, ready to make a tremendous leap for the dirt if there was a bare fraction of a second warning. Nothing happened. The planes passed on.

Down ahead we now heard shelling. The explosions first—then later, as we drew nearer we could hear the whistle of the shells. We came to the edge of Mont sur Courville, and found the town under very heavy bombardment. It seemed like sheer suicide to go thru under such a shelling—yet there was little time now to waste—but just upon reaching the wall which rather surrounds it, I noticed a side road running up around the town, beside a high stone wall which offered considerable protection. The village was literally steaming with the dust and stones torn up by explosions. It was a ticklish place. Altho our road led up hill, we galloped the horses with the light limbers, and without accident, left this dangerous spot behind. It was an exciting bit of riding. Men bent low over horses necks—explosions rocking the earth beneath our feet—all in mortal terror of the wall bulging out upon us any time—cannoneers hanging on to the limber seats (me too) for dear life. But it was rather a bit of fun at that. Quite thrilling.

From this stage of the journey, things became warmer and warmer for to begin with—our road began to skirt a low range of hills, which gave us some protection on the side toward the enemy, but likewise drew a large share of his fire in consequence. The shells were coming at the rate of three or four a minute. Just clearing the crest of the hill, they whistled across the road over our heads perhaps fifty feet in the air, to land just down the slope from us anywhere from 100 to 200 yards. There was grave danger from the splinters coming up, and as we urged our horses to their fastest walk, the men kept shielded as well as possible on the opposite sides of their horses.

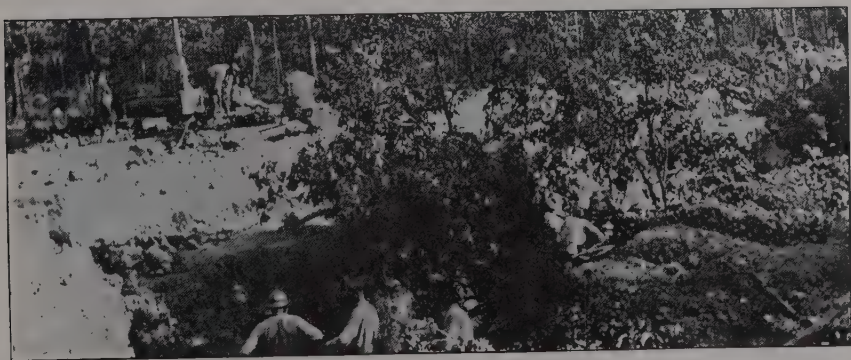
Overhead planes were soon heard again. We had about a mile to go. They concentrated their attack upon the village of Courville which was our destination, and I never saw so many bombs dropped at one time, as they planted in that poor old battered town. We were greatly alarmed for our battery there, and half expected to find



120th F. A. ADVANCING THROUGH RONCHERES



LIEUT. WALLBER'S GRAVE—GARDEN OF THE INN AT COURVILLE



DIGGING BIG GUN EMBLACEMENT NEAR ST. GILLES



them blown all to pieces. The planes circled and circled, dropping many flares so that the night was lighted up like day, and in this illumination they tried to spot the various points where they could do the most damage.

The shelling of the town continued too, so that in the artificial glare of the star shells and parachute rockets, the flaming flashes of the explosions flared up in a hellish sort of picture leaving a vivid impression upon one's mind. I shall never forget the sight.

Meanwhile we steadily approached. It was necessary to yank the battery out of there just as quickly as possible. Just at the first house in the town—while we were still actually "outside" the really dangerous portion, a guide met us. "C Battery?" he asked. "Lt. Harper says to stick close under this wall and keep close to the ground. They've been bombing us continually all night long."

Alongside the high wall we pulled up our carriages. The men dismounted and stood between the walls and their teams, while "extras" got down flat upon the ground. Crouching there in this protection I waited a few minutes expecting Harper, then started back along the path to the battery position, to see what had happened. Shells were exploding all around it. Perhaps they could not move.

The place was in an uproar—the whole village—and I was ready to duck any moment. Was forced to "flop" four times going a hundred yards. Back the length of the lane, just before leaving the wall for the cemetery position, I met Ray Harper. He was much worried and a bit excited. A shell had just hit in a team of mules, kept there in a place "well under cover" and torn them all to pieces. A "dutch wagon" would have to be left behind.

"Send in one team at a time" he said—"just a single pair to jerk out the guns. We'll hitch up in the road."

Back I hiked and unhooked a team. With the driver, I returned and we pulled one gun out. Then a sudden burst just at the front of the position nearly knocked every one over. Then another. The shelling increased, so that we crouched a few minutes by the wall before returning. A quick run—hooked on to another gun—and got that on the road. So it went. It seemed to me that we couldn't help losing some men. But the last gun was dragged without a single accident. "Get to hell out of here—trot!" I yelled to them. And with the men following with arms full of tools—several of them dragging the last bunch of camouflage netting which we had not stopped to throw on the gun, we beat it out to the main road just as another salvo whistled into position.

Down on the roadside the men were all bunched up. We scattered them immediately of course. Then while the planes were starting a new bombardment from the air—they came endlessly it seemed, because of the several positions known to be in town—we started down the road beside the hill. Just to prove that it could be done—the Boche dropped a shell on the slope ABOVE us—and then we sure did travel some!

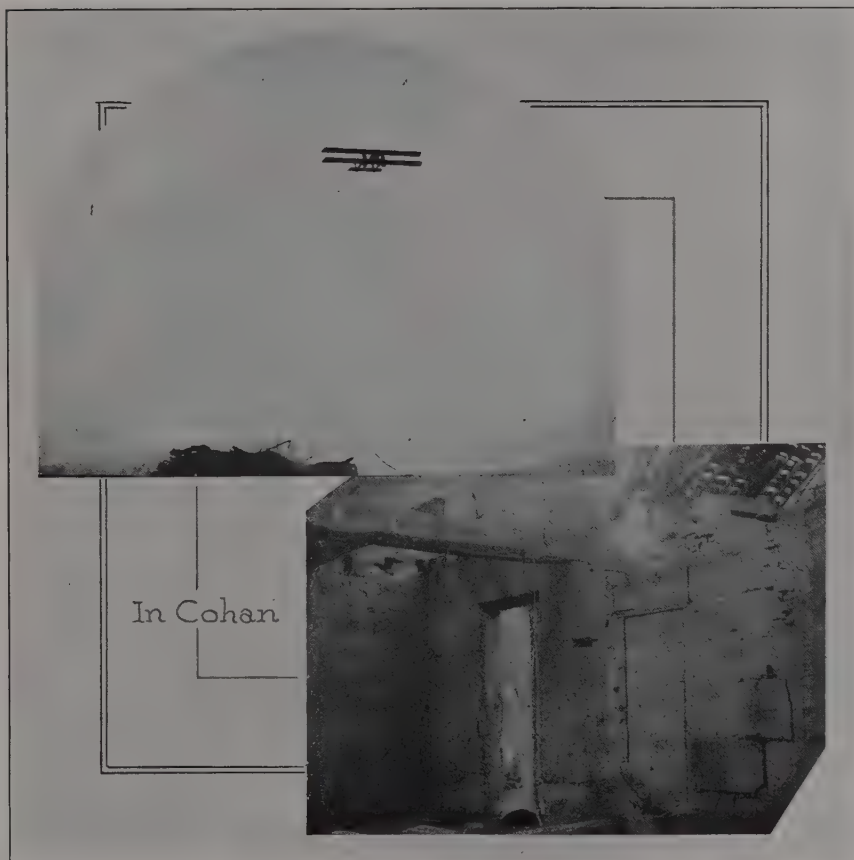
The pieces were well separated—fifty yards apart—and the men strung out in single file, so that a shell on the road would do the least possible damage.

In this fashion we left that hot old spot and went without further trouble until we came to a crossroad before a little woods not far from our own. In this place we had orders to place the battery in position—"prepared for action but not to fire except in case of emergency."



Here, the planes came over again. We felt safer, however, owing to the presence of an infantry regiment just then passing on its way up front, they too in single file, their forms silhouetted against the pale moonlit sky. In case of attack, the force of their rifle fire might drive away the bombers.

We pulled in across the dry field—shoved guns well into the brush which bordered the wood—no camouflage necessary here—and while there were busy laying the guns, Van Tassel and I climbed upon our limbers again, and with the tired teams started back to camp. It was only a short distance now, and we arrived about 3:30, unhitching and rolling into our foxholes, clothes and all, “plumb beat out” as the fellow said.





Leaving For Juvigny

From a Private Diary

We expected orders to move at any time during the day. At evening mess they came. We were to get started that night—make some twenty kilometers, and join the column of the entire 32nd Division in the early morning, to make a forced march overland for a new front where they “need us as shock troops” it is said. Now we’ve decided that there’s “no rest for the good.”

Getting all the wagons packed and the horses well fed and ready harnessed—filling my canteen and picking out a fresh mount to take the place of my bay mare who has gone lame—I settled down in my trench coat on the ground (all baggage loaded) and tried to get a little sleep before we started at ten thirty.

I was to lead the wagon train, and only got warmed up and well awakened after the rest of our column was on the road, so I then sailed into the boys and got the chariots out. If it hadn’t been for the new mule team on the kitchen, all would have gone well.

Nick Adler, and his four little pocket size Jinnies just drawn that day from the line of reserve “horses”—had a helluva time. When he climbed on his seat and urged them forward the first time, they jumped into the collars with a wild lunge—reared—then ran—and he could swing them neither right nor left. They split over a small tree tearing the harness a bit, and stopped.

Finally we got them on the road and going. By this time the column was way out of sight, and the battery waiting to follow us, was swearing and excited, so I kept humping along at a good pace until I came to a cross road which offers two routes to Roncheres. There I was stuck. They thought we’d be close behind so left no markers. Luckily, however, I saw a mark in the white road—a wiggly black line of dripping water from the watercarts—and this we followed successfully for about a kilometer and came upon the column halted in the road.

The reason for the stop was apparent. The air was full of planes. They were bombing the town just ahead, which was full of French troops. The Colonel had stopped for the show to be finished before he started thru the village.

The Boche dropped flares—one lighted right over our heads—and we stood immobile not making the slightest move. They dropped bombs quite close by in the field, but a sort of embankment made our position quite safe unless it was hit squarely.

Later—we moved—and we kept on moving. We grew cold and stiff, and oh so sleepy that you could never imagine it. Who can ever know the suffering of a long fast night march, if he has not experienced it personally? How your bones do ache, and your body freezes, and sleep dulls your brain and loosens your muscular control, until you sway in the saddle and almost fall—waking with a start to clutch at the pommel, mutter at the horse—shiver—then sleep again. Riding until you can ride no more. Climbing stiffly down to walk until your feet are sore. Then riding again. Always at what is a snail’s pace for a single mounted man. That’s the killing part of it after all. The worst part. There’s not action nor motion enough to keep your senses awake nor your body warm.



*The
Long long
March
to Juvigny*



Dawn came at last—pale and wan—then the red sun rose in a cloud of mist on the horizon. A bird here and there let out a tentative plaintive chirp—a chicken or two came out to scratch in the village street thru which we passed. The boys marching stolidly along, rubbed their eyes—shrugged their shoulders around in their blouses—shifted packs, in order to reach inside shirts and scratch—then commenced little by little to start up conversations.

Soon it was fully day break—a fine sun came out shining warm. All that was needed to make men of us again, was a hot cup of coffee.

At seven—arriving in the village of Coincy, we made a halt just outside while I took the kitchens up to the middle of the column at a trot, rattling coals out along the highway—steam flowing behind in clouds—for the faithful cooks had already built their fires as we marched and the slopping boilers were hot.

In no time, breakfast was ready. Steaming hot coffee by the quart—stewed tomatoes—bread and jam. We ate, sitting along the roadside on a little grassy bank. I had a large flat stone for a table. As we breakfasted, the horses munched their morning feed of oats in the nosebags, too tired already to squeal and kick as usual.

The boys hopped about spryly mopping out mess kits with bits of grass or toilet paper. In an hour we were packed up, rested, and ready to pull out again—on an all day hike to an unknown place—but ready for anything.

As the long dusty column rattled off over the rolling hills, we could see miles of troops of the whole division strung out on the various roads in sight, and we got the hunch that the old Thirty Second was headed for a big show up Soissons way.



ON THE WAY TO JUVIGNY



Official Diary

Sunday, August 25, 1918.

At 1 A. M. the column, led by Colonel Penner, moves out from Bois Meunier for Somewhere (else) in France. Bright moonlight and the German air-men are busy. Just outside of Roncheres we hear the buzzing of motors overhead and parachute flares light up the surrounding country. We halt for forty minutes, shivering in the chill night air and feeling uncomfortably conspicuous in the bright moonlight as the industrious "flieger" drones back and forth over our long column. He finally leaves and distant bombing tells us he has found some other target. Tired, hungry and sleepy, the column creeps along thru the chill morning mist, straight west thru Courmont and Fresnes into the welcome darkness of the Forêt de Fère, where lingering smells serve as a reminder of the fierce fighting of a few weeks before. On thru Beauvarden to Coincy which the head of the column reaches about 7 A. M. and a halt is made for an hour while the rolling kitchens go into action. At 8 A. M. on the way, thru Armentières after which our course is roughly parallel to the Ourcq and we halt to water animals, the men carrying the water in canvas buckets from the swampy river edge.

The day grows hot, the roads are dusty and lead over an interminable succession of hills. Doc Pilgrim, our accomplished vet is kept busy getting the signature of French peasants for exhausted horses which he leaves on their hands. These people appear strangely ignorant of the requirements of American Army paper work. We leave the river and march over hills past Neuilly St. Front, and water our tired horses.

We cross the Ourcq and march up a final long, steep hill into the Forêt de Villers Cotterets and go into bivouac under the majestic beeches of the forest near Oigny. The last outfit pulls in at 6 P. M. Sixty-five kilometers today, they say—some march. Horses are picketed and fed and after mess most of the men drop anywhere and fall asleep. At 10 P. M. a down-pour of rain soaks the sleeping camp but few of the men arouse sufficiently to pitch shelters.

At the end of the day's march, Lt. Karl Heimberger, Hqrs. Company, dropped from his horse, overcome by heat, and was evacuated to French hospital.

The March to the Aisne

From a Private Diary

The hours of the morning rolled along in good enough fashion, as we followed the white winding roads, up hill and down dale, thru a fenceless country once planted to wheat, but now showing the usual debris of recent fighting.



At any of the early hourly halts for rest, one could walk over into a field and pick up a Boche helmet, a machine gun in greater or less state of demolition, a bayonet of most any nationality, or cast off clothing. Cartridge cases as always, were scattered far and wide—shell holes thick in some spots—and here and there the ripe grain was trampled flat by the passage of marching or fighting troops in considerable bodies.

From the hill tops one could look to the front and rear and see the column wearily rattling along, under its hovering cloud of dust, stretching out for miles like an endless chain of crawling ants. The whole 32nd Division was on the road. Of course I took pictures but I have my doubts as to their merits.

Here and there we came upon groups of French soldiers at work harvesting the wheat still standing. Now and again a repatriated peasant would pass us, looking with great curiosity upon the faces along the column—bent and toothless old peasants for the most part, who had got back God only knows how. Once we passed under the vault of a railway crossing, and overhead stood half a dozen American girls—Red Cross workers—who waved and cheered us on our way to a new front. They were actually the first women we'd seen in weeks and they looked mighty good to me.

Thru the village of Armentieres we passed. Riddled with shells and bullets so that no house is more than a tottering wreck, it stands like an exposed skeleton of a place, merely a mark upon the landscape.

Thru other villages of forgotten names. Over mile after mile we trudged along. The day grew hotter and hotter. The dust rose in clouds and settled down over all. We found our strength false, after the hard night before, and toward midday began to weaken a bit. We sweated,—tore open our clothes. The saddles got sticky where the dust and grime mingle with the moisture of perspiration. Eventually we were all together miserable, and we were glad when at last we could halt for lunch and to water horses, down in a lowland bog which did not boast even a running stream—just bog holes full of slimy water.

But here too, each of us had his troubles. I started down a long hill toward the head of the column, with my wagon train, when it came our turn for watering. When just about at the bottom of the incline, Baker of the Supply Company butted in ahead of me, and I bawled him out most testily. Then Sammond the Adjutant came over, and I sassed him too, but eventually I got down in the mire and the boys dipped up enough water to give our sixty thirsty brutes a drink. Back into line again, and the kitchens soon were smoking. In a little while we had coffee and corn willy sandwiches. After an hour's rest, we moved on.

This time we did not start so cheerfully. The men were all grumbling and "wondering when in hell we're ever going to camp anyway?" and most every one was just about all in.

At the halts for rest, the men threw themselves on the roadside and lay with closed eyes like "dead soldiers"—dropping off to sleep instantly thru sheer fatigue—and when the bugle sounded "Forward!" again, and our teams started to run over them, they'd awoken with a start and follow.



Boys
drop
asleep in
their
Tracks



Armentières



Crossing the Aisne



We passed the town of Oulchey le Chateaus; off to our right a bit it lay—a name that resounds of history since this spring. Then Neuilly-Saint-Front where the French and Germans had such awful mixups; and it too was left behind. Surely we were going quite to Soissons, we thought.

Going thru one little village, the few civilians must have noticed how tired and drawn were the faces of our boys. One lady waved to us from a “window” made by a shell burst in the side of her house, wishing us “bonne chance”, while a little farther down in the same town—sitting on the steps of an almost completely destroyed house of some former pretensions, was an elderly woman and a younger one—probably her daughter. Handkerchiefs in hand, they were weeping, as they looked about the desolate waste place which had once been their happy home. There was not the slightest structure fit to repair. The place was completely ruined. Yet, these women—I heard the older one say—“the poor boys—just boys—and *how* tired they look!” They called cheerily to us, while waving those same handkerchiefs.

Tired as we were, we had to pitch a bivouac camp for the night. Entering the great woods called Foret du Villers Cotteret, we went to the work with a will, as it meant an early bed as soon as we got thru. Watering horses way down at the foot of that hill again, stringing picket lines among the trees, getting kitchens steaming—men later gulping food—then falling down any old way to sleep on hastily unrolled packs, without troubling to put up tents.

During the night a terrible pouring rain came up. I didn’t wake—but men who did, say you never saw it rain so hard. They were routed out by water running down their backs, and as they crouched in the poor shelter of the trees, or tried in the dark to erect tents all too late, they cursed their hurry of the night before, which had moved them to “turn in” without protection.

At dawn, in the damp and sodden forest, we prepared our cheerless breakfast of coffee and rice—there wasn’t rice enough to count—for supplies were exhausted and there’d be no more eating if we didn’t make our final camp by noon. We hastened to be gone, and were soon on the road.

The trip this day was totally uninteresting for the most part, as we were too tired to see very much. We had made exactly SIXTY FIVE KILOMETERS in one stretch the day before, which is quite a feat for marching artillery.

Besides, today it was drizzling rain continually. We rode in tin hats and slickers, thru the towering aisles of the forest along the national highway, thru the town of Villers Cotteret from which Mangin started the drive last month—thru smaller villages only half destroyed. There were bounteous crops standing unharvested in all the fields. At many a stop we came upon acres of ripe oats, and allowed our mounts to feed at will during these rests. There were scarcely any fences in all this country, so I rode for miles thru such fields, letting the old mare grab mouthful after mouthful of the grain which she sadly needed.



Chateau
Pierrefond





In the place where we stopped about ten o'clock near a battered and uninhabited village, we saw a great field of potatoes, and the Culinary Kids of Battery C, impressed about fifty men on the spur of the moment. Before we moved off ten minutes later, they had dug up with hands alone, fifteen sacks of potatoes. Some spuds! And a welcome change they'd make that night, for we've been traveling on "dried" rations for a week and have had no potatoes for three weeks.

In the towns all the population we saw were soldiers, and a rare civilian here and there was a curiosity. Villers Cotteret was quite a large town. It was there that a good hearted Frenchman came running out to one of our chariots and handed the boys a big loaf of bread. Old Charlie Quigg, our stable sergeant, handed me a hunk as I rode by, so that was really my breakfast. I'd forgotten by then, the little bit we had back there in the woods.

Soon the showers increased. In a little while every one was soaked by the down-pour but me. My little rubber fishing shirt has all the army issue slickers beaten a block, and never in all the weather I've experienced over here, have I been wetted underneath it.

"No stop for dinner", was the order that came down the column now. Well it might be. There was nothing in the batteries to eat. We'd have to wait until we camped and could draw on the Supply Company reserve. Then came the word—"We'll arrive at 2:00 p. m."

As luck would have it, we did get in on time too.

Shortly after noon we began to mount an extremely long and leisurely hill, the road running now thru fields at least half harvested, and at the top of this incline we came upon a sight of great beauty. The huge forest of Compeigne—24 miles from Soissons and almost 20 miles in width—stretched out over the opposite hill and valley in long masses of soft velvety green, and in the near corner—showing white as snow against the dark back ground, flashed the many towers and turrets and battlements of that wonderful castle, the Chateau de Pierrefond.

I grazed my mare in and out of the fields along the way, watching the picture which gradually unfolded upon our approach. Never have I seen a more beautiful building in all France than this one, which finally lay in all its splendor before our eyes. The old Kings had many fine ideas of architecture, but none of them quite excelled this ancient structure—it was a most impressive piece of work.

We camped in the Foret de Compeigne—after going thru and beyond the town of Pierrefond. And we have learned the reason for all this forced marching. We are going into another big offensive, not sure as to what part we are to play, but confident it will be a heavy one.

The bivouac spreads out now on either side of the road thru the forest, over land which is a mass of uneven holes and knobs, with our picket lines at the edge of an interior wheatfield right down among the trees. We have our tents up—we are resting easy—and I think we will stay here all day tomorrow before moving up to the line.

August 27th

FORET DU COMPEIGNE

Last night, with the darkness, came the bombing planes. We're "back on the front" apparently, after our hike. "Lights Out;" was the yell which suddenly doused



Horse Lines -
Foret de Compiègne



Father Bill O'Connor
and Ray Harper



A Hut in the Forest



many a glimmering candle, as the old familiar hum came from the sky above. We wondered if they'd spotted us going into this woods, but evidently they were after the town below. There were only three or four bombs dropped—or at least I fell asleep after that and didn't hear any more.

The day has been spent entirely in cleaning up, washing up, shaving, and eating. I have been down to town in search of food, "extras" principally in the way of wine. While there I went up to the castle and spent a pleasant two hours looking over its massive architecture, and the wonderful statuary decorating it within and without.

The high walls have in them many holes from age old wars . . . great round shot stick in the stones yet, as souvenirs of battles when skilled archers fired heavy arrows, thru the slits in its battlements, into assaulting parties armed with crude cannon, just across the gigantic moat.

The walls bear scars too, made by German bullets of more recent moulding, though they have escaped bombardment of a serious nature, excepting that from the air.

There are many great holes in the roofs—one bomb had struck the top-most pinnacle of a high tower, knocking the tip off it, and shattering most of the glass in the big colored windows. Many of the boys were carrying bits of this away for souvenirs.

As I walked about trying to get a few photographs, the Military Police bothered me a good bit; they were camped right within the castle grounds, and their orders are to confiscate any cameras seen. I managed to get a few shots, and even took one of the M. P.s eating supper.

Then while I stood high up on one of the balconies, a Boche plane circled overhead, but a Frenchman appeared soon out of the sky, and chased him back home again. I wondered a bit, what old Louis 14th would have said, could he have stood there with me today, and watched such a sight.

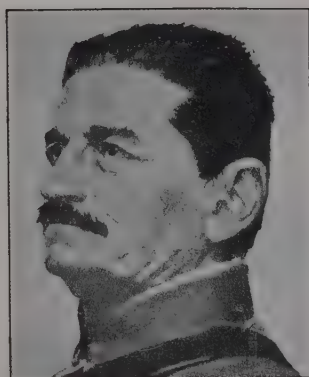
Downstairs in the enormous assembly halls, are Red Cross hospital wards with hundreds of cots filled mostly with French patients. And down underneath the castle, I found little doors opening into subterranean passages, and cellars, and vaults—where examination with my flash light showed that French troops were billeted, leaving an awful mess about the place.

Out near our woods, I visited after I returned, an immense cave which is said to connect with these vaults under the castle. In fact the stone which forms its walls, was cut from this cave. Today, one can drive a wagon load of hay all about down under the ground there, and during times of intensive bombing several French artillery outfits have stabled an entire regiment of horses down in that dark, but dry and comfortable place.

We learned today that we are to join the 30th Corps of the Armee Mangin (the French 10th Army), under the famous general of that name who is commonly and familiarly known as "The Butcher" because of the way he uses up troops to gain his objectives. But be it known that, so far, this daring Frenchman has never yet failed to gain those said objectives, and as a handler of shock troops, he is quite superb.

Thus, a great honor is ours—the 32nd Division's—for we represent the American Army and are associated with the flower of the French Army . . . the Foreign Legion . . . The 2nd Moroccans . . . and other veteran Colonial troops who are deemed the most ferocious fighters in the country.

The
120th Joins The
French Xth Army



GENERAL MANGIN



We Join the French Xth Army

From a Private Diary

August 28th.

The day broke warm and smiling, with a bright sun in the sky, and well rested, well fed . . . eager for the front again . . . we filed slowly out of the wonderful forests, over open hills into a country becoming more and more marked by signs of war.

On every hand, the ruins of years gone by . . . when the strong first drives of the Boche brought them far into these fertile fields in 1914. Villages like Chelles and Cortaux are wrecked, yet the glaring scars are healed by the covering growth of ivy and grass which climbs over the battered remains.

Across the big broad Soissons road we passed before noon, headed now for the barren lands which lie before that city. Coming at last to the River Aisne, which we crossed on a great wooden bridge replacing the one which bombers have destroyed—we entered the town of Vic-sur-Aisne.

Each mile along the way, with its inevitable hamlet and village, brought more and more signs of shelling and bombing, until at last, after an all day ride—almost—we pulled into the little town of St. Christophe a Berry . . . twin villages in fact, standing with locked arms like sisters, only a tiny field and creek between. Each was dismembered by the fighting. Now—in houses without roofs and in cellars transformed into bomb proofs—in barns fitted up with stolen furniture just as the Boche had left them, French soldiers and soon our own Americans, made their homes.

Arrangements had been made to establish our Base Echelon here, while the firing batteries pulled on up forward into action. We parked all the vehicles that stay in the rear, half camouflaged by scraggly trees in a nearby field . . . stopped long enough to eat a cooked meal and change clothes in preparation for another long period of the “unwashed” existence of the front, then while some of the echelon boys went to work making themselves comfortable, the forward units hit the trail again, pulling out over the hills beyond while the sun was yet high in the sky, tho playing peekaboo with clouds as the winds rapidly blew up a shower.

It broke, in quite a deluge, as we approached the old first lines of trenches, and a sousing we got; the roads were soon running, and the red clay peculiar to the country became very slippery indeed.

Thru one last town we went—what had once been Nouvron—and then as the rain tamed down to a drizzle, we struck out upon a small plateau from which the country could be seen for miles about, and before us lay one of the most heart stirring scenes it has been my lot to witness in the war.

The sun broke forth in a tearful smile, making all the land glisten with its coat of raindrops. For a thousand acres on every side there was a perfect maze of old trenches from which the Boche was but lately driven. Wire! Oh what an endless mass of the barbed entanglements there were on every hand! In rolls, and bundles,



FALLEN PLANE AT TARTIERS



REGTL. P. C. TARTIERS



and on iron spikes or wooden "horses" stretched in long lengths or criss-crossed like a chicken fence—trenches deep and wide—trenches shallow and hastily constructed—dugouts, fox holes and over all—like a case of small pox—a vertiable sea of shell craters.

It was a great waste space of the most desolate appearance that the mind of man can probably imagine. A desert would have been a populated city beside it—and pleasant too—for here, the grim relics remaining seemed to call up thoughts of phantom soldiers who had fought and died by thousands in this tangled lot of ditches.

But—far more striking than the landscape—and much more picturesque, was the present population of this spreading No Man's Land.

The Infantry were all about us—we had caught up with the rearguard—and they were resting now, as the last rain fell.

Full three thousand of them there beside the road. Hard faced men in sun-bleached O. D., who sat upon their packs, with chin on knee, lacking interest thru fatigue and staring at their feet. Young fellows—boyish faces—peering out from wet blankets into which they'd rolled and slept, in spite of puddles forming underneath them, as the rain ran o'er the clay. They were too tired to mind a little thing like that.

The sunlight glistened on their helmets, shiny now from many hard knocks—it ran along their rifle barrels, and threw shadows about their features. They seemed to me, a grim determined bunch, who would be relentless in pursuit of the foe—but I'm sure that any one of them alone, would have seemed quite commonplace—except that a soldier is never really "commonplace" as you see him in the field.

They were "our boys"—our own old footsloggers, who have made it hard for us to follow them by the very pace they set, whether it be marching over peaceful roads, or chasing the Boche from out his nest. And we're going now to follow them again.

On we plowed thru No Man's Land, plodding over roads filled with relics—thousands of cartridges, shell cases, helmets—shell holes too which made rough going—past uprooted machine gun nests, destroyed observation posts, sapper trenches, snipers holes and most everything else one sees on the lines. Over all was the ugly red brown mass of wire—barbs a full inch long—rusty and caked with scales made by the weather.

Far up here from our base, a good ten kilometers, we came to a pair of hills cut by a deep valley which the road skirted. On the farther crest, a clump of buildings, with one big bleak windowless "warehouse" affair, marked the site of Tartiers—the last town that we hold, so far.

Nearby was our "position" on a smooth and open hillside, where the only "defilade" or protection that we would get, was the grass which rippled smoothly in the wind.

Along the way I'd been watching carefully, for a place to put the limbers, after we had planted the old battery in the place from which she'd fire. The only spot I



saw was the rear end of this valley, about a kilometer back behind the guns. It furnished plenty of cover—there was great danger there if gassed—soon I wished that we were back there, for we got a right warm welcome.

Down in the valley just below Tartiers, were large groups of French horse lines, and about the corner near the road, a great gang of men had congregated to see a French plane that had fallen there but a few minutes before, after the flier got the worst of a duel with the Boche. I took a picture of it, while the boys ran out of the column to tear off pieces of cloth for souvenirs—but as we turned off the fork of the road for perhaps 300 yards, shelling made us less interested in such trophies.

Perhaps a Boche balloon had seen us—perhaps they were firing on the cross road. Anyway the shells began to whistle all about. We snapped the guns into their places, and the cannoneers commenced to dig in. Trenches were needed “toot sweet” and I didn’t wait to see them finished, for unlimbering we beat it back to make a camp before darkness caught us in a country new and strange to every one.

The rain once more began to pour. The little road was jammed with traffic coming toward the front. I had trouble getting the column thru but arriving at the place where we had left Nick Adler with the kitchen, I was ready to turn off. There seemed then, no break in that oncoming column for miles.

Against all the rules of the road, I rode out in front of an oncoming carriage of another outfit—halted it and with it all that lay behind—and then the boys shot across the road, down the hill at a trot, slipping and sliding in dangerous fashion, over the soapy turf. It was some going! But we made it though the drivers yelled and cursed and RODE until we got down into the bottom of the valley, where old Nick met us with the information that it had been necessary to go quite a long way back.

Every yard of that valley around the string of trees which bordered it, was filled to overflowing with French troops. I followed Nick back for quite a mile, over the darndest trail you ever saw. We struck a road—crossed it—and there at last we found room.

It wasn’t much of a place, but it would do. We tied our horses by pairs, in among the trees which grew about a sort of swamp in which were great shell holes full to the brim with water. “Legs” the cook dished out a cold meal—gold fish, bread and jam—as we didn’t dare to light a fire so late.

With the gang gathered around eating, and feeling a bit down in the mouth over the dreary outlook, I told them how we’d fix up in a better place tomorrow, but that we’d get some sleep here tonight. Gave orders not to water out of shell holes until inspected for signs of mustard gas. Then advised all men to come with me, (except the guards) up to the top of the hill nearby, where we’d be safer in case the Boche threw over any gas. I’m scared to death of these low marshy places full of brush and undergrowth, which will hold the gas until your mask is finished if you stick.



Official Diary

Monday, August 26, 1918.

Reveille at 4:00 A. M. Mess at 6:00 A. M. Wet and tired we press onward. We are sure now that this forced marching means another big offensive. In a drizzling, cold rain, we pass along the national highway through the Foret de Villers Cotterets, through Villers Cotterets, Haramont, Taillefontaine, Retheuil and Pierrefonds. The largest castle in France in Pierrefonds, erected in 1390, restored by Napoleon III, was visited by many of the soldiers. We camp just outside of Pierrefonds in a forest of magnificent beeches—Foret de Compiègne. Bombing planes greet us. 30 kilometers today.

Tuesday, August 27, 1918.

Thirteen "A" Battery men evacuated to hospital on account of effects of gassing received at Courville position over a week ago. Added to previous casualties this leaves the firing battery in bad shape for trained section chiefs, gunners and cannoneers. Day spent in cleaning up and resting. Many soldiers visit "Villa Formosa" in Pierrefonds. Enemy planes circle over camp early in evening. Colonel Penner, Captain Sammond and Lt. Whittaker visit French Corps Headquarters by automobile, receive orders and reconnoiter positions at Tartiers across the Aisne.

Wednesday, August 28, 1918.

Reveille at 4:30 A. M., on way at 6:30 A. M. We learn that we are now a part of the 30th Army Corps (French) of the famous 10th Army, commanded by General Mangin. Corps composed of most famous Divisions of French—Moroccan, of which Foreign Legion is part—and Blue Devil Chasseurs. The 32nd Division is honored in being chosen to fight with these veterans. Cross Aisne at Vic-sur-Aisne. Rear Echelon at Berry. Rgtl. Hdq., Bn. Hdq. and Batteries move to Tartiers. 2nd Lieut. John Seng, Instructor at La Courtine, reports for week of duty with regiment. Batteries in position and laid at 10:30 P. M., one kilometer north of Tartiers. Direction of fire is now East.

TRANSLATION

Xth Army
Etat-Major
3rd Bureau
No. 1086 S

SECRET

P. C. 26th August, 1918.

Instructions for the Army Corps

I The battle must be won.

The battle will have been won if we attain the heights which dominate the LAON plain, thus assuring for us the outlet to the plain and the exploitation.



In order to reach this objective, the progress should be given the greatest rapidity possible, so that the enemy will not have a chance to reform under the repeated blows we will strike.

The battle will have to be won in one day.

The means put in operation, the tactical situation, the morale of the enemy permit our obtaining this result.

II Each one should have the will power to advance at all costs. The progress must be kept up without stop. There no longer are 1st and 2nd objectives, intermediate objectives, but simply a direction.

The principle which remains essential is to push ahead where the enemy gives way. The reinforcements should not be switched and brought up to batter down points of resistance, but should be used to widen the breach where there is such, taking the points of resistance from the rear.

The limits of the zones of action are not rigid barriers. Troops may pass on the neighboring zone, when it becomes necessary to manoeuvre.

In this regard, a close lateral liaison between the elements fighting side by side is essential; at every echelon, the situation of the neighbor should be known, in order to help him or be able to take advantage of his advance.

III During the period preceding the battle, the 1st A. C. will take care to assure for itself a good base of departure.

On the whole front, the enemy must now be prevented from reforming; annoy his reliefs, make difficult his bringing up supplies, his organization, inflict as heavy losses upon him as possible.

To this end, the harassing fires should be kept up methodically, and concentration fires should be effected whenever an occasion presents itself.

The artillery will proceed with the location and destruction of the enemy's battery emplacements, particularly those of St. Gobain.

Everything should be ready for a short and powerful preparation.

IV The Army Corps will dispose for the battle of the Divisions of 1st and of 2nd line, enumerated in the Order of Operations No. 443 of 25th August.

(A) The advance of the first line Divisions will be rapid. It can attain at the outset 100 m. in two minutes.

Later, the progress will be less rapid by reason of the fatigue of the men and the necessity of according them short pauses to get their breath and the necessity of readjusting the barrages.

The first line Divisions should be able to carry the attack to a depth of 10 Km. or thereabouts. The effort should correspond about to the front: Bancourt—Pinon—plateau of La Malmaison.



(B) The second line Divisions will follow in the footsteps of the first line Div.'s in accordance with the orders of the commanders of the A. C.'s and at a distance, at the outset of 3 to 4 km.

The passing will take place without there being any stop to the advance of the 1st line Divisions, the distance between the 1st and the 2nd line Divisions diminishing in the course of the progress by reason of the difference in gait.

(C) After having been passed, the Divisions having become 2nd line Div.'s. will reform in such manner as to constitute a new echelon of the manoeuvre, available for the exploitation.

This latter will be done, depending upon the condition of the troops, either, by alternating between the 1st and the 2nd line Divisions, or by the continuous action of the leading Divisions. It should not be forgotten that the enemy divisions have kept up the pursuit for a week without being relieved.

The alternation will usually be regulated by understanding between the commanders of the 1st and of the 2nd line divisions, whose P. C.'s are known, as the A. C. cannot be informed in time to regulate this movement.

The Headquarters of the Divisions should be as mobile as possible,—on horseback—the liaison with the rear being insured at all times by the axis of liaison (telephonic, optic, wireless, ground telegraphy, mounted orderlies, runners), the establishing and the functioning of which should be very closely watched by the Command. Insist that the reports bear the hour at which the occurrence reported took place.

V Lightened equipment (no pack, nor overcoat, nor blankets—the shelter-half taking the place of both), the pushing forward of the rations and ammunition supplies, the regulation of the march of the combat trains, the order in the traffic, are also all important factors in the rapidity of the advance.

Material taken from the enemy should be made use of (rations, machine guns, canon) wherever possible, so as to reduce the necessities of the supply.

VI In resume, the manoeuvre has as a basis, the ardent desire to gain ground.

Nothing is done as long as it still remains to be done. This principle should be thought of by all. Victory is at the end of the effort.

(Signed) MANGIN.

P. C. 27th August, 1918.

A true copy forwarded to:

By order / The Chief of Staff
(Signed) Illegible.

30th A. C.
Etat-Major
3rd Bureau
No. 0461/3

Copies to:

66th I. D.—2nd M. D.—32nd U. S. Div.
17th—64th I. D.'s—1st M. D.
Artillery—Engineers—Aeronautics

Telegraphic Service.
502nd A. S.



SECRET

G. S. G-3.

FIELD ORDERS NO. 46.

P. C., 32nd Division, A. E. F.

France, 28 August, 1918, 9:00 o'clock.

Map: PLAN DIRECTEUR, 1/20,000.

I. (a) General information received is that the morale of the enemy is low and that an energetic attack will succeed in breaking down his line; in fact breaking through his line. The Xth Army Commander therefore desires that the attack should be carried on most energetically and his ideas of the operation are as set forth in his instructions for this Army Corps, dated 26 August, 1918, and of which a copy has been furnished to the Division Commander by the Corps Commander. A copy of these Instructions will be furnished to each battalion commander who will communicate to his company and platoon commanders the spirit of these instructions and they must transmit them to their men. Particular attention is invited to paragraph 5 of the Instructions in regard to the carrying of equipment.

(b) The Xth Army (French) is composed of five Corps.

The 30th Army Corps (French) comprising in the 1st line the 17th and 64th I. D's and the 32nd Division U. S.; in the 2nd line the 2nd Moroccan Division, the 66th I. D. and 1st Moroccan Division is in center of Army line and has as its mission to conquer the plateau north of TERNY-SORNY, then marching on both flanks of the AILETTE to attain the front: Hill 188 (the mountain 2 kilometers northeast of BRANCOURT), ANIZY, ARBRE de MONTBAVIN.

Axis of Corps beyond: ANIZY, FAUCAUCOURT, MOLINEHARD.

The 59th I. D. of the 1st A. C. (French) is on our right.

The 64th I. D. of the 30th A. C. (French) is on our left.

(c) *Mission of Neighboring Divisions:*

The 59th I. D. on our right has as its 1st objective LA MOULIN de LAF-FAUX, progressing eventually to the heights of MONTBAVIN.

The 64th Div. on our left as its mission to attain as its 1st objective ANIZY.

II. In compliance with Operations Order No. 103, 30th A. C. (Fr.) dated 27 August, 1918, this Division will attack the enemy's lines on "J" day at "H" hour. Its mission is to conquer that part of the plateau north of TERNY-SORNY within its sector (See limits of maps furnished), then progressing to ARBE de MONTBAVIN.

III (a) ARTILLERY: At the disposal of the Division:

3 groups of A. D./127

4 groups of A. D./D. I. U. S.

3 groups of A. D./1st D. M.

3 Bat. 144 shorts Sch. (A. D./127)

4 Bat. 155 shorts Sch. (A. D./D. I. U. S.)

3 Bat. 155 shorts Sch. (A. D./1st D. M.)

2 Batteries 220 T. R.

2 Batteries 220—1901.

The attack will be prepared beginning 27 August by:

Destructive fire on the enemy entanglements and organizations.

Harassing fire and fire of interdiction.



Yperite (mustard gas) fire upon the zones which will not be used to progress. Indications of the zones to be shelled by mustard gas will be sent to the Colonel Commanding the Army Corps Artillery by the Divisional Artillery.

If mustard gas is used, a sketch of the whole will be communicated to the troops showing location of mustard gas.

Counter Battery fire upon all the batteries which reveal themselves and whose locations must be discovered by all means possible.

On "J" day the attack will be preceded by an extremely violent artillery preparation over a period which will be fixed later (in principle, of short duration) and which will include the following fire:

- Raking explosive fire on the machine gun zones.

- Fire upon the ravines and caves likely to shelter enemy reserves.

- Blinding the regions of observation by smoke and toxic shells so as to mask the arrival of the tanks.

- Fire of interdiction on the principal passage over the canal of the AILETTE.

EXECUTION:

The attack will be executed under the protection of a rolling barrage of very dense explosive shells.

Speed of progress: 100 meters in 2 minutes up to the limit of range of the artillery.

When this limit has been attained the progress will be protected by groups of accompaniment whose distribution should be foreseen, and will be designated by the Divisional Artillery of the Infantry Division of the 2nd line. These groups should remain on wheels in readiness at the beginning of the action.

One battery of light artillery to be designated by the Divisional Artillery Commander will be placed at the disposal of each regimental commander in the front line to be used wherever possible for direct fire on enemy machine guns or the point of resistance.

Plan of artillery preparation and moving barrage will be found in ANNEX A. FIELD ORDER NO. 46.

(b) INFANTRY:

The attack will be made with the 63rd Infantry Brigade in advance, regiments side by side, each with two battalions in the front line and one in reserve. Each one of the battalions in the front line will have two companies in the 1st line and two companies in support. To each one of the battalions in the front line will be attached one machine gun company by Brigade order. The remaining machine gun companies and the two battalions in the reserve will constitute the Brigade Reserve.

See paragraph III (a), above, reference light artillery placed at the disposal of the infantry.

The attack will be executed under the direction of a rolling barrage of very dense explosive shells. Speed of progress, 100 meters in two minutes up to the limit of the range of the artillery.



The infantry will advance as rapidly as possible in its zone to profit by the disorder of the enemy, without paying any attention to the neighboring units and also without concerning itself about the arrival of its artillery.

The advance should be continued; only halts of a very short duration should be made (several minutes) with the object of allowing the troops to catch their breath and to allow the barrage to recommence.

The first of these halts (15 minutes) will take place on the line: Dirt Road from TERNY-SORNY—MONT de LEUILLY.

The other halts will be regulated by the commanding general of the leading Brigade.

The average speed of advance will be, when the Division is leading, 3 kilometers per hour during the first two hours, and 2 kilometers per hour afterwards.

As the battle progresses and as the elements of the leading brigade become exhausted or depleted the elements of the 2nd brigade will be moved forward with the object of relieving the elements of the leading brigade, but this must be done without halt. The 2nd brigade will follow the leading brigade at a distance of about 1 kilometer keeping in open formation (artillery) and ready at all times to execute the order of moving forward to relieve the elements of the leading brigade or to press on in the attack.

Similarly the 1st Moroccan Division is to pass through the 32nd Division without halting on a line to be decided upon later by conference of the two Division Commanders:—If the battle progresses favorably the 32nd Division should be able to advance 10 kilometers before passage of lines becomes necessary—line PINON—

BRANCOURT.

When the Division has been passed by the division following it, it is to be reorganized and will continue the march in the wake of the leading Division so as to always assure continuity of progress.

MANEUVERING must be done by battalion and company commanders and even platoon commanders and must be based upon instructions they have received in their training and what they have learned from their recent experience in action; this should be of great value to them.

The underlying idea of the Army Commander is that progress forward must be made wherever that is possible, going *around* centers of resistance and pressing the reserve in after the troops which are able to advance.

EQUIPMENT:

The packs will be lightened by leaving blankets in battalion dumps, notifying these Headquarters of the location.

AMMUNITION:

As many wire cutters as possible should be carried.

Each rifleman will carry 220 rounds of ammunition and 4 hand grenades. Rifle grenadiers will carry as many sacks of grenades as they can consistent with making rapid progress.



(c) ENGINEERS:

The Divisional Engineer will have in readiness means of crossing the AISNE CANAL, and has now located material for 10 light foot-bridges across the AILLETTE river and canal and the parts of the bridges are being constructed. Arrangements have also been made for 3 pontoon bridges to be delivered by the French. The Colonel commanding the Engineers of the Army Corps is to furnish the necessary technical indications to the Divisional Engineer. Corps engineers are to construct at least 2 pile bridges capable of crossing heavy artillery.

(d) CAVALRY:

The Corps is to be given special instructions for the use of cavalry in our front.

(e) TANKS:

There will be at the disposition of this Division 30 tanks as follows:

10 tanks (2 sections) with the 125th Infantry.

15 tanks (3 sections) with the 126th Infantry.

5 tanks in reserve, following behind the support companies.

In forming for attack the tanks will move into position immediately in rear of our front line.

They will camp with our troops tonight and advantage will be taken of this fact by officers of the attacking troops to familiarize themselves with the tactics to be pursued by the tanks.

FIELD ORDER NO. 46.

To free the tanks from the enemy men should not be timid about firing upon them and should not allow their fire to be blanketed by tanks in front of them.

(f) AERONAUTICS:

Squadron No. 278 is to be put at the disposal of this Division and the 64th Division.

(g) BALLOONS:

Balloon No. 29 is to observe for this Division, the 64th Division and the heavy artillery.

MARKING OUT THE LINE

Compulsory at H hour plus 3 and at H hour plus 6. Also the line is to be marked at each time that avions request it. Great care must be taken that this is done.

(i) STRAGGLERS POST & REGULATING STATIONS:

Regulating stations and stragglers posts at H-1 hour. The A. P. M. will establish posts and patrol the following roads:

TARTIERS—BIEUXY—BAGNEUX with regulating stations at the 3 towns named.

Along the road NOUVRON-VINGRE—VEZAPONIN with regulating stations at VOUVRON-VINGRE and the crossroads at southern outskirts of VEZAPONIN.

Each of the roads named will be under charge of an officer and each of the regulating stations will comprise 2 non-commissioned officers and 6 mounted men to be furnished by the Military Police.



Stragglers from troops at the front found going to the rear if unwounded or not provided with proper pass, will be apprehended, collected in regulating stations and periodically forwarded under non-commissioned officers to their organizations at the front.

V (a) SUCCESSIVE P. C's.:

30th Army Corps (Fr):

FERME FORETE, MONTECOUVE, MONT de NEUILLY.

32nd Division U. S.:

TARTIERS, JUVIGNY, FONTAINE ST. REMY.

H

(b) ADVANCE CENTERS OF INFORMATION OF THE CORPS:

MONTECOUVE, MONT DE NEUILLY, MONT de SAINGS.

32nd Division:

JUVIGNY, FONTAINE S. T. REMY, CREUTES, (at coordinates
185.7-305.5).

Divisional axis of liaison—JUVIGNY—FONTAINE ST. REMY—CREUTES (185.7-305.5).

The establishment of the advance centers of information will be made by the Division Signal Officer.

(c) LIAISON:

For plan of liaison see ANNEX B herewith.

Liaison with the Divisions on the right and left will be obtained as follows:

The 32nd Division will furnish one-half company and 1 section of machine guns for each of the mixed detachments on either flank. The detachments on our left flank are to be under the command of an officer from our leading brigade to be designated by the Brigade Commander. The mixed detachment on our right is to be commanded by an officer of the 59 Fr. Division. Arrangements for this liaison will be made by the 32nd Division Liaison Officer with the 59th Div. to whom he will explain our Corps Order in regard thereto.

By command of Major General Haan:

R. M. BECK, JR.

Lt. Colonel, Infantry, N. A.
Chief of Staff.

Copies to:

G. H. Q.
30th A. C. (Fr.)
49th Div. (Fr.)
64th Div. (Fr.)
1st Moroccan Div.
32nd Div. U. S.
C. of S.
G-1,
G-2,

G-3,
63rd Inf. Brig (5)
64th Inf. Brig. (5)
57th F. A. Brig (12)
119th M. G. Bn.,
107th F. S. Bn.,
107th Eng.,
Commander of Trains,
Div. Engineer,

Div. Surgeon,
Div. Sig. Officer,
Div. M. G. Officer,
Div. Adj.,
Div. Q. M.,
Div. Insp.,
Div. J. A.,
Aides-2
File.



SECRET

ANNEX NO. "A", FIELD ORDERS NO. 46

France 28 August, 1918.

Hq., 32nd Division,

PART I.

I. In compliance with Operations Orders No. 103, 30th Army Corps (Fr.), 27th August, 1918, the 32nd Division will attack the enemy's lines on "J" day at "H" hour. The mission of the Division is to conquer that part of the plateau north of TERNY-SORNY within the sector (See limits of maps furnished) then progressing to GARE de MONTBAVIN.

II. The artillery at the disposal of the 32nd Division will prepare for, protect and accompany the attack.

III. (a) Artillery at the disposal of the 32nd Division:

3 groups of A. D./127	4 Bat. 155s. Sch. (A. D./D. I. U. S.)
4 groups of A. D./D. I. S. U.	3 Bat. 155s. Sch. (A. D./1st D. M.)
3 groups of A. D./1st D. M.	2 Bat. 220 T. R.
3 Bat. 155s. Sch. (A./D./127)	2 Bat. 220 Mod. 1901.

(b) Preparation for the attack will commence on J-2 day and will continue to J day and will include:

Destructive fire on the enemy's entanglements and organization;

Harassing fire and fire of interdiction;

Yperite fire upon the zones which will not be used to progress. No gas to be used west of the north and south line through TERNY-SORNY.

(c) On J day the attack will be preceded by an extremely violent artillery preparation for a period of 25 minutes—H-25 to H.

Raking explosives fire on the machine gun zones.

Fire upon the ravines and caves likely to shelter enemy's reserves.

Fire of interdiction on the principal passages over the canal of the Ailette.

Blinding the regions of observation by smoke so as to mask the arrival of the tanks.

The 237 F. A. is charged with the firing of the smoke screen to mask the arrival and advance of the tanks.

All batteries in the sector will participate in the preparatory fire. See charts.

Rate of fire 3 per m. 75's. 2 per m. for 155's.

(d) Rolling barrage—

The attack will be executed under the protection of a rolling barrage.

The barrage will commence at H hour, 300 m. in advance of the jumping off line. (R. R. from CHAVIGNY north to coordinate 98.51) and will proceed at the rate of 100 m. every 2 minutes. A halt for the infantry of 15 minutes will be made on the dirt road TERNY-SORNY—MONT-de-LEUILLY, the barrages remaining stationary 300 m. beyond. Any further halts, will be designated by the brigade commander of the leading brigade.



The Divisional Artillery of the Moroccan Division in the 2nd line will hold itself in readiness, limbered, to proceed to the front, by groups of accompaniment to protect the progress when the limit of the accompaniment of the batteries firing the rolling barrage has been reached.

Batteries to fire the barrage—

119th F. A.	6 batteries
120th F. A.	3 batteries

See table. Rate of fire. 2 per m. for 5 m.)
1 per m. thereafter)

(e) Covering fire.—

A covering fire will precede the barrage so as to advance to successive targets on the approach of the barrage to within 200 meters.

This fire will cover the enemy's lines; machine gun posts; strong points; ravines and caves; methods of approach and rallying points.

Rate of fire, 1 shot per m. for 75's. 1 shot per m. for 155's, making provisions for cooling guns.

Batteries employed:

3 groups A. D./127 1 group 147th Regt. F. A.
All batteries of 155 short Sch. and of 220's.

Chart.

(f) Counter battery of enemy's batteries will be furnished by the Artillery of the Corps.

(g) Batteries D and E, 147th Regt. F. A. are designated for direct fire on enemy machine guns or points of resistance and are placed at the disposal of each regimental commander in the front line. The battery commanders of the designated batteries will immediately report to the Commanding General of the Brigade now in the front line for assignment.

(h) Liaison between the light field artillery (U.S.) of the 32d Division and the infantry will be established. Lt. Colonel Hazel is designated as liaison officer of the brigade with the brigade commander of the leading infantry brigade.

(i) Colonel Wales is designated to command the light field artillery (U.S.) of the brigade.

Major Arthur is designated to command the Heavy F. A. (155s) of the brigade.

The commands of the light and heavy field artillery French are as heretofore.

(j) The following pyrotechnic signals by infantry are published for the information of artillery commanders:

Request for barrage—6 white stars.

Am going to advance, lengthen the fire—Caterpillar rocket.

Friendly artillery is firing too short—3 white stars.

We are here—marking out objective attained—1 white star.

Enemy is launching a counter-attack on us—yellow smoke.



ANNEX "A", FIELD ORDERS NO. 46.
PART 2.

August 28, 1918

ORDRE

The 32nd D. I. U. S. will attack day J hour H, general direction TERNY-SORNY VAUXAILLON. The A. D./127 will support that attack in the following conditions.

1. Preparation of attack.

Fire opens at H-25.

Battalions of 75mm. from H-25 to H raking fire on a depth of 800 meters from a line parallel to our front and 200 meters east of the railway.

(3 shots per gun per minute)

155 and 220 mm. Targets.

155 mm. LES BOVES and part west of JUVIGNY (see chart). 1 shot per gun per minute.

220 mm. 6 guns (Old model) . . Part east of JUVIGNY, junction 05.38 caves south of JUVIGNY between the parallels 303 and 303.2. $\frac{1}{2}$ shot per gun minute.

220 mm. (New Model) BEAUMONT FARM (1 shot per gun per minute).

2. At Hour H, 5 batteries of 75 mm. will execute a smoke shell barrage on the line in red immediately east of JUVIGNY (line I). Rate of fire will depend on weather. The 4 other batteries will make a fixed barrage on line A.

Rate of Fire. 2 shots per gun per minute.

The batteries of 155 and 220 will continue the fire on the targets of the preparation period. When the rolling barrage will get at 200 meters of these targets the fire will be brought back automatically on the targets more to the east.

The smoke shell barrage will pass from line 1 to line 2, the fixed barrage of 75 mm. from line A to B then to C, then to D.

The 155 mm. and 220 mm. will transport their fire in the same way.

When the rolling barrage will come at 200 meters of the last targets the fire will be stopped.

Speed of rolling barrage 100 meters in 2 minutes.

FIELD ORDERS NO. 46

ANNEX "B"

LIAISON

1. To secure full benefit of the most valuable reconnaissance and aid of airplanes, all troops must give their full, prompt and active co-operation.

2. When airplanes calls for marking out of line, this must be done *at once*. The panels will be waved and kept in movement until the airplane signals "understood". In absence of the regulation panels, use papers, handkerchiefs or some other extemporized signal that can be seen by the airplane.

3. The call for marking out by airplane is one cartridge of 6 stars. (Or rocket of more than 3 stars). "Understood" by airplane is one cartridge of 3 stars.



4. This Division is the right Division of our Army Corps. Our plane is marked by one pennant on right wing. Its identification rocket is one star. Don't fail to respond to similar signals from planes of other Divisions.

5. Radio men and panel men at P. C.'s of organizations must keep on the job most decidedly. The airplane moves fast—men on ground must do likewise. This is a vital matter for success in action and may save lives. There is no excuse for slightest failure.

6. When our planes are operating at low elevation and are endangered by our artillery, fire will temporarily cease.

7. For general instructions of liaison, see plan of liason, these headquarters, August 26, 1918.

8. The following notes are repeated from above as applying particularly to Infantry Commands.

(a) Pyrotechnic Signals by Infantry:

Request for barrage—6 White stars.

Are going to advance—lengthen the fire—Caterpillar rocket.

Friendly artillery is firing too short—3 White stars.

We are here. Marking out objective attained—1 White star.

Enemy is launching a counter attack upon us—Yellow smoke.

Rockets give rapid and valuable information. To get advantage of above, all commands must have men constantly on alert to see and transmit these signals.

(b) Signals by Infantry Airplane:

I am airplane of right Division of Corps—1 Star.

I am airplane of left Division of Corps—2 Stars.

I am airplane of center Division of Corps—Two 2 Star
cartridges successively

Where are you? Mark out—6 Stars (or more than 3).

(All persons mark out at once.)

Understood—3 Stars.

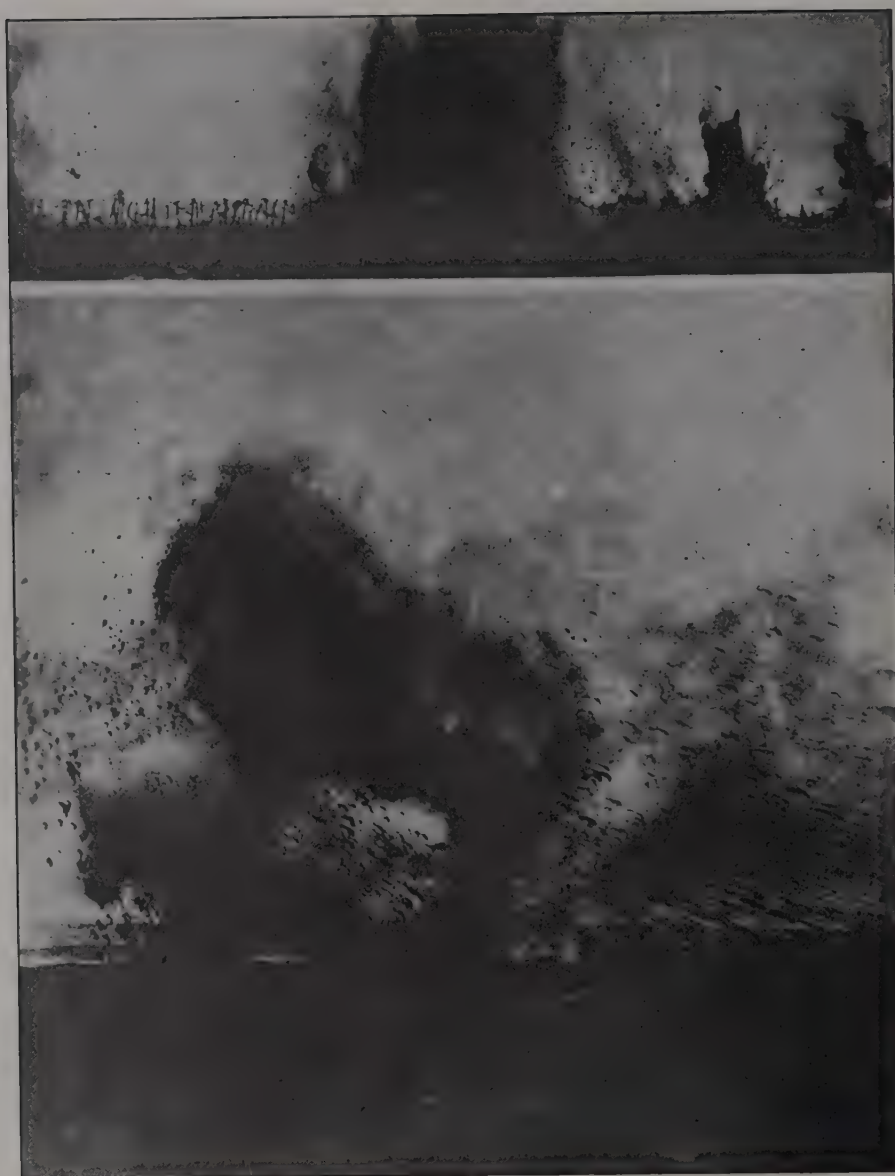
Danger of counter-attack from direction I am flying—Yellow smoke.

(c) Identification of airplanes and balloons:

	Plane	Balloon
Left Division	1 Streamer on the left	1 Streamer on upper part of cable.
Center Division	2 Streamers on the right	1 Streamer on upper part of cable and one on rear of balloon.
Right Division	1 Streamer on the right	2 Streamers on upper part of cable.

(d) Other Divisions want to know what we are doing. Remember also our Division wants to know what they are doing.

9. The advance Information Center is now in Cave near Bieuxy. It is marked. Its advance will be published. Get messages to that place by any means possible. They will get them to Division.



BIG SHELL EXPLOSIONS



P. C. 32d Division,
France, 28 August, 1918

ANNEX "C", FIELD ORDERS NO. 46.

I. PLAN FOR EMPLOYMENT OF CAVALRY.

The Cavalry Squadron from the 1st Moroccan Division, placed at the disposal of this Division, will, at the beginning of the attack on "J" day at "H" hour, be placed with the reserve of the leading Brigade, under the orders of the Brigade Commander.

Should the retreat of the enemy become so rapid that our troops will assume pursuit formations, the cavalry squadron will perform the duties of contact, patrol, and reconnaissance as well as that of lateral liaison. In the event that the contact with the enemy is momentarily lost the cavalry should be pushed to the front to regain contact.

In case of a hurried retreat of the enemy across the AISNE Canal followed by our troops in route formation, it will be the duty of the cavalry to seize the bridges before their destruction by the enemy.

Under orders of the 30th Army Corps the cavalry will be at the disposal of the Division only until the front BRANCOURT-PINON shall have been attained, after which time it is to join a group of squadrons under the command of Lieutenant Colonel de la Motte Rouge, Commanding the Cavalry of the Army Corps.

II. AEROPLANES.

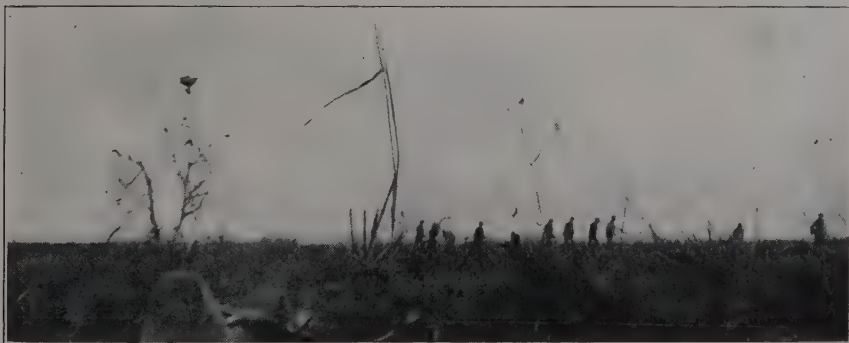
Signals used between the aeroplanes and troops have been communicated in Annex "B", F. O. No. 46, these Headquarters.

In addition to getting the location of our lines at H+3 and H+6 the aeroplanes will call for marking out of the line at 19:30 o'clock. Troops will be on the lookout for the signal at this hour.

The aeroplanes will be on the alert for any signs of a counter-attack by the enemy, and, should any be apparent, will promptly signal same.

III. THE 119th MACHINE GUN BN.

Will be attached to the reserve of the leading Brigade under orders of the Brigade Commander. The Battalion commander will seek every opportunity to display initiative in the employment of his Machine Guns in support of the Infantry.



INFANTRY ADVANCING ON JUVIGNY



Official Diary

Thursday, August 29, 1918.

At 5:25 A. M. after heavy artillery preparation, in which we take part, 32nd Div. goes "over the top"—Succeed in gaining objective; railroad in front of Juvigny, after a most bitter struggle. Capture many prisoners and some materiel. Battery "C" 120 F. A. has tragedy. While firing barrage, No. 4 piece explodes killing gunner corporal, Alonzo Cudworth, Privates Arthur Ryan and Everhardt VanEimeren. They died at their posts of duty, serving their country. The toll of wounded in the same accident:

Corporal Thomas Malone, Battery "C"

Private Howard Lockin, Battery "C"

Private Frederick L. Adams, Battery "C"

Sergeant Charles E. Hughes, Battery "A"

Sergeant Joe Higgins and Privates Robert and Earl Livingston were knocked out but not wounded

Another detail goes to Saumur Artillery School to prepare for commissions:

Battery "A", 1st Sgt. Edwin B. Gute

Battery "B", 1st Sgt. Eugene K. Brainard;

Battery "C", Corporal Gardner Kellogg.

Hdq. Co., Corporal Frank Fox.

Battalion Hdq. and Batteries move to Valpriez Farm close to front lines. Gas shells thrown into Tartiers. Privates Wichberg, and Muschinsky, Battery "A" drivers, slightly wounded. Private F. Wedler, Battery "A" shell shocked when column is shelled on way to Battery position with ammunition.

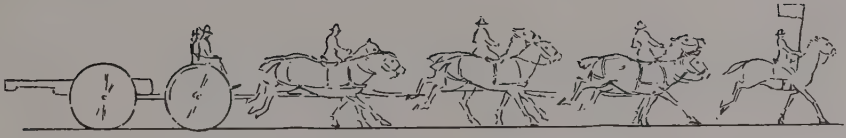
Two allied balloons close to our battery positions at Tartiers shot down by German airman. Observers escape in parachutes. The avion continues down along the line of allied balloons and balloonists are hopping out as far as the eye can reach.

Friday, August 30, 1918.

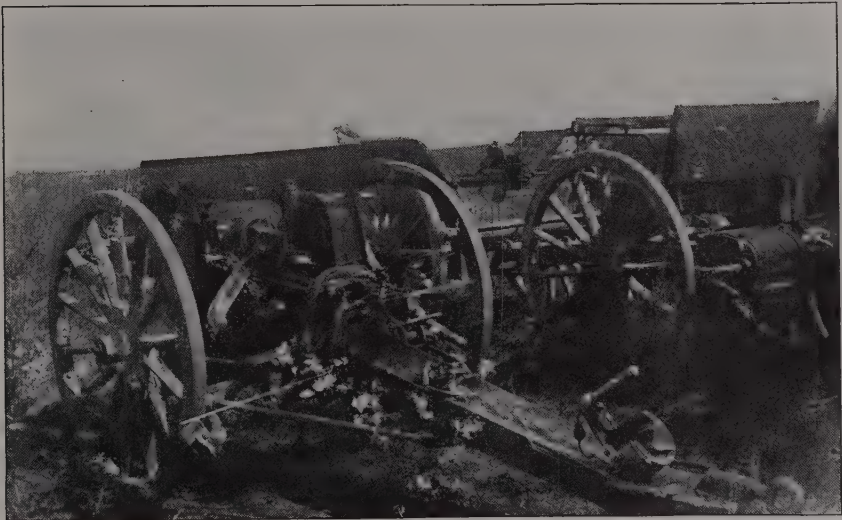
Shelling all day. Bn. Hdq. and batteries under machine gun fire. Pvt. Leo Farrell, Battery A, wounded by machine gun bullet. Capt. James G. Swift, Battery A, hit by spent machine gun bullet. No injury except to the Captain's favorite briar pipe carried in his hip pocket. Batteries maintain hourly schedule of harassing fire day and night.

Saturday, August 31, 1918.

We participate in heavy artillery fire preparatory to infantry attack. Infantry over top at 4:30 P. M. Capture Juvigny, German strong point of resistance. Capture 760 prisoners and some materiel. Severe fighting at gates of Terny-Sorny. Bn. Hdq. heavily shelled and exposed to machine gun fire. Avions bomb country. Echelon at Berry much excited by presence of Boche Birds overhead. Abris are popular tonight. Lts. Whittaker and Appel obtain three new seventy-fives from French Artillery park for Battery C, which needs them badly, having been ordered to remain at Valpriez Farm till new guns are received.



LEAVING TARTIERS POSITION



GUN THAT EXPLODED



Moving Forward

From a Private Diary

Van Tassel returned, and following him at a gallop came a messenger. Van's first words were . . . "We had a hell of a time last night. The fourth piece blew up! Three killed and five wounded!" With that pleasant news, I turned to the messenger, who said "Orders are to come up immediately, with the limbers. We moved forward at once!"

The men injured were—

Dead: Gunner Corporal Alonzo Cudworth
Private, Arthur Ryan
Private, Everhardt Van Eimeren

Wounded: 1st Sgt.—Battery A.—Charles Hughes
Corporal, Thomas Malone
Private, Howard Lockin
Private, Fred Adams
Private, Hugo Goodman

It seemed that fate had marked poor Ryan with great certainty. He had gone to bed after the fire started, unwell, but had come back to the gun anyway. The gun exploded—a piece killed him instantly—AND another fragment of large size buried itself in the ground under his blankets, piercing them thru and thru. He'd have been killed even had he stayed in his bed.

But it was time to be going. "Drivers—turn out and hitch!" was the command. "Make it snappy. Everybody at it! We're going out after 'em!"

In ten minutes we were on the road again, and in an hour I pulled up my horse upon one of the saddest scenes I've seen in many a day.

There on the flat open hilltop where I'd left a valiant bunch the night before—quiet now and no shelling to bother them—they sat about in tired groups, saying nothing and thinking a lot. A few stood bareheaded by the side of three new graves with their little wooden crosses, and to the right—the old 4th piece was tied up in traveling shape, the breech block lying on the trail, and the top of the bore blown entirely away from the shield on back. There was fresh blood on the gun and on the ground about where these boys had died at their post—in action.

Poor lads! Before even a hundred shots were fired, in the first opening fire of yesterday—the first in this brand new sector—they were snapped off. Now we were leaving them behind. This is war. There was many a tearstained face among the boys gathered there, and the officers looked pretty bad, their feelings showing in their faces.

"Let's get going", said Harper. Hooking up and stowing packs on the carriages, we started away from the ill fated spot, many fellows walking slowly past the little graves as tho saying a last farewell to the comrades of but yesterday.

On toward the front we plodded, under a burning-noonday sun. Up the hill thru Tartiers, past the broken aeroplane—thru groups of jabbering Moroccans, and into the double road which leads toward a place called Bieuxy on the sign boards. At



the cross roads, was an ambulance station—for a squadron of the D. C. M. Fords—and this cross road showed signs of heavy shelling.

Mounting fully upon the plateau which lay before us, we entered upon the most dangerous stage of our journey. At the moment we seemed the only outfit on the road, but in a little while we caught up with a great long column. Occasional carriages or short columns passed coming from the front—caissons going back for ammunition for the most part.

This country was level quite to the German lines. Their balloons were up and they were watching every move we made. The supremacy of the air is theirs just now. Planes were thick toward the lines, and now and then one sailed near us.

All the endless acres spread before our view, were like rough prairie land filled with short bushes. The growth was just high enough to camouflage a caisson, and many organizations were camped in the fields on either side.

Each one had its machine guns, rigged up to fight the planes, and the endless shallow trenches which the infantry had used but temporarily, were filled with Moroccan soldiers lying in reserve.

As we scanned the horizon, a peculiarly impressive sight became noticeable. All along the infantry lines, black spouts of dirt were shooting high into the air, but reduced in size by the distance, until it looked like the play of miniature fountains. The Boche were shelling that line heavily and steadily, and the boys watched the explosions quite fascinated, as we progressed steadily toward them.

Suddenly—a machine gun began to chatter just at hand. I looked—a pair of Frenchmen were manning it with delighted smiles. The whole face of the countryside seemed to open up in a storm of fire—there was the rattle like a million riveters working at once. Fully 100 machine guns, if I am any judge, and all were firing at a Boche plane which I now saw just overhead.

The archies joined in with their "Crump! Crump! Crump!" breaking both white puffing balls of shrapnel and black clouds from time shell, in a perfect storm all about the plane.

The plane dodged, and ducked and swerved and twisted. He had come to attack one of our balloons near the road—but now he was forced to beat it, lucky if he could escape. He whirled in a sharply banked circle, and started down the road overhead. Dipping as he went, he sprayed the road with his machine gun in two or three short bursts of fire. The bullets kicked up dust beside the teams but no one was hurt. Down a couple of miles toward the front, we could see the fire of the anti-aircraft guns following him, and at last, after a particularly close burst, he straightened into a steep fast dive and crashed to earth. Our own planes coming up now, would probably have gotten him anyway, as half a dozen appeared out of the sky.

We now joined the end of an extremely long column which disappeared in the scattering trees ahead. On every hand traffic was passing or cutting out into the fields to get by. Ambulances with their groaning loads—staff cars which would brook no delay—ammunition carts and caissons—machine guns and machine gun carriers, drawn by single horses or longeared mules, looking like toy vehicles so small were they. Pack animals, foot soldiers, burial parties and engineers. All the great variety of workmen who carry on a war. It was a sight of a whole army spread out over the country at one time, and I comprehended more of its immensity than I ever did before.



Along the way—in the fields or with feet sticking into the roads, were dead Boche—many of them.

The wooded spot along the road ahead was marked on our maps as Valpriez Farm. Nearby we would place the battery in position. Travel became slower and slower as the congestion ahead increased—it always increases as one approaches the front lines and with it came an harassing fire from the Boche—shells whistled over head and landed in the fields not far away. "Harassing" is a good word. We were quite harrassed. - It's a thing that gets on men's nerves, when confined in a crawling column—for they must sit there on their horses, paying no attention to the near bursts, intent only upon getting ahead, and just hoping one won't land right in their midst.

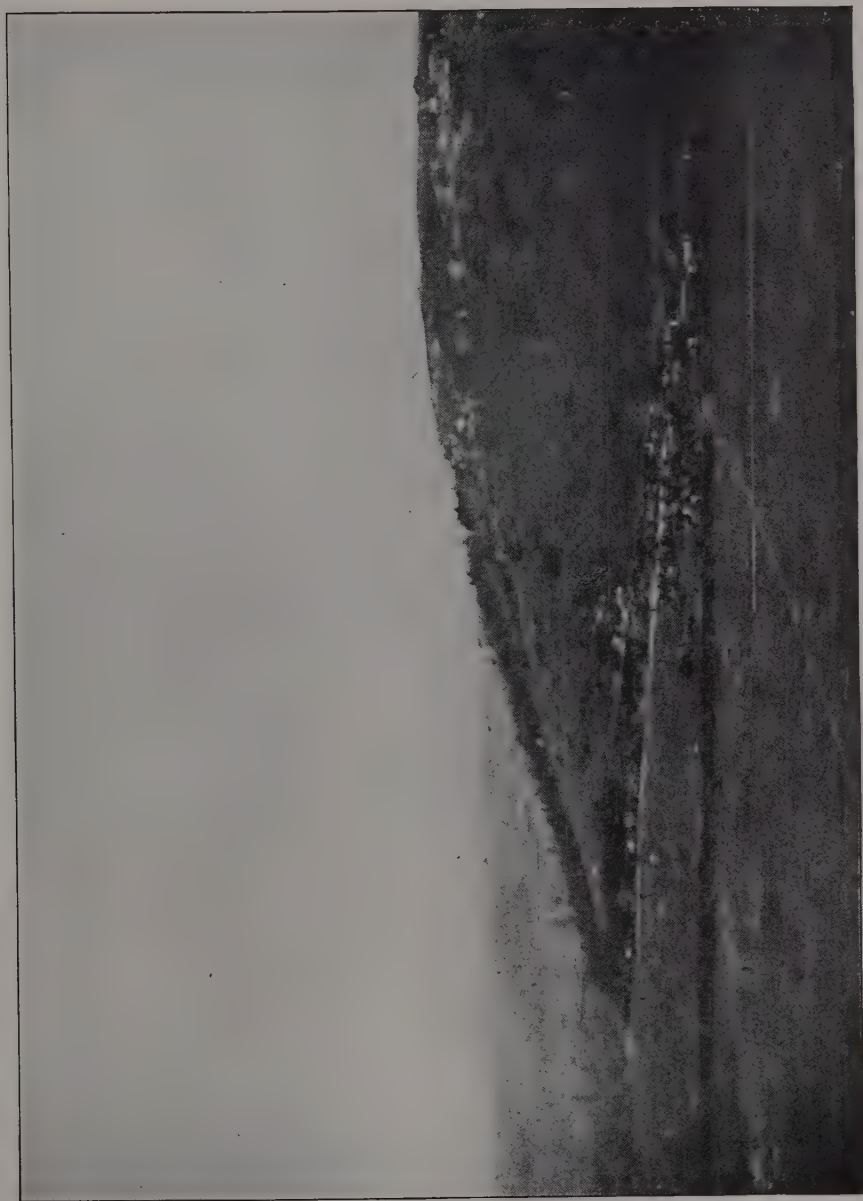
For a time nothing happened. Foot by foot and yard by yard we moved ahead. When we reached the Farm however, the road turned sharply to the left, following the contour of a deep ravine, running between a high stone wall and the quick falling slope of the hollow. It was exactly wide enough for teams to pass with careful driving yet some Frenchmen had tried to "double bank" and jammed the passage of traffic in a way most hard to untangle.

As we stopped this last time, I was riding near a ration cart—and just opposite me, I saw thru a hole or torn gateway in the wall—an inner court which was being used for a dressing station.

It was an ideal place for the Boche to catch us with their shells. Just one burst in that mixed up mass of men and horses would wipe out many on the instant and complicate matters further still. I was worried, but I turned my attention to the scenes just at hand.



THE ROAD TO VALPRIEZ FARM



THE VALLEY AT VALPRIEZ FARM



That dressing station was crowded—overrun with wounded doughboys! Over every foot of floor space and leaning against the walls—a good hundred of them I'm sure — with just three doctors working, and they lay upon the floor so thick that the surgeons could scarcely step between them.

Such moans and groans—such sights—I'd never met before. There was enough downright suffering and agony confined in that little square to last a hundred men a hundred years of normal life, and more. On the roadside — on the banks of the ravine—there were sitting all about, wounded men galore who were waiting for attention. There amongst the rotting horses and the shattered wagons or cars, they sat stolidly smoking or talking in monosyllables.

Then as I turned my eyes again to the scene inside the court—while sitting on my horse in the open gateway—there came the short sharp shriek of a “whizzbang”—not an instant's warning—an ear splitting crash! A blinding flash! And over all the courtyard hung a cloud of dirt and white stone dust. A direct hit!

Then a moment of complete and ringing silence!

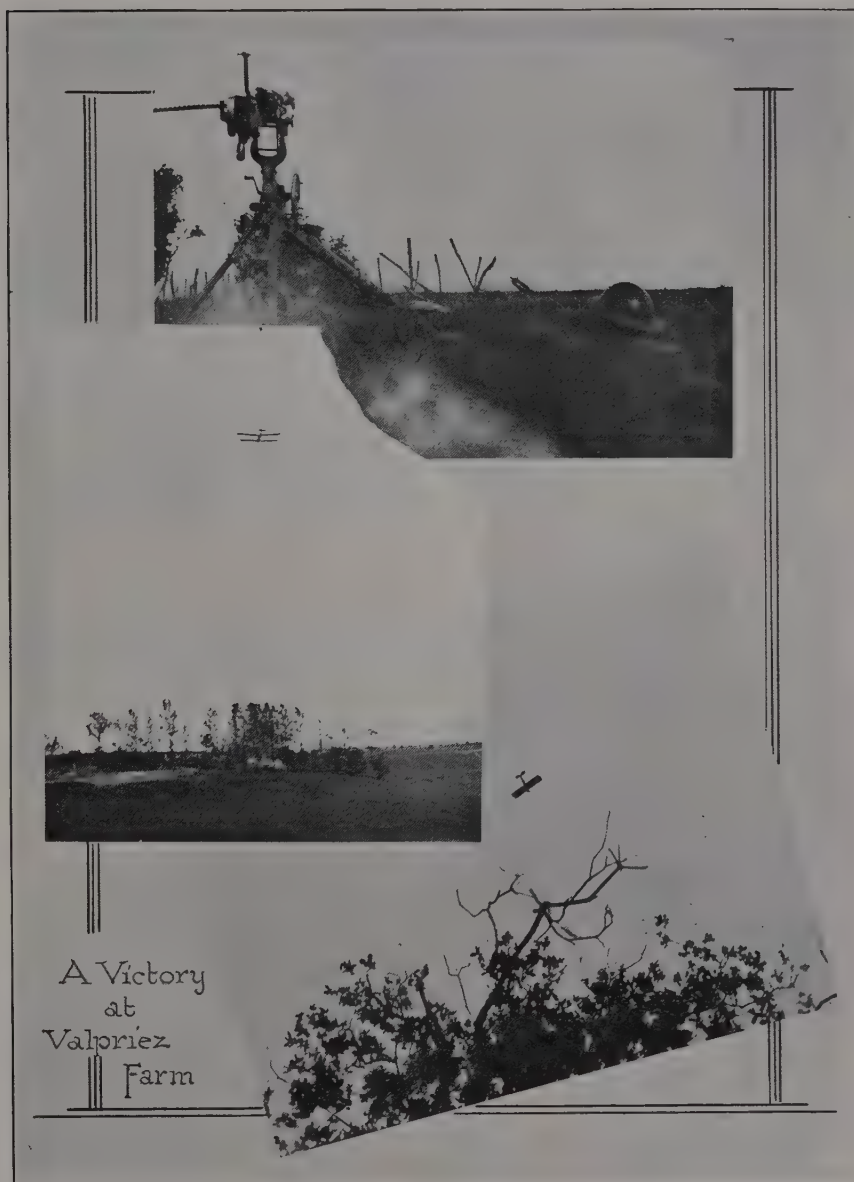
A moan. A scream. A panic of life and action. Men cried and yelled and groaned and moaned with pain. Many of the wounded lay motionless and still. Others, wounded a second time by the hundreds of flying fragments, shouted with terror, and tried to crawl away.

God, what a sight it was! Men blown to atoms, for the shell hit square in the center of the place. Terrible were the cries that sounded—horrible the sight to behold. One poor lad came hopping out of the place on one leg, dragging a bleeding stump behind him. Another, with both hands pressed into a great hole in his back, staggering blindly about—cried plaintively “First Aid! Oh my God! First aid somebody!”

The paralysis left me. I leaped from my horse, letting her stand. Helping the man with the wounded leg to a place of safety near the wall, I turned my attention to the other lad. But he was dead. A comrade — wounded slightly too — stretched him out in a corner of the court. A doctor was killed—another hurt—and the third, like myself uninjured thru some miracle—was working his head off trying to do the work of four. The driver just behind me was still quite stunned or shocked, tho he too was untouched—another miracle, sitting as he was high up on the seat. The entire gateway it seemed had been in a “hole in the spray”.

Then fear struck me—pure cold fear. I could do nothing after the first five minutes. I walked, out to the road — did not mount my horse — but stood beside a big supply truck, speculating on the chance of protection if I dove underneath it, should another shell give warning of its coming. It was a frightful feeling. I was ashamed. I got on my horse again.

The congestion broke up a bit—other shells were coming dangerously near—striking the bottom of the valley below us, and crashing into the buildings all about. Somehow or other none lit in that crowded road. We pulled away from the awful slaughter place, around the fateful corner, then a hundred yards up a hill thru a sunken road which offered a bit of protection. At the base, I saw Tommy Uhl of B Battery working with a plane table, locating his guns which had just preceded us. He was very cool.





Just on top of the hill we were to go into position. From there we could see almost to the infantry lines. In the first line of the artillery—only 1500 yards behind the front—old C Battery was to fire for the next attack.

While the guns were being jerked up the short, steep slope from the road to the field, I thought "Where on earth can we have an echelon—nothing but flat open country all the way back!" Then looking down into the deep valley which sloped right away from the battery, I felt sure it would be "dead space" so decided on the instant to stay right there. Wheeling the empty limbers back into the road at a trot, we broke away down a winding lane to a spot at the foot of the hill just below the guns. Hugging close up to a sharp shoulder of the bank, some eight feet high, we strung our wagons and materiel and kitchens along in a row. We tied the horses in some short brush on the hillside nearby, and cut much of this to camouflage all our carriages. There was just one scrawny, scraggly, little tree, and under this we placed the kitchen, running its stove pipe up among the crooked limbs.

All the while as we worked, great shells were falling almost at our feet. They landed, I should say, thirty yards away. I haven't measured it. Big shells—150's at least—which tore up the soft dirt in clouds and sent it flying on the wind. Recent rains had softened the ground underneath the dusty surface, and to this we credited our safety from the fragments.

Now and then a smaller shell—a 77 or an 88 whizzbang would come skimming over the crest with a startling shriek to burst on the surface, and then we ducked as the fragments were shot all around.

I was banking all my hopes on the grade of that hillside. If they ever dropped one above us, someone would be finished. It was dangerous business, but as good a place as there was to be had, so I set my teeth and made up my mind to stick it out, tho I thought—"If we get shot up, they'll sure blame me." As results have later proven, we're worse off than the battery on the hill top, for most of the Boche shells are overs and they come right down to us, so for once my limber gang is getting the worst of the deal.

When we had finished making camp, and had the horses taken care of, I set every one to digging in and little urging was needed, believe me. With the firing above (for the batteries had now opened up), and the shells falling below, putting nerves on edge, very soon a long row of holes three tiers deep, appeared on the hillside, and we were safe from anything but direct hits if we stayed under cover.

I dug a little too—with Windy helping. We made a trench three foot deep and as long as our two bodies—a narrow one! Over this we placed a shelter half, and in the bottom our blankets, and covered the white chalk-like dirt turned up, with leaves and branches pulled from bushes on the hill. This finished, I was ready to eat.

A moment's look about me showed that we now had company. Battery B had got in ahead of me, and A followed along behind. Just underfoot below the bank upon which I'd made my home, was a row of horses tied—with the carriages behind them.

After eating a bite—the same old canned salmon and bread and tomatoes—I went up to the battery. They were firing and being fired upon. The boys had trenches at the guns and their camouflage nets staked out, tho withdrawn now of course. The officers were in a sort of dugout just behind the guns, like a deep well in which there were "three stories"—platforms built in with a manhole thru each.



SOME OF C'S LIMBER GANG



A SHELL STOPPED THIS CARD GAME



By sticking your head over the hill top—you took a chance of being immediately “beaned” by a machine gun bullet. The Boche gunners were sprinkling us with these, so short was the range. Over in the Farm across the way, at Battalion Headquarters, the bullets now were rattling on the walls. And in A Battery next door to us, just a little while before, Pvt. Geo. Farrell stopped one. He was evacuated seriously wounded. I “kept my head down” believe me, and stayed behind the bank.

Stepping over to the road, I found a most moving sight. The infantry in reserve has assembled there. Troops thicker than bees—tired doughboys all—were lying in tiny fox holes close together, dug in both banks of the sunken highway, sleeping or resting or eating “emergency rations” there in the red brown clay, while waiting for the call which in an hour or so would send them up to the jumping off point.

Standing in this vantage spot, I could see far back toward the rear and spread out as far as eye could reach was an army, all in view. The roads were crammed with moving columns, going and coming, and shelled incessantly. The air was filled with the roar of guns, and also with the dust and dirt. Spasmodically the valley echoed to the rattle of a million explosions from machine guns, as they voiced their deathly rattle when one of the constantly coming Boche planes swooped down over the hill. There was infantry in column and scattered like dots in the far off fields—artillery of every size and kind coming up. Even the heavies were moving into this advanced position. Such confidence is the superb tribute of an army commander to his men. And it seemed to me that Mangin knew the Boche couldn’t come back thru.

Two hundred yards down the road at the horror spot of an hour or so before, the shells were again dropping about the slow moving column—in the houses—in the fields—and each hour meant a toll of dead and wounded, but the traffic came crawling on.

We are evidently preparing for a gigantic thrust at the stronghold in the caves and ravines of Juvigny. It is there that the Boche has retreated since we took his railway tracks, and soon these doughboys I saw lying about will be crossing a hell of a No Man’s Land, to drive him out of his nests and burrows with bayonet and grenade. They are up against a hard deal—for the Boche is fighting almost solely with machine guns. There’s hardly an infantryman in his front lines, with exception of the snipers, but he has a *full regiment* there today, each man armed with a rapid firer—so that the poor old 32nd is going to lose heavily.

By the time I got back to the kitchen—some two hours after our cold bite, the cooks had decided to make hot coffee and slum. So we ate again that evening—the boys coming up no more than five in a group, to get their chow and scatter over the hillside to eat. I dipped up a little myself and decided to have the battery run down the hill to the kitchen to eat, which they did—with relish—surprised to find the chow wagon no longer needed.

As I sat on a wagon tongue licking up the grub, I noticed one of the boys lying a few feet away asleep, his head covered with a blanket, and his legs crossed—one foot in the air.

“Better wake him up Nick” I said to the driver who sat near—“He’ll miss his supper!”

“I can’t wake him Lieutenant,” drawled Nick quietly, “He’s dead. His pals left him there while they’re gone—infantry from just around the hill—and they said maybe they’d get to come back in the mornin’. They want to bury him.”



We left him there. We felt no repugnance. In fact he seemed quite friendly, poor fellow—as he lay apparently quietly sleeping. It was his long last sleep.

I was about to take a picture of the layout before the sun dropped the last six inches behind the hill. I had my camera in my hands and was looking in the finder. From overhead came a low soughing sound, which increased to a roar—and then a nervewracking crash which seemed to shake the very earth! The whole field before us seemed to leap up into the air. I snapped the camera automatically, and had photographed *SOME* shell explosion! It was apparently a 42 cm shell or one from some new big mortar. It left a hole which I at once went out to see from sheer curiosity. A good fifteen feet deep and already filling with water. Perhaps it will open a spring and help us out on the water problem!

An "Evening Song" was just sounding its first tentative notes across the land. Two batteries of our 75s had started. Joining in one at a time, three French batteries along the crest added their sharply cracking noise to the sound. Then across the valley in the unprotected woods—a terrible position under this shelling—a full row of heavy howitzers sent forth their ringing bellows—they were scarce ten yards apart along the entire forest front—twenty of them if I counted right.

Other guns before and behind us—and more on either side began sending crashing salvos toward the Hun. The night became a clamorous crashing bedlam that seemed to never slacken. The Heavens were lighted in fitful fashion by the leaping tongues of flame—like the red glow of a fire, but not so steady.

Barbed Wire

From a Private Diary

Among this widespread maze of bare brown trenches, trimmed and festooned with heavy barbed wire, I had my first sight of "concrete lines" where the Boche had erected fortifications of the strongest kind. Trenches—pill boxes—all sorts of strong points—built of concrete three to ten feet thick, and seemingly indestructible. We had demolished the tops at least and the boys had cleaned them out with bayonets and grenades, so that even this line didn't hold tho it was fully as strong as that "Hindenburg" proposition which is said to lie ahead.

The thing which grated most on my nerves, was that endless field of wire. As far as eye could reach, its festoons hung. Wire is a thing one sees so much of, that he will never quite forget it. I'll have no barbed wire on my Kentucky farm "someday".

It is wrapped round and round the soldier's world, in twisting coils and snarls and intricate meshes. Stretching in closely woven, zig-zag lines for mile after mile along the trenches, before—behind—in front and rear—wherever you look—brown, matted, rusty fields of Barbed Wire!



Across broad spreading fields once ripe with grain, now desolate by War's searing flames, and pock marked with a sea of shell holes—run these endless entanglements of Barbed Wire.

Thru swamps, half hidden—across rivers, and in their very beds—over hill tops and thru gullies—the inevitable red brown paths of Barbed Wire.

Thru the heart of great forests—about the edges—and interwoven with the underbrush of thickets—more Barbed Wire.

On short squat posts, on slender iron pegs, on pointed stakes turned upward. On hastily cut branches, nailed and looped and tied and twisted coil on coil, this same Barbed Wire.

Far to the rear now, caked with poisonous rust, intersected by new made roads and paths, lay the cruel traps sprinkled with bleaching bones on the bloody fields of spring—Barbed Wire.

One of the greatest single factors in the war. The thing upon which most thought and shells are expended. The erection of which costs endless loss of life. The destruction of which means infinite effort and expense and danger. The nightmare of the brave hearted doughboy. The bugbear of calculating artillerymen. The bete noir of the cavalry. The hopeless obstacle of coming farmers. The most menacing, cruel portentous, hideous sight on the face of a dreary battle field—is Barbed Wire.



WIRE USED ON NO MAN'S LAND



DRESSING STATION NEAR VALPRIEZ POSITION



CHASING COOTIES



CONFIDENTIAL
Not to be taken into
front line trenches

Hq. 32d Division
2d Section G. S.
30 August 1918
No. 2

Summary Of Intelligence

AUGUST 28th to AUGUST 29th, 1918.
(7:00 to 7:00 hour)

I. GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE DAY: Artillery and machine guns very active. Visibility good.

II. ENEMY FRONT LINE: The enemy front line is approximately the line of BOIS DE COULONGE to the heights to the N. E. of this woods. The woods and the heights both contain strong machine gun nests.

III. ENEMY ORDER OF BATTLE:

Prisoners	Div.	Regt.	Officers	N. C. O's.	Men
	7th	26th		2	6

Interrogation of prisoners confirms the position of the 26th Regt.

IV. ENEMY INFANTRY: Little infantry activity. Heavy machine gun fire.

V. ENEMY ARTILLERY: The enemy has used both shrapnel and high explosive in bombardment of our front line and communications. A little gas shelling has been reported on our back area. Calibers seem to be 77 and 105. A few shells fell on our back area during the night.

VI. ENEMY MOVEMENTS: Individuals and small groups observed in the enemy's territory but no movement of importance reported.

VII. ENEMY WORKS: None reported.

VIII. ENEMY AERONAUTICS: During the morning an enemy airplane crossed our lines and machine gunned roads in the rear. Yesterday a flight of about ten enemy machines used their machine guns on Moroccan troops in our rear but were driven back by anti-aircraft. Two of our balloons were shot down by an enemy plane during the morning of the 29th. One enemy balloon observed during the day.

IX. Nothing to report.

X. ACTIVITY OF OUR OWN TROOPS: The effort to advance this morning supported by artillery and tanks gained the railroad for us. Our patrols crossed the railroad and covered the country to the east but were under heavy machine gun fire. Our front is the railroad embankment.

PAUL B. CLEMENS
Major G. S.



Shelling at Valpriez Farm

From a Private Diary

August 31st

This morning as I stood beside the kitchen, after getting in from several hours last night—hauling ammunition up to the batteries (just three hours sleep!)—we had a visit from another one of those whooping big shells.

She came in like a regular railroad train—rumbled along as tho she'd never arrive—then with a roar like a Niagara Falls she plumped down into the field about 100 yards away, throwing up enough earth to fill a block of the Panama Canal.

The cloud of smoke and dirt rose so high in air, that I jerked out my camera and took a picture of it. The remarkable thing to be noted is that a couple of these hungry meat hounds of ours, never even *looked around* to see what had happened. Not more than half of them will wear their helmets in spite of such things. "They're too hot!"

A little later, sitting up on the side of the hill before my little old comfortable dugout—I watched a greater shower of shells fall about the valley than we've yet been favored with.

Concentrating on the edge of the little woods across the way, where the heavies are lined up row on row, reinforced now by some batteries which came in last night—the Boche planted shells in salvos and in volleys—singles—doubles—triplets—a perfect rain that kept up for an hour! It's a result of those planes coming so often to look things over and take photographs. They know exactly where those guns are spotted.

The devil of it is that they're using long fuse stuff, and the explosions come so quickly that they hardly dig a hole in the ground—but scatter the fragments far and wide all over the field. Just as I had my glasses trained on one of our guns which was firing fast in spite of the shells falling near—the Boche plumped one right under the muzzle of it, so that it nearly lifted the piece out of place. I decided instantly that the gun crew was wiped out. But inside of ten seconds she bellowed forth an answer!—*oh* those Frogs! You've got to hand it to them. The crew is covered up so tight in little individual man holes dug just behind the guns, from which they can reach up to load and pull the lanyard—that only a perfect hit can get them, and that old battery kept on talking back without a quaver in its voice!

Preparation for the Juvigny Attack

From a Private Diary

The afternoon started with intense activity all about. This is the day of the big attack! The Moroccan troops lying in support behind us in the fields, were moved up in bodies to be ready to go to the first line. After this big barrage in which all artillery will join—the plan is that the Moroccans will "leap frog" thru us, and relieve us for a breathing spell. (But this will doubtless be changed as we never get a rest.) From one o'clock until three I watched a hundred guns come in. For the full length of the valley—right down in that sea of shell craters—75s manned by Moroccans poured in.



A BIG SHELL DROPS IN

Down from the road at a trot they came, wheeling into position. Almost hub to hub the guns were placed, as their crews busily got them laid. Officers scrambled all about, getting their data figured. And as they worked, the caisson teams were exceedingly busy. Unloading the ammunition in a neat pile behind each gun, they hiked away at a trot again, moving with admirable precision, and came back in an hour with another load. This unloaded, they filled up once more—later placed the caissons beside the pieces—then hiked away with the limbers over the hill.

And tho I didn't see it—they say they went out when the barrage was finished, still on the trot to some rendezvous!

I'll insert the order for the big attack here, tho I didn't see it until afterward. We knew it was coming of course, and I was determined to see the infantry action. It was worth while!



SECRET
FIELD ORDERS
NO. 47
MAP: SOISSONS—1/20,000

P. C. 32d Division
France, 31 Aug 1918
14:30 o'clock

xzI. (a) The 30th Army Corps (French) will today at an hour to be fixed later, resume the attack on the plateaus to the south of the AILETTE. The Corps will attack with:

In first line: 2d M. D.—66th I. D.—32nd U. S. Division.

In second line: 17th I. D.—64th I. D.—1st M. D.
"M. D"—Moroccan Division. "I. D"—Infantry Division.

OBJECTIVE: The first objective to be attained the following: (see tracing herewith: Pont de la GLORIE—BETHANCOURT—northern edge of the BOIS DE LEUILLY the MONT DE DUILLY—TOUTVENT—FONTAINE ST. REMY—point 4246—eastern edge and southern edge of TERNY-SORNY.

(b) The efforts of the 30th Army Corps facing the east is to be executed with two divisions (the 32nd U. S. Div. and the 66th Inf. Div.) operating on the heights of the plateau.

The 2nd Moroccan Division is to spread out in its zone facing the northeast in order to guard the flank of the action, while occupying the BOIS DE LEUILLY and the side of Hill 143 facing LEUILLY sous COUCY.

II. In compliance with Special Order No. 124, P. C. 30th Army Corps, 31 August 1918, this Division will attack at H hour in liaison with the 59th Division of the 1st Army Corps on our right and the 66th Infantry Division of the 30th Army Corps on our left.

FIRST OBJECTIVE: (See tracing herewith) point 300 meters southeast of FONTAINE ST. REMY—eastern edge and southern edge of TERNY-SORNY. Later order will prescribe the successive objectives of this Division.

LIMITS OF SECTOR: Northern limit: As previously fixed as far as point 180.2-304.5 cross roads at Hill 151.2 (to the 66th I. D.—crossroads at 184.0-304.7.

Southern limit: As previously given, up to BEAUMONT FARM due east to road leading south from TERNY-SORNY (as well as during the course of the attack) the right of our line should be in liaison with the left of the 59th I. D.

III. (I) ARTILLERY

(a) Distribution of the artillery same as given in Field Order No. 46 P. C. 32d Division 28 August 1918.

(b) PREPARATION FOR THE ATTACK

Counter-battery fires intended to demolish the located enemy batteries or batteries which might be discovered during the action, will be executed with regulation by aeronautics during the entire morning of the 31st and continued during the preparation.



The attack will be preceded by a very powerful artillery preparation which will last, in principle, four hours and will comprise:

(a) The continuation of methodical destruction by controlled fires, of existing enemy organizations and machine gun nests:

(b) The neutralization of the enemy batteries and the blinding of the observations:

(c) Raking fires by the field artillery and the heavy artillery (short) of the zone immediately in front of the first lines.

To fool the enemy as to the instant when the tanks will enter into action and to facilitate their march at the moment of attack, several fires of smoke producing shells will be executed in the course of the preparation, before the hour H at varying intervals which will be fixed by the Colonel Commanding the Artillery of the A. C.

The last of these fires will last for three-quarters of an hour and will commence at H minus forty-five minutes.

(d) EXECUTION OF ATTACK (see barrage chart herewith):

The attack will be executed under the protection of a creeping barrage which will be dropped at H-4 minutes on the northern part of our sector to the east of the railroad and will move at the rate of 100 meters in 3 minutes. When the creeping barrage above mentioned, reaches a point 200 meters east of the north and south road thru the eastern limit of JUVIGNY, a creeping barrage will then cover the entire front of our sector and will move at the rate of 100 meters in 3 minutes. The barrage will stop until H-50 minutes, when the infantry reaches the line shown on map running thru the eastern outskirts of JUVIGNY to crest south of JUVIGNY.

Until H-1 hour and 40 minutes, when the infantry reaches the line Hill 171, (coordinates 182.1-204.6) eastern edge of BOIS de ALSACE.

(e) One battery of light artillery will be placed at the disposal of each regimental commander in the front line, as has been prescribed by Field Orders No. 46, P. C. 32nd Division.

(2) INFANTRY

(a) The following is quoted from S. O. 124, P. C. 30th Army Corps, 31 Aug.

By reason of the advance realized during the night of 30-31 August, by the 32nd U. S. Division, all the troops, in order that the movement may be concordant, cannot leave at the same hour. Consequently the hours of the opening of barrage and the departure of the elements which are to advance behind the barrage will be regulated in such manner that the 1st line indicated above be reached by the infantry at H plus forty minutes. The ensemble of the attack will resume the advance from that line at H. plus fifty minutes.

The advance will be continued under protection of the barrage from the north and south road at eastern outskirts of JUVIGNY at H plus 50 minutes. The advance from the 2nd line will be resumed at H plus 1 hour and 40 minutes and continued to first objective.



(b) **AXIS OF ADVANCE:**—JUVIGNY—TERNY-SORRY, road to point 600 meters north of TERNY-SORNY thence to cross roads 800 meters northeast to TERNY-SORNY.

(c) Attention is called to instructions in Field Order No. 46 in reference to Equipment, Ammunition, Engineers, Cavalry, Balloons, and Sanitary Arrangements, which will be followed in the present attack.

(d) **TANKS**

Two companies of tanks will be placed by the 30th Army Corps at the disposal of the Division for the attack. See Annex "A" for order for Tanks.

NOTE: Enemy tanks have been reported during the day of 30 August and it is expected that the batteries of artillery attached to the infantry will be used against such tanks should they appear.

(e) **AEROPLANES**

Squadron No. 278 is put at the disposal of this Division.

MARKING OUT OF THE LINE—

Obligatory at H plus 25 minutes and at H plus 1 hour and 35 minutes. Attention is called to Annex "B" on matter of liaison between the infantry and aeroplanes.

(f) **STRAGGLERS POSTS AND REGULATION STATIONS:** will be established by the A. P. M. in the same manner as prescribed by F. O. 46 along the road TARTIERS—BIEUXY—BAGNEUX with regulating stations at the 3 towns named.

(g) **LIAISON:** Will be made with neighboring Divisions as prescribed in annex copies of which had been furnished Brigade Commanders.

(h) **COMMUNICATIONS:** The Division Signal Officer will see to it that proper wire communication is maintained between elements of the Divisions.

IV. Further orders for trains will be issued when movements become necessary.

V. P. C.'s no change.

By Command of Major General Haan.

The Infantry Attack

From a Private Diary

We reached the little pair of trenches from which we could see over the gentle five foot rise of ground which was all that stood between us and the Boche Fire.

What a spectacle it was from there. The embankment of the tracks hid the actual ground at point of impact of our barrage bursts beyond, but like a cloud of steam and dirt—the air just across the embankment was filled with a bubbling spouting barrier—a solid mass of explosions for all its length. It might have been a dark cloud bank, rising just so high but never higher, tho now and then a burst would shoot very far into the air.



Another trench not far away, seemed to lead right up to the tracks. The Boche fire was so light I had a notion to take a chance farther. One Lieutenant in Moroccan uniform started—then looked back; I followed; we left the other two in the O. P.

Up a few yards to the top of the rise—then we started along the trench. Now an occasional gust of machine gun fire came over, distinguishable only by the dirt kicked up when the bullets ripped along the ground. The trench was very tempting but it wasn't deep enough to give standing protection and in any event it was enfladed by the Boche fire. So we followed close along the edge of it at a half-run, dropping down inside now and then, when ricoched bullets whined too close for comfort. It was nervous work. We broke into a run, and almost made the track, hoping to get there before the crouching doughboys should go over.

Then—in some hole in the barrage a Boche nest opened up for fair! The bullets just skimming the railway tracks, a couple hundred yards ahead, ripped up the dirt all about us and we flopped in a hurry, into the trench.

There we lay for a couple of minutes, then ducking low, followed slowly down its length, until we reached the end where shells had rendered it useless as protection.

Still a hundred to go for "safety". We stopped a moment, breathless from running, and looked about. On our right, a company of tanks were coming up. It was time for the barrage to move on and for the attack to start!

We leaped out on the open ground again, bending low and running for all we were worth. I stumbled into a shell hole and fell flat! Then another breathless spurt of speed, and I dove into the shelter of the embankment, wondering how I'd escaped being winged by the passing bullets.

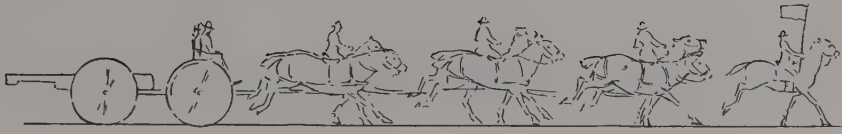
All along in fox holes, not yet connected into a trench—hugging close to the tracks were the doughboys crouching low. An occasional shell landed all too near—the wail of bullets overhead—made a man bend lower down and keep his helmet well on top him.

The barrage started to move ahead. A tremor of life ran down the line of men. A noncom leaped up and walked swiftly along the edge of the holes, speaking to his squad but bending down to keep in the lee of the top, for machine gun fire was increasing all the time.

Some of the men near me looked at each other, grunting out some word or other—others looked up—fidgeted a bit—then lowered their heads. A few were nervous—fingering their rifles with their long bayonets gleaming—anxious to be gone. In a moment some of these lads would walk calmly forth to die.

Then the tanks appeared, going over—but they were late! Something had gone wrong. An officer nearby swore as he looked at them and then at his wrist watch. They were not in formation—they should have been already across the tracks and spread out before the doughboys. But on they came in single file, looking not the way they do in an attack, but as tho traveling along a road!

Clanking and sliding—nosing down into the shell holes—one by one the tanks reared at the embankment, rolled and clattered to the top—slithered quickly down the other side. Absurd hideous monsters they seemed, yet their antics make one smile even under such circumstances. They are like great bug-organisms, partaking at least a little from the human brain within, which controls the levers and machinery that drives them on.



I jumped up after they passed to see the fun regardless of bullets. I was disappointed. The tank attack started as a bad one. Still in single column they started across the field, and now the moment of the infantry jump-off was at hand. The wall of fire moved onward and the Doughboys started forth.

As they spread out in thin skirmish line—the first groups jumping out—only then the tanks broke off at angles and tried to get ahead of the line. But the foot soldiers could easily have passed them.

I looked about me. Wounded were already on the ground before us, and I saw one fellow limping—coming back along the track with a comrade hanging over his shoulders. He carried him down to a sheltered spot, then turned once more back to the attack, wounded tho he was—he went back in!

Out across the flat before us—little dots of men visible. I was only *peeking* now, for the Boche machine guns had opened up with a great volume of fire. I was astounded at the number left in action after the terrific bombardment. At times the hail of lead was so great across those tracks, that I dared not lift my head to even look. Again—during lulls—I took a chance.

Over our heads, and over the barrage line now well down toward the town, airplanes were thick. Far out on the flat, the tanks now were busy—waddling and wheeling this way and that, tiny flashes spurting from their 37s as they fired on the nests.

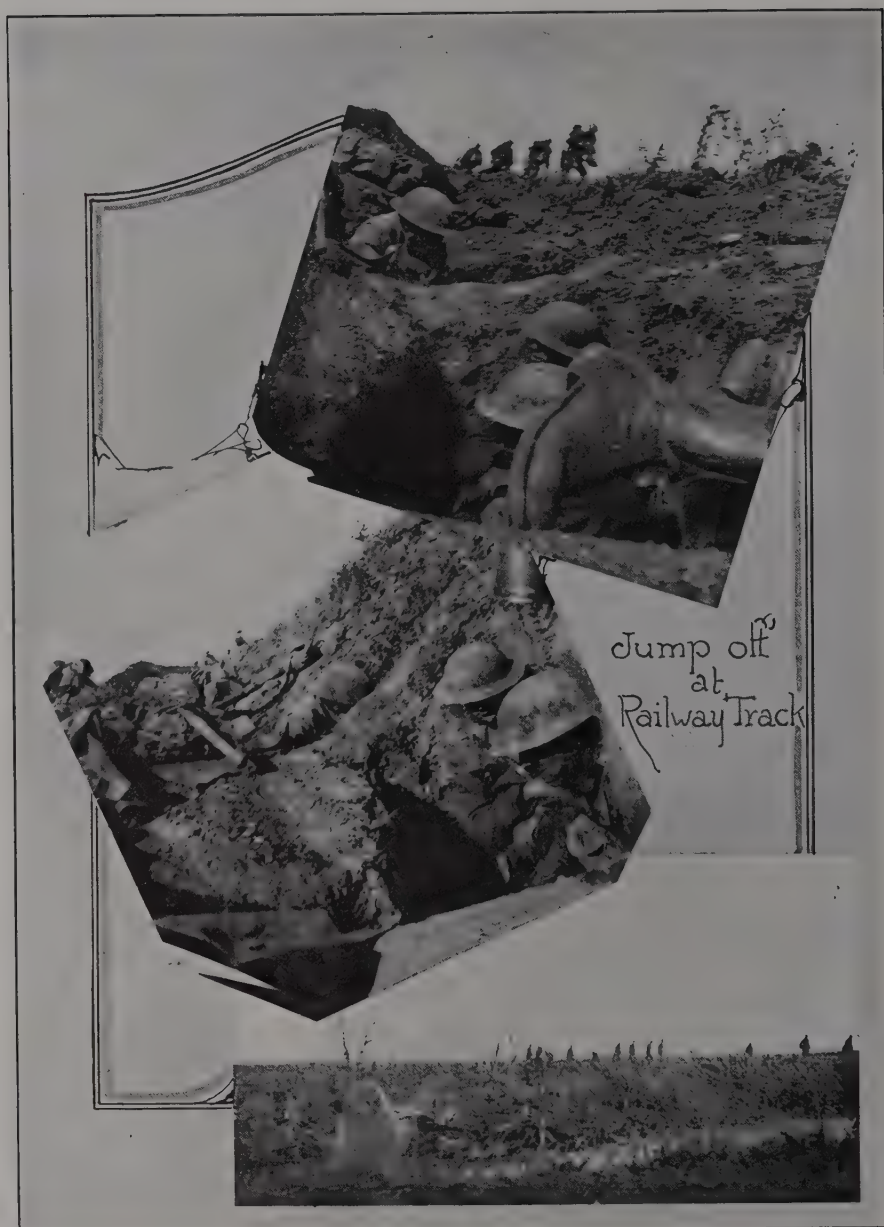
Many wounded were in sight, but in spite of the heavy fire, stretcher bearers were gathering them up already. Doing it quickly. Carrying them to the road and waiting ambulances not far off.

The second wave was passing—going over—and the place was full of soldiers now and then. Fighting on over all the land ahead, as later parties “cleaned up” odd spots. Yet—there were few details a man could see. Their figures were like moving dots in the brush. Men fired—perhaps some fought with bayonets—some tossed hand grenades—but it was much like a scene on hunting days, when you watch the bird shooters walking slowly about in high bushes. Nothing spectacular.

The fight progressed as steadily as the barrage. | Now they were entering the ravines and the town. Here the rattle of firing was terrific—but the bullets no longer stormed so thickly over the field in front. All the doughboys disappeared in the hollows beyond.

A great curiosity drew me forward. The dead—many of them—were scattered here and there—our boys. The wounded were nearly all gathered up already. Many stretcher bearers were combing the ground in little groups—each of them strung about with big medical belts.

I swung out over the field in a big semi-circle toward the road. Many were the boys I passed, stopping now and then to examine them for signs of life—some looked so peaceful—but it was no good. All were dead. The only wounded I saw were “limpers” able to walk to the road.

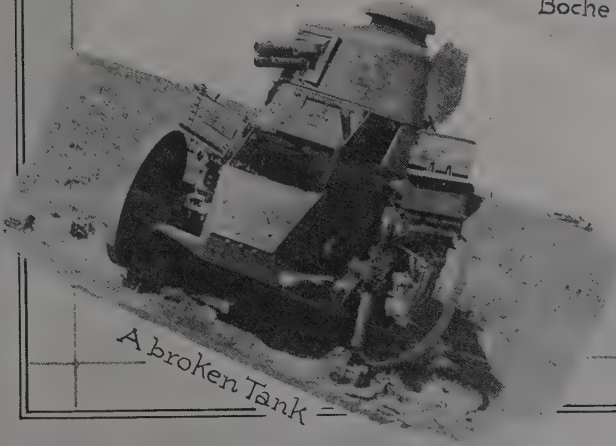




One of our
Doughboys



Boche Machine Guns



A broken Tank



BOCHE PRISONERS



HERD OF PRISONERS



75's IN ACTION IN JUVIGNY ATTACK



FOREIGN LEGIONNAIRES AND FALLEN FRENCH PLANE IN FRONT OF JUVIGNY



Going Into Position near Juvigny

From a Private Diary

C Battery

What ghastly sights a full moon would have shown us! There were still gruesome objects in the road underfoot, over which my little black mare stumbled now and then.

Creaking slowly along, we passed a couple of French ammunition columns coming out. You've got to give them credit—they do these jobs with dispatch! They passed us at a fast trot, getting quickly out of the shelled zone, thus protecting life and horses and materiel.

As we neared the line of guns which had already moved up forward, cannon barked and bellowed according to their calibre on every side. About then too, shells began coming in—landing on either side the road, at a good distance for the most part tho a few came all too near. One enormous shell seemed to land right upon a battery close by, which we had noted by the flashes as it fired. It was completely silenced for a while, but I think we heard the same one later, as it resumed its fire after "cleaning up".

At last the town of Juvigny loomed up against the sky—the first tottering remains of buildings on ahead. The road sloped down with some slight protection from four foot fills, and I figured that in a pinch we could drop to safety on the ground.

Just at the cross road however, we were halted. Met by an agent from Brigade Hq. saying that another position had to be chosen. We must stand there and await orders. Ugh! What a place to stop a solid column! A cross road, at the edge of a town. The easiest place to spot on a map, and a place invariably shelled. There was nothing to be done. We had to wait.

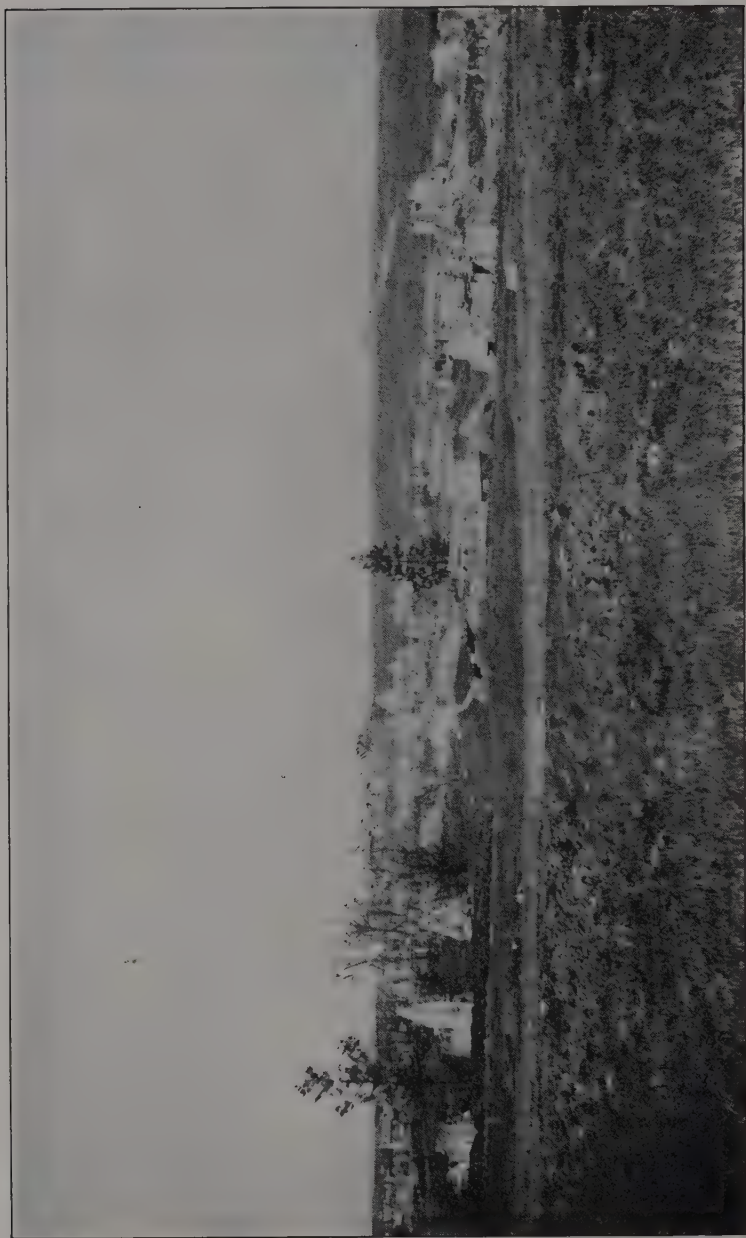
After a quarter hour I got nervous. Shells were coming faster. A great many were exploding just ahead in the town, with great flashing explosions which startled the horses giving the men all they could do to handle them. We dreaded what would happen when they increased their range.

Then—with several sharp short shrieks—shells were landing just beside us—not 50 meters from the road I'm sure. But the explosions were extremely light—just a sort of hollow plunk—and in a few moments we smelled the gas which they contained.

A gas shell is a most unnerving thing, despite its apparent harmlessness. They come in with a shrill eerie whistle, and when they "plunk" it seems "unfinished"—you keep expecting a further explosion right along. Richter and I waited sniffing—for the wind was in our favor—we didn't order gas masks, but several already had them on!

What if they got them on the road—that was what drove us crazy—just standing there waiting for a slight shift of fire. For those shells would kill men and horses like great round shot of other days, while a good many smelled like mustard gas which would burn up everything in sight!

It was terribly dark now. The road was narrow. We couldn't turn around. But expecting any moment to be caught in a deluge of what might change to h. e.—



JUVIGNY
From Bry. A's Position



we ordered the men to unlimber—the cannoneers turned the carriages by hand, and in a little while we were headed out—but still waiting!

Would orders *never* come?

The shelling ahead in town increased its violence. Harper came back nearly crying with rage, and swearing at the damn fools who kept us there.

A shell landed square in the road just ahead of us—and this one went off with a bang! H. E.!! “They’ve stopped the gas” we thought, and while that meant a little relief for watering eyes, it also meant they’d soon blow us to hell. Harpdr was just ready to order us out, when relief came.

We turned squarely off to the left, up a deep sunken road, along the side of which were various French outfits already. This road offered excellent protection—it calmed our fears a bit—but gradually as we climbed it, the banks lowered on the side toward the front, and some two hundred yards up, we cut out into the open field.

This was the position they’d “chosen” after all the delay and danger! This bare swept hillside facing directly toward the enemy! It was simply murder! To top it off, we’d killed so much time getting along the roads, and during the wait, that the break of day was now upon us.

Wheeling the horses across the field—just a good fifty yards from the road—the poor brutes stumbling and getting tangled in a mass of fallen telephone wires—we unhooked the guns in position—cannoneers worked feverishly digging trenches and trail pits while others prepared the camouflage netting and the poles.

I got my teams down into the road, and went back for a last word with Harper. He was discouraged and fearful of what was to happen. In the graying dawn, while men scraped and dug, with one eye on the shelter of the road—two Boche planes appeared overhead, coasting almost silently—and a distant rattle of machine guns sounded on the line.

Beyond a doubt the planes spotted us, in spite of the dim light. But what happened to the battery was just then not my business. I had to *go home* along those hellish roads in daylight!

As we galloped the teams down the sunken road, the planes opened fire from above. But they were shooting at the boys in the gun position, which made them stop working. By this time they had their nets pretty well up, but their trenches were not completed and they had to slide into the road until archies drove the Boche away.

Turning into the road or street thru the outskirts of Juvigny, we walked the horses up the narrow hill road. It was here I took a picture, just shooting down the line—and I wondered if I’d ever see it finished.

On the hill top, we broke into a trot—we made “French speed” for sure that morning, tho twice compelled to stop by the presence of planes overhead.

Then as we crossed the railway tracks, thru the dead and shell holes—demolished tanks sitting in the fields about, I turned in the saddle and looked back over the column behind me;—it was a sight that I never will forget.

Like a wonderful Remington painting—the first teams mounting the rise—steel helmeted men swaying in the saddles—the sun rising behind them like a great ball of bright red fire—casting deep shadows o’er the ruined village, wherein the scattering trees and standing walls tottered in their insecurity.



EXTRACT FROM TENTH ARMY BULLETIN OF INFORMATION NO. 90

Page 2, Par. (b)

of 30 August 1918

—DENSITY OF THE ENEMY'S TROOPS ON THE ARMY'S FRONT:

The questioning of prisoners and the documents captured, confirm the first information given yesterday concerning the exceptional density of enemy's troops in its first positions.

It was during the night of the 26th to the 27th of August that the enemy reinforced units in the line and diminished the depth of its dispositions. The reserve Battalions which had previously been on the line LEUILLY—FONTAINE ST. REMY—TERNY-SORNY—CLAMERCY were carried forward to the line of the Rest Battalions which themselves were placed in immediate support of the Battalions in the first line and occupied the principle line of resistance. Thus, the entire disposition was crowded to the front on either side of the principle line of resistance, on a depth which did not exceed 1400 to 2000 meters. The principal line of resistance chosen by the enemy, as brought out by documents, passed by the crest west of CRECY au MONT to the West of La MONTAGNE it cut obliquely the knoll West of Les RIBAUDES and then ran nearly north and south from Les RIBAUDES east of JUVIGNY; then it utilized the crest south of Juvigny the knoll west of La MAISON BLANCHE AND CHAVIGNY.

Not only did the enemy accumulate effectives on this line but he reinforced it still more in the course of the battle, by engaging one regiment in the region of CHAVIGNY and one in the region of JUVIGNY from a Division in reserve.

The effectives engaged, the pushing forward of the Regimental P. C.'s on the principal line of resistance, all prove that the enemy had received strict orders to hold its positions at all costs.

HISTORY OF GERMAN DIVISIONS NOW IN THIS SECTOR

Sept 3, 1918

INFORMATION CONCERNING THE 50TH RESERVE DIVISION:

229th Regiment, 230th Regiment and 231st Regiment

The 50th Reserve Division was engaged on the ALBERT front up to the end of June. It remained in rest in the region of SOLESNE until July 19th. Called to service again on that date. It has not since left the AISNE-VESLE region.

The 229th and the 230th regiments were engaged in the region of VILLEMONTAIRE the 29th of July, the 231st being in reserve. After the withdrawal to the VESLE the Division occupied the front to the west of BRAINE up until these last few days. It was relieved by two different Divisions, one of which included the 36th Inf. Regt.

The 229th and 230th Regiments suffered heavily to the south of SOISSONS, the 229th had 270 casualties from gas at VILLEMONTAIRE. These companies have not been refilled and have only about thirty men each. The 231st regiment was intact;



DAWN IN JUVIGNY



its units were strong, 80 to 100 rifles. Its losses were very heavy during the day of 2 September.

The 50th Reserve Division has been very often engaged and its morale has suffered in consequence; it is not an elite division. However, a great many of its men received instructions in offensive tactics at STURM SCHULE near CAMBRAI.

INFORMATION UPON THE 5th GUARD DIVISION: Recruited,

Brandenburg and Prussia.

Composition: 3rd Guard Regiment; 3rd Grenadier Regiment;
20th Infantry Regiment.

History: This Division has always been considered as one of the best Divisions of the German Army up to its last engagements—Chemin de Dames (23 October) where it suffered considerable losses; end of March 1918, where it attacked in second line at St. Quentin; June—July in the Chateau Thierry pocket where it was engaged in the combats of retreat.

It suffered such heavy losses that it was sent into rest about the 1st of August to the region of CHARLEROI.

Called suddenly the 31st of August after one month's rest, it embarked the first of September at 2:00 A. M. and came by railroad via MAUBEUGE and ST. QUENTIN to CRECY, where it debarked at 23:00 o'clock. It was engaged the night of 2-3 September near MONT des TOMBES.

STRENGTH: The company of the prisoner (3rd Co. 3rd Guard Regiment) had a fighting strength of 53 men. The replacements to fill up the losses came from the 6th Reserve Division now dissolved.

There are four light machine guns per company, but the companies frequently only make use of three for lack of gunners.

The morale of the 3rd Guard Regiment is very low; the men read with great interest our propaganda tracts and the commander so fears the effect that he pays two marks per tract brought in. The men believe that the German Army must have lost by resolution 25 Divisions.

The surrender of 40 men from the 3rd Guard Regiment during the afternoon of 4th September confirms the declarations of the prisoners as to their morale.

227th DIVISION: 417th Regiment; 441st Regiment; 447th Regiment:

The 227th Division remained in line in the 1st army until the 25th of January after which it went into training until the 15th of February in the TUNIVILLE area. It went back into line until the 26th of March and then went into reserve until the 10th of April. On that date it entered line of the 18th Army and stayed in until the 16th day of May (Battle of the Somme) withdrawn until the 9th of June it returned and remained in until the 20th (Battle of the Oise). It was in reserve again until the 27th when it was put into line in "C" Army where it remained until the 21st of August. Withdrawn from line, it re-entered the line of the 9th Army the 1st of September.

It is a 3rd class division, although it has been trained as a shock division. Its morale although not low, is far from being good. Its conduct in the battle of the SOMME and the OISE was not distinguished in any way.



LAYING GUN IN JUVIGNY ORCHARD



Official Diary

Sunday, September 1, 1918.

Shelling in and around Juvigny. Batteries under machine gun fire. Good protection in caves in village. Batteries also well protected, but gun crews are under continuous fire, and danger from snipers while firing. Boche planes sneak over our lines on tour of inspection. Allies have air superiority in this sector, but Boche slips through now and then. Boche airmen elicit our admiration. They are bold and intrepid. The 32nd Division Infantry relieved by French Foreign Legion. We remain in support of the latter.

Monday, September 2, 1918.

Lively air battle in early morning hours—Boche succeed in driving French plane to earth. Regimental P. C. moves from Tartiers to Juvigny. Big attack starts at 2:00 P. M. The heaviest and noisiest barrage we have ever heard. Battery A once again the unfortunate victim of German artillery—German shell wipes out one entire gun crew. Pvt. Leo Germershausen died on way to ambulance; buried by regimental chaplain, Father O'Connor. Sgt. Myron Reiff, Chief of Section, Pvt. Alex Porte, Corp. Ed Egan, Pvts Theodore Janssen and Charles Obey, all seriously wounded. Battery continues in action with makeshift gun crews.

Mail today. Letters are most welcome here at the front.

Tuesday, September 3, 1918.

Today began in the "wee sma" hours for most of us, reason—Gas! Gas! ! The mask was most distressful for some who had contracted bad colds in the caves of Juvigny. Our batteries have fired continuously, doing special mission work, since their arrival in this busy neck of the woods. Boche shoot gas shells intermittently during day. Even some shrapnel is rained over region. Shells very close to Rgtl. and Bn. P. C. No casualties. Aeroplane activity on both sides in evening. Pvt. Culver Buchanan, Battery C, seriously wounded by machine gun bullet from aeroplane. One of Battery "C's" new guns put out of commission by shell fire. Capts. Kuechenmeister and Kohler and Lt. Squibb reconnoiter for O. P. and are lucky to get back undamaged.

Wednesday, September 4, 1918.

The men at the guns are still pumping the "soixante quinze obus" in the direction of everything Boche. Many German prisoners are marched through Juvigny on way to rear. They seem content with their new lot. Pvts. Gladfelter, Riebs and Travis, Battery C, and Pvt. Cousins, Battery A, gassed about 3:00 P. M. Planes are battling in air. Boche plane forced to land in our vicinity. Capt. Swift, Battery A, again hit by spent machine gun bullet, this time requiring attention of Doc Cottingham and his trusty iodine swab. Boche planes and allies too, again at it, in the evening. The air supremacy is hotly contested for these days. Our batteries are firing gas shells for the first time.

Thursday, September 5, 1918.

Battalion Hdq. and Batteries ordered to advance to Beaumont Farm near Terny-Sorny. Colonel Penner, Maj. Einfeldt, Capt Fuller, Capt. Harper, Lts. Uhl and



Harris reconnoiter new positions. Germans mixing shrapnel with H. E. Shelling in vicinity of P. C. At night batteries prepare to take up new positions. Battery B on the way when orders to move to rear arrive—We are being relieved. Hooray! Batteries re-occupy positions and relay guns.

P. C. Headquarters Thirty Second Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS

5th Sept., 1918

No. 67

1. In the task accomplished by the 32d Division with the Tenth French Army, the Division has again demonstrated its fighting qualities and has shown more than in its previous operations the results of scientific training, resulting in more perfect teamwork. I have never doubted the courage of the men in the Division, but I have wondered whether our training had been sufficiently complete to establish proper teamwork between all its elements. This team work in the recent operations worked immeasurably better than in the Second Battle of the Marne. There was much less straggling and the Division Surgeon has reported officially from the hospitals and dressing stations that among the sick and wounded men there were NO QUITTERS.

2. The fighting spirit of the Division is as fine, if not better than ever. The French Corps Commander and the French Army Commander, General Mangin, have expressed their admiration of the work accomplished and the spirit in which that was done. To this, I desire to add my congratulations to every man in the Division.

3. You had before you the very best of German troops sent here to HOLD THE LINES AT ALL COST. These lines you succeeded in piercing and at every point where you were ordered to go ahead you not only succeeded in going ahead but during your brief period you have captured from the enemy's best troops, 934 prisoners, 12 of whom are officers.

4. You have made a record of which all the members of this Division will ever be proud and which will cheer our folks at home.

W. G. HAAN,

Official:

Major, General, U. S. A.

R. M. BECK, JR.

Lt. Colonel, Infantry
Chief of Staff.

Friday, September 6, 1918.

Early morning orders to retire to Tartiers and from thence to Foret de Compiègne. Everybody feeling good, as we pack up for journey to rear. Once again we don't know where we are going but we are on our way to old camp occupied when we first arrived at this sector. Various speculations on part of command as to our possible destination. Toul sector looms up as a possibility. Some say rest. Fingers



In Juvigny



Battery A
in Action



UNLOADING AMMUNITION IN JUVIGNY



crossed for latter. We need rest for both men and horses. March all afternoon and far into the night. Last outfit gets in at 3:00 A. M. Bombing planes pay us nocturnal visit. Forest very dark. Beaucoup rain. Hot meal spoiled by aviators.

Saturday, September 7, 1918.

A day of rest. We clean up ourselves and our equipment. During a campaign it is very difficult, if not impossible, to care for oneself and one's belongings. Many of our soldiers visit places of historical interest in neighborhood.

Sunday, September 8, 1918.

Day dawns bright and beautiful after a rainy night. Reveille this A. M. Church Call. Sergeant Hartel's bugle breathes a veritable morning prayer, which thrilled every soul who heard. Mass at 6:30 A. M. by regimental chaplain, in the forest. Many men receive communion. Regimental service at 10:30 A. M. conducted by regimental chaplain, assisted by Rev. Howie and regimental band. Attendance was very good. Band concert in evening. More rain. Orders to move. Colonel Penner and battery officers go over proposed route of next day's march, by automobile.

Monday, September 9, 1918.

Battalion Hdq., Batteries A, B and C move out for Vaumoise. Movement from forest ends at 5:30 P. M. when Hdq. Co. leaves for Vaumoise. In driving rain we push forward to entraining point at Vaumoise, arriving at 10:30 P. M. The French are hours behind schedule providing trains.

Tuesday, September 10, 1918.

Last train pulls out at 4:00 A. M. with Rgtl. Hdq., Hdq. Co. and balance of Supply Co. On trains all day. Arrive at St. Dizier at 11:00 P. M. Ordered to Eurville-sur-Marne. Detrain at midnight.

Wednesday, September 11, 1918.

On the road, through dark dense Foret Du Val all night. As day dawns we reach Wassy, billet everything, and go to sleep. A and B Batteries and their accompanying sections of Supply Company arrived during the preceding evening and were already in billets assigned by the French "Major du Cantonment". "A" Battery in Wassy and "B" battery in the adjoining town of Brousseval. To late to be acted upon, orders are received for billeting, from Brigade. As these indicate that we are in billets intended in part for 121st F. A. who are following us, Colonel Penner makes hurried trip by automobile to Joinville, Brigade Headquarters, and arranges for change of billeting orders. "C" Battery in meantime bivouacs in field outside of Wassy. Under new billeting orders Battery C goes to Point Varin, a little village near Wassy and Battery "B" is required to crowd into Wassy with "A" and Supply and Hdqrs.

Thursday, September 12, 1918.

Wassy is a dandy little French town. The inhabitants give us a hearty welcome. We are their first American soldier guests. Orders received from Brigade, re-instating the original billeting orders, which would require us all to move, but Colonel Penner makes another trip to Joinville and we resume the status quo. We settle down for a rest. Everybody comfortably billeted. Rest—clean up and inspection. Rain.



Friday, September 13, 1918.

Band concert in square in front of Church. Inhabitants enjoy our good band. Rain again. All equipment being cleaned up and over hauled in the gun park along the canal.

Saturday, September 14, 1918.

We are enjoying our rest, and men and horses show benefit of rest and sleep. 1st Lieut. Frank Moore returns from hospital. 1st Lieut. Carl L. Fagen returns from Topographical School. Tailors are busy sewing on gold service chevrons for six months overseas service.





Off to Rest Billets

From a Private Diary

We made a good trip back from Juvigny. Passing back thru Valpriez Farm, around the deadly corner which was no longer rent by the blasts of shells and bombs, on thru Tartiers, and into Berry where we expected to find the Echelon. We hiked a part of the distance, but we made fast time, all the boys knowing they were going back for a "rest" owing to underground—wireless from Brigade which came thru at the last moment.

In the tattered old town of Berry, I found Doc Pilgrim sitting in the window of a demolished house, waiting for us to come, saying he'd missed the base outfit which had pulled out ahead of us, and would ride with our column.

We stopped here for a quick roadside meal . . . Corned Beef, Tomatoes out of the can, and bread . . . then pushed on into the dark night bothered a bit now and then by hovering Boche planes, enjoying the play of many searchlights which threaded the skies like luminous stitches in a cloth of blue, and at last—about 2 A. M.—we pulled into the same old camp we had before going into this sector . . . in the Foret de Compeigne at the edge of Pierrefond.

Here, in spite of the darkness, we made camp quickly and of course without lights, as the anti-aircraft guns were even then firing a barrage against Boche bombers. In a little while everybody rolled into the "hay", laughing and talking the while, listening



MARCHING TO VAUMÔIS



to bursts of song and merry jokes which rose all about the darkness, as the men gave vent to the reaction which comes when they pull out of a fight.

Two days we remained in this pleasant spot. Some morale too, in that camp! We cleaned and washed and rested and loafed, waiting for orders to "go somewhere" and all the while, the boys were merrier than I ever yet have seen them.

We hiked to a town called Vaumois that night . . . the station where we were to entrain. It rained as we went, and we didn't know much as to where we were going except that it was to another fight, so our spirits dropped a bit. Arriving in time to entrain at seven, nevertheless the cloudy weather meant darkness, so we had the devil's own job getting our stuff abroad.

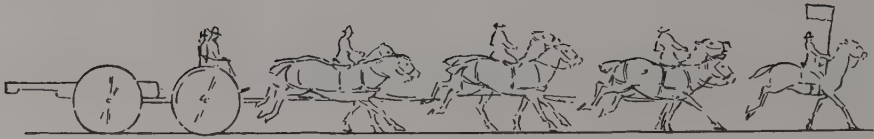
The rain was beating in torrents against the windows as the train crawled slowly along. We were altogether miserable, and poor old Gene Pruett who had doubled up his long legs in order to give me a bit of sleeping room on the narrow seat, could hardly get the kinks out as he tried to stand up straight. Soon the train stopped for a moment, and climbing out I found the boys in worse shape than we were. They had a hard night of it. Some of that infantry outfit, had got some booze evidently, and they were sleeping under wagons on the flat cars exposed to all the wind and rain and cold, so that they were half dead. We chased them inside, where they finally "came to" tho still groggy.

A Frenchman appeared, who had received orders by telegraph to serve us hot coffee. After sending men several blocks from the station, at risk of being left behind, they did come back with big steaming buckets full of the stuff. It was good. We ate a little breakfast—canned beef and beans—then settled down for an all day ride.

Stops were few. I had trouble getting my horses watered, but accomplished it by handing in buckets full to one car after another as we progressed from station to station, finally getting all the way down the train. At each stop it was necessary to climb out, run down the train to the right car, hammer and yell until I awakened the gang within, and turned them out—whereupon they'd scramble for the water tank, and shoot in the stuff, just in time to get aboard as the train moved out. Tiresome work.

Late in the afternoon, the cooks got a fire started on the flat car where we hoped to keep the kitchens going long enough to feed the gang at some stop or other. But there was no chance at all thereafter, and finally—after dark—we pulled into the town of Eurville not far from Chaumont, detrained with almost as much trouble as there was at Vaumoise—and equally as much rain—while the Frogs hopped about telling us to "hurry, hurry!" as we were hours late. Just as tho WE were responsible for being LATE. I cussed them out with all the French I knew, kicked one obstreperous one in the pants, and the whole proceeding of unloading was delayed about an hour when some one got a fourgon stuck crosswise of a flat car, and we had to practically lift it off bodily, after unloading its contents.

There was no guide to meet us. It was darker than a stack of black cats, and there we were—supposed to "travel by map" to a camping place way back in the country! Somehow or other we got out of the yards—and down into the streets of the



town. There we stopped about midnight, fired up the kitchens again, and fed the whole blooming smear in the dark. After that we were able to go on again.

Pulling out of town then, we entered a road which ran for a good many miles thru the thickest of forests. It was so dark in there that you literally could not see your hand an inch before your face. Harper and Richter were at the head of the column, and how they ever kept to the road I don't know. Luckily there were but two or three turns to make.

I rode midway down the column, going up and down now and then to see how things progressed. Just before the place I rode was a led team of snow white horses, each with a great bushy white tail as big as a bushel basket. I could just barely catch a faint bit of light on those two tails as we traveled thru the blackness, and my horse kept his nose right up against them, stopping and starting endlessly as a long column will under difficulties, without any directions from me. Even the horses, now and then, would not know of a stop, and would blunder on into the horses ahead, whereupon they'd kick and squeal. It was a grand little old ride.

Along toward morning, we neared the town of Wassy where we were to be billeted. But within a couple of kilometers of it, Capt. Sammond met us with the cheering report . . . "You'll have to stay out of town tonight—some mix up at Brigade—camp in the field here until we send you word."

There we stayed . . . dragged our stuff into the open field . . . threw down our bedding in the mud and water . . . pulled off our boots and crawled in, after the usual labors of erecting picket lines and getting horses unharnessed. It was the most miserable camp I ever saw.

About noon word came to hook up and come on, so we pulled into the town which proved to be a right pretty little place of some 10,000 inhabitants, many stores, and quite a few women and kids about the streets. It was quite untouched by war so far as exteriors were concerned.

What a grateful change it was—this appearance of life and civilization—after the past days in a completely devastated district where no one but soldiers were to be seen anywhere. We looked at the green fields, and the flower beds and the grapes growing on the vines as we passed many pretty homes, and felt that after all—war doesn't change the whole world. Sometimes on the front you think it does . . . that there is no place left that is not torn up in one way or another. It palls on you.

Our C. Battery billet was to be in a nearby village, just a few hundred yards across the canal . . . a pretty little place called Pont Varin. To this spot, we dragged our stuff then, regretting that we couldn't stay in the big town, tho later, we were glad of it.

Into the center of the village the battery rolled. The Mayor came out . . . fat and dignified . . . a rare old sport, in riding breeches and leggins. In fact he proved to be quite a "country gentleman". He was accompanied by his faithful henchman—the town marshal I think, from all his badges, who proved to be the chief billeting officer.



PLAY DAY IN PONT VARIN



LT. PRUETT AND CAPT. VIELLESCAZE



Official Diary

Sunday, September 15, 1918.

Sunday services at Catholic Church in Wassy at 8:30 A. M. Very well attended. Many boys receive Holy Communion. Regimental Service at 10:30 A. M. in regimental headquarters, conducted by Rev. Linley, Division Postmaster and Rev. Howie, Y. M. C. A. Secretary with regiment. Attendance very good.

Band concert by 120 F. A. Band in Jardin des Promenades, Wassy. Large and appreciative audience in attendance, Second Lieut. Gerald T. Leahy, late of Battery D, 2nd Battalion, Saumur, reports for duty. Assigned to Battery C. Lt. Leahy brings copies of telegraphic correspondence between Saumur Artillery School and G. H. Q. indicating that 1st Battalion 120th F. A. is to be put on duty at Saumur, and second Battalion to replace first at the front. School also modestly asks for the 120th Band. Colonel Penner visits Brigade and Division Hdqrs and requests that 2nd Bn. be returned to regiment and entire regiment retained on duty with the 57th Brigade and 32nd Division. General Haan gone to Chaumont. General Irwin strongly opposed to losing 1st Bn. and promises to use his influence to reunite regiment.

Monday, September 16, 1918.

Sunshine today. Bright and early we begin work on Training Schedule. Cootie Inspection reveals the presence of some of the pesky little critters, but they don't like baths and cleanliness, so they will have to seek lodging elsewhere. After inspection, to the horses and guns—both need attention. Physical training also a part of the schedule.

Tuesday, September 17, 1918.

Training Schedule followed in A. M. At 3:00 P. M. we unexpectedly receive orders to take the road. At 7:00 P. M. on the road. We don't know our destination. Going is very bad on account of heavy rain and mud. Our route is back over the same roads, thru the dripping forests, over which we came, tired but hopeful of a long rest, less than a week ago.

Our Five Days Off The Front

From a Private Diary

There followed five days of perfect rest, broken only by a "drill schedule." After the army realizes that we've actually done nothing but take care of our stock for half a week, they're terribly afraid that the men will suffer thru lack of discipline!

I enjoyed the quiet beauty of this peaceful countryside in a way that I have never done before. I could appreciate it. Walking or riding about the pretty roads and woods, or down the towpath of the canal which is kept with all the care of a city park . . . watching the tiny tram cars come down from the hill where they mine iron ore, to be dumped into the huge waiting barges at the wharf.

From my upstairs window I had a beautiful view of the pleasant valley stretching away toward Wassy, with many a little village dotting the green landscape here and there. I used to sit for hours, in that spot, writing letters, or just letting the home-like peacefulness of the scene seep in.



The men were enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. They have made friends with all the inhabitants, who treat them like veritable "conquering heroes" (which they are God knows, if ever there were such things!)—and they're living on the fat of the land. Nearly every one has a feather bed now—tho some of the villagers sleep in the hay because of it! Eggs are plentiful and milk and cheese galore.

September 15th

With the advent of our new training schedule, the routine seems almost that of a training camp. The first morning, Leahy and I took about a hundred brave horsemen, out into the open field, to put them thru all the stunts of equitation. We found that as most of them were new draft troops just recently assigned to us, they knew little or nothing about riding a horse, so that the show soon developed into a tiresome "awkward squad" affair, wherein one had to literally move the man's feet and hands for him, or never get him to do what was required.

The afternoons and evening spent with the Viellescaze folks grow more and more interesting and I like these people immensely, for they are certainly the soul of hospitality. We have long talks, sitting about the front of the house among the pretty flower beds, or gathered round the library table indoors by candle light, on subjects of boundless variety, and it is amazing how well we can understand each other considering our mutually limited knowledge of two languages.

We talk of war and of women's clothes, of religion and how the people plant gardens back home. And while I officiate a bit at the piano, the young woman sings a pretty ballad, the old lady hums a bit from bygone days, and the old Captain gives us perfect imitations of German bugle calls which he remembers so well from 1914.

All the while, our mess continues marked with a variety fit to please a King. We feed on everything from veal steaks and fried chicken to roast duck and well browned goose. Every one of us is letting out his belt by two or three holes. This night, the Colonel has promised to come over and dine with us, so we have a fine leg of lamb with green peas, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, jelly, salad, champagne—and good solid beer for the Colonel. Unless something happens with the cook, we should have a grand old party.

But later on—

Orders came to move without delay. They spoiled our dinner. The Colonel couldn't come of course, and we officers scattered ourselves over the battery and all surrounding scenery gathering up the outfit and getting it in shape to move—carriages hooked—mounts saddled—baggage packed—and then all that remained was to eat and get out of town.

We sat down at the table half an hour ahead of time. The food wasn't really done. The whole affair was spoiled by haste, so it was only a halfway dinner after all.

But it was a merry party . . . that last night in Pont Varin. While the battery column was forming in the street outside under the able direction of the Top Sergeant, we sat about the table drinking up all the champagne we had left, for an hour after our goodbyes with the old people were over. Then word came that everything was ready, so we took one last look about the fine old place and went away.

Down on the steps of the Mairie, in the bright moonlight, my last job before we started was to bandage up Gerry's hand, where he'd just got a bad fall from a horse, and with this little stunt completed, we were into the saddle and headed out across the canal into the road that led no one knew where.



Official Diary

Wednesday, September 18, 1918.

Pitch camp at Eurville-sur-Marne at 2:00 A. M. in driving rain storm. Although our orders are stringent regarding any movement by daylight, the whole 57th F. A. Brigade is bivouaced in an open field adjoining Eurville, and we are a bit critical of the staff work which marches us at night for concealment, but exposes us to observation in an immense camp in the mud in an open field during the day. A day of sunshine and clouds spent in Eurville-sur-Marne. Captain Sammond reconnoiters short route to our destination, but Brigade refuses to O. K. the change. At 7:30 P. M. again on the way, following the National Highway along the Marne. Slow going due to heavy traffic on road. The entire horse drawn transport of the 32nd Division is ahead of us and we stand for hours as traffic delays occur. At midnight we cross the Marne in St. Dizier. The French are switching trains across our road and we wait another hour. Clouds obscure the stars and we rumble along the remainder of our journey in the usual downpour, through Chancenay Baudonvilliers, the Foret de Trois Fontaines and Robert—'Espagne to Beurey, our next stop.

Thursday, September 19, 1918.

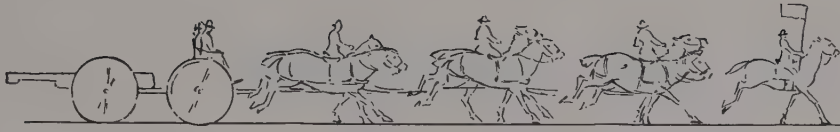
Head of column arrives at the little village of Beurey at 5 A. M. in driving rain storm. Headquarters Company and first section of "C" Battery pull in and we discover that the rest of the column is missing. Louis Bunde hitches up the trusty "Dodge" and Colonel Penner and Captain Sammond go on a hunt for two and a half batteries and one Supply Company. Discover that they had taken the wrong turn two kilometers back and followed the 119th F. A. on a parallel road for several kilometers before discovering it in the intense darkness. They were guided into Beurey and billeted, wet and weary enough to welcome the smelly stables of that village as luxurious quarters. Most of the day spent in sleeping. We secure permission to take a short cut for the night's march and at 7:30 are on the way again. Some delays due to traffic on the roads, but we arrive at Venise, near Bar-le-Duc at about 11:30 P. M. and pitch camp in a rain soaked meadow near the river. A short march.

Friday, September 20, 1918.

Day spent in Venise. A few officers and men find time to visit Bar-le-Duc. On the way at 7:00 P. M. See aeroplane showing red and green light. Many rocket flares light up distant horizon. Beautiful moonlight night. Nach Verdun! All road signs point that way. Our road lies through Chardogne, Hargeville, Conde and Marats-la-Grande.

Saturday, September 21, 1918.

At 1:00 A. M. Beauzee. Pitch camp on bank of river. This town was considerably shot up in 1914. Has a fine old church. Rain in morning. Sunshine comes at last, and it is indeed most welcome. General Pershing, Commander in Chief of American Expeditionary Forces, passes thru Beauzee at 7:00 A. M. on way to Front. News that we are attached to 79th Division for coming attack. At 7:00 P. M. we take the road.



Headquarters Fifth Army Corps

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, Sept. 18, 1918

Memorandum for: Chief of Artillery, Vth Corps:

I. The following extracts from Letter of Instructions, Headquarters 1st Army U. S., dated 17 September, 1918, are sent you for your information and guidance:

"The Artillery of Divisions, etc., will be emplaced under "orders of Corps Commanders during the four days preceding the attack, "however, no registration or adjustment will be permitted until further instructions."

"Reconnaissance by divisional and artillery Commanders, etc. will be regulated by Corps Commanders.—However, special care must be taken to avoid exposure to hostile view as neglect in this particular might nullify all our other efforts".—

II. The Corps Commander directs me to invite your attention to the above extracts, and also to the inclosed note to all Commanders of Troops.—Also to invite your attention to the Note from the French Commander-in-Chief, and previous letters on this subject and to direct that you give such instructions to all elements that come under supervision and control as will insure the carrying out of the necessary measures of concealment.—

W. B. BURTT,

2 Incls.

Chief of Staff.

Headquarters Fifth Army Corps

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, September 18, 1918.

To All Troop Commanders, 5th Army Corps (U.S.)

I. Your attention is invited to previous instructions in regard to secrecy and concealment on the march and in bivouac and billets.—

II. Every effort will be made to avoid hostile observation from the ground and from the air.—Marches will be made at night between the hours of 8:00 p. m. (20 hours) and 5:00 a. m. (15 hours), and all regiments will be under cover from observation before daybreak.

III. Inspections will be made to see that instructions as to secrecy and concealment are rigorously carried out. All violators of the instructions will be severely punished.

By Command of Major General Cameron,

(Note to accompany

W. B. BURTT,

March Orders, 5th Army Corps)

Chief of Staff



2nd French Army
G 3-Nr 3635

Hdtrrs., 17 September 1918.

Commanding General in Chief sends following telegram:

"I call once more to mind the directed precautions for the purpose of insuring secrecy of the present operations. They must be completed by observing the most strict discipline to conceal the gathering of our troops to enemy aerial observations during day and night-time.

"Request is made to control this discipline by staff Officers and by planes, to insure its severe applying and to chastise pitilessly the transgressors."

By Command

Chief of Staff

Artillery
of
the 5th A. C.
Nr. 279

September 1918.

True copy transmitted for execution to the Chief of Corps, who will see personally and under their responsibility to a strict application of the above prescriptions.

General R. G. ALEXANDRE,
Commanding General Artillery 5th A. C. U. S.

Off to The Argonne

From a Private Diary

September 18, 1918

It was a wonderful night...the moon full and shining almost as bright as day. Gene Pruett and I rode together about halfway down the column and we could hear the boys singing all up and down the line for half a mile, in spite of the fact that this was a rather speedy and unexpected end to the pleasant rest.

Thru Wassy we went, and on thru several other towns. As we wound on and on into the night, the clouds began to gather overhead, and with muttered curses we dug out our rain coats, deciding that our constant luck was with us still—that is, rain...every time we move.

We are to make the town of Eurville and camp. We hoped to make it before morning and get some sleep. After we passed thru the unutterably dark woods and had cause to wonder several times about the road, we came out again upon a high open windswept flat, and there the rain hit us with hurricane force, so that it was a problem to keep from blowing off the road. The highway was a running river. The horses tried constantly to turn their tails to the hammering pelting storm, and a fellow had to sit tight on his coattails to keep them from blowing over his head. In a little while every one was soaked but me...my rubber shirt saved me as usual... and the balance of that hike to Eurville was something to remember!

There...after an interminable wait in the road, we were given a camp site in a great field at the farther edge of town, and one by one the regiments of the entire brigade pulled into the smooth green pasture land, where in spite of the rain and mud we were able to fix up right neatly.



September 21, 118

Once more we pulled off into a wonderful night with a great moon shining full over all the hills and valleys, hoping against hope that our luck in weather had changed. And once more,—before morning it was pouring rain.

We soon learned we were on the road to another famous sector, as all the sign boards read—"TO VERDUN"—and various French batteries that we passed along the way, ventured the information that another big push was to come off there in an effort to wipe out the salient. We hoped this would prove true, for our boys are no pikers, and it takes the "big stuff" to maintain the reputation we've made.

This was one of those wearisome endless marches which seem to last forever. While we should have done our 20 Kilometers at least by 2:00 a. m. the time dragged on and on... 4 o'clock... then 5 o'clock and day break not far off. Just about this time, as I was beginning to wonder what had happened, Lieut. — came galloping back along the column with the excited comment... "We've lost touch with the regiment!"

The worst of it was that C Battery was in the lead, so almost the entire regiment lay behind us and we'd led them astray for sure.

As we talked—day broke—misty and pale and gray. Stranded on a road which ran up over a streaming hillside, mud knee deep and white as lime, not a dry man, horse, wagon nor spot in sight, it was easily but inexcusably explained. When he was asleep, we'd met a column at a cross road. The boys had followed the wrong one. And here we were with a regiment on our hands and in compliance with the fool orders of the 79th Division to which we are now attached, not a man in the outfit except the Colonel and his staff knew what town we were headed for!

(—) was stumped. I got into action and sent riders down the road behind with instructions to drop off man by man at each branch road, following it for one hour, and then, not finding the regiment's head, to return to us. Capt. Kuechenmeister came up—heard what Lt. (—) had to say—and being as helpless as any of us, threw up his hands and went back to the battery telling the Loot it was up to him.

I sat down in the glaring white mud, with my back against a scraggly tree and went to sleep in the pouring rain, while waiting for the return of our messengers.

They came after awhile. With one of them was Lt. Richter who thereupon led us back a good six kilometers to the town of Beurey. At this place, the Colonel was waiting. He had a plenty to say!

At this burg where we arrived about 9:00 a. m. half starved, and dead for sleep, we found ourselves pulled up into a crowded alleyway, foraged about amongst the tight closed "stores" until we induced an old lady to sell us a few grapes, grabbed a hasty breakfast from the kitchens set up in a sort of court yard, and were then guided to our "billets" which proved to be a ratty old barn with more of the rude cots in tiers. Anything dry looked good to me then. Laid down and slept till night.

After waking, Richter and I went over to visit Cap. Harper for a few minutes, before we pulled out. He had a ROOM in a house! He also had that expensive bottle of Cognac which we proceeded to kill to give us courage for the coming night ride.



With the fall of darkness we hit the trail again. This time with C Battery in the REAR where we couldn't lose any one, so the Colonel said. That meant about an hour's less sleep on the other end, for it takes that long for a regiment to get into some of the bad camping places. This night however, we were only making 18 kilometers, so about one o'clock we pulled thru a great stone gateway which seemed to run right under a hill, across a canal, down into a beautiful little valley by a river, and there—once more in the inevitable rain storm, we pitched our tarps over the long wet grass, threw down our bedding and slept heartily until morning.

After a peaceful restful day we moved forward again that night, now almost up on a line with Verdun plowing ahead into a badly shelled country which became more and more a mass of ruins as we pushed on.

It rained of course, but not so hard this time, and by daylight we pulled into a little town of Beauzee, or what was left of it, and made camp in an orchard, well camouflaged from airplane observation.

Tomorrow morning, we are to go, according to reports, into camp near Jouy where Brigade Hq. would be located, but as we wound on and on into the night, we soon got the idea that some one was lost again, tho the Colonel made no sign. He had scouted the road himself in his car and should have known where he was going, but it is easy to get lost in the dim mazes of these forks and cross roads, and we almost lost confidence in the old man after traveling so much longer than usual.

It developed however that the march laid out had been too long, so he decided, as daybreak approached, to pull into the first wood we came to. Doing so, we found a fine dry wooden barracks, and after getting set, retired, with our bed rolls flung upon tight stretched chicken wire, and me of course, directly under the hole in the roof. Rain soon poured and I slept sopily but unnoticing.

BOIS DE BETHLAINVILLE

September 26th.

That night, three days ago, we hooked in our teams and hit the road again, expecting a two hour hike at most to make the short six kilometers to our new camp. We found traffic so congested however that we were actually till day break getting into our woods, after pulling over frightful roads, up steep field hillsides upon which the mire stood two feet deep, and into woodland paths that were not roads at all.

Somewhere along the line the firing batteries pulled on away from our column, toward the front, while the echelon moved into these woods.

It is a terrific thing—this making camp in such a place, under such conditions, at night. Long winding lines of extra caissons, light wagons and heavy fourgons, with struggling teams of steaming horses jerking and tugging while gasping for breath... drivers cursing, whipping or cajoling according to their dispositions... men straining at the wheels in the effort to help over bad muck holes... every one trying to do something, yet every one over done and ready to drop... while the murky gloom of night makes the sights only barely visible to the eyes, and turns ordinary men or beasts into ghoulsh shades that seem to labor uselessly against some impossible task.



At last we came to rest. A delightful spot. The kitchen standing over a tremendous muck hole left by an old shell explosion, and the wagons under one tree or another.

Bushes all in full leaf yet, were literally streaming with water, and to top it all off, I had developed a sore hand that pained so greatly I almost cried.

I cursed the camp and the army and the officers and the men, and particularly the Germans and most particularly the French, for they had left no dugouts for us in this woods apparently and here we were not "camped" but just "stopped" out in the rain.

Official Diary

Sunday, September 22, 1918.

March until 2:00 A. M. through St. Andre, Ippecourt, Julvecourt, Jubecourt and Brocourt. Orders changed and we pitch camp in Bois de Brocourt between Brocourt and Jouy. Rains all day. Boche sends over few shells to let us know he is still in game. Colonel Penner, Major Einfeldt, Captains Swift and Kuechenmeister and Lt. Harper travel by auto north into the Foret de Hesse and reconnoiter battery positions. Under cover of darkness, and in very heavy rain storm, we crawl through congested roads to camp in dense woods 2 kilometers north of Dombasle. Everything and everybody is muddy and wet. Chaplain O'Connor sick, is evacuated to Souilly Farm. Batteries continue north and west and go into position in Foret de Hesse.



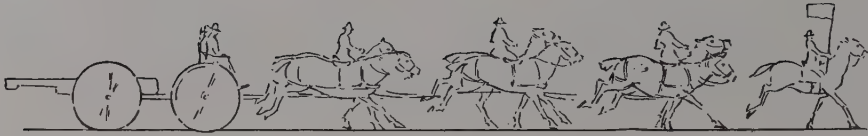
IN THE ARGONNE BRUSH



In the Argonne



CHURCH IN MONTFAUCON



Monday, September 23, 1918.

From the crest in front of our batteries we can see the ruins of the church in Montfaucon in the German lines, looking at this distance like a Greek temple crowning a hill. This region is a picture of desolation. The forest trees are shattered stubs and the ground is a tangle of barbed wire, shell holes and blackberry bushes.

Regimental Hq. detail moves to position in old dugouts on line near battalion headquarters, in Foret de Hesse. Echelon moves a few hundred meters to a drier swamp. Batteries are laid with order not to register. Lt. Squibb establishes Regimental O. P. and begins to send in interesting information.

Tuesday, September 24, 1918.

Waiting for orders to fire. Concentration of Artillery and Infantry indicates big attack. Batteries hauling and carrying ammunition and improving positions. Enemy plane, first we have seen in this sector, circles over Foret de Hesse in late afternoon.

Wednesday, September 25, 1918.

Two German saucages up in observation as day dawns. Five planes pay us a visit and fly back over their own lines. Many armored tanks on way to front. Infantry moving ahead on paths which have been cut through the brush by the engineers. Heavy firing on left. Foret de Hesse is filling up with artillery of all calibers. Black berries are plentiful and are a welcome addition to the mess. We receive orders for the big shoot.

Thursday, September 26, 1918.

At 2:30 A. M. we begin the preparatory fire for today's attack, which continues to 5:30 A. M., when we switch to the rolling barrage and the 79th Division doughboys go over the top into the four year old no-man's land. It has been the most terrific artillery preparation that we have as yet taken part in. Major Einfeldt, Capt. Sammond, Capt. Fuller and battery commanders follow up the advance on reconnaissance for roads and positions. Find roads practically destroyed and no possibility of going across country. Tentatively select positions near what was Avocourt. Infantry attack said to be going well. At 11:00 A. M. orders to move forward come through Colonel Wales 147th F. A. and battalion headquarters and batteries move to vicinity of Avocourt, but congestion due to two divisions trying to use same road prevent further progress and at midnight they take makeshift positions alongside road and send limbers back into the Foret de Hesse.

The operations journal for the day reads as follows:

- 0:30 Revised rolling barrage chart received from 147th.
- 1:15 Sent to 1/120 reports runners arrived.
- 1:25 Runners report back.
- 2:00 Four men from Echelon for Col. Fish report. Melius, Hqrs Co. acts as guide to 147th.
- 2:35 1/120 reports fire started. Trans. to 147th.
- 5:45 O. P. and 1/120 report green rockets on left of sector. Reported to 147 F. A.





- 7:00 Report on fire
A 230 to 528 712 rounds
B 230 to 528 712 rounds
C 230 to 528 710 rounds
- 8:55 Report on fire Rolling Barrage
A 530 to 8:21
C 530 to 8:21
B 530 to 8:05
- 9:30 Information report. Nothing.
- 9:30 Order sent C. O. Echelon to send up combat train. See spindle.
- 10:30 Inquired of Lt. Kolb the number of men wanted to go to Saumur.
Ans—As many as we think are qualified.
- 10:35 Telephone central informs P. C. that radio station has been taken down and that no more readings were to be had.
- 11:08 147th F. A. orders batteries and Regtl. P. C. to move forward. Col. P. informs Lt. Brewer that as soon as reconnaissance party returns move will be started and 147th F. A. informed as to new positions.
- 12:00 O. P. reports visibility poor until 11:00.
In last hour saw Americans on Mamelon d'Haucourt (33) and men of unrecognized uniform issuing from Golfe de Malancourt and running into Cuisy woods. Also small arms dump blew up near Ouvrage des Cerisiers (34) Trans to 147th, Trans to 57th Bri.
- 13:00 O. P. observed Am. Inf. taking trench 30.43 east of Golfe de Malancourt.
- 13:50 O. P. observed Am Inf taking trench at 26-47. Fire of considerable size N. W. of Ancien Tuileries (17).
- 14:20 Two balloons brought down by enemy plane. 1 south, 1 west of here. Trans to 57th.
- 15:30 10 tanks seen entering E corner Bois de Cuisy by O. P. Last report from present O. P. line is being taken out. Trans to 57th Bri.
- 15:00 Gilson asks whereabouts batteries. Says General's orders are they *must* get there. Trans to Col. Penner.
- 17:00 All telephone lines cut by shell fire.
- 20:00 Battalion agents report Bn P. C. located 3 kil north of here and batteries on road stuck in traffic.
- 20:16 Four planes flew over west trail for infantry and dropped signal lights.

Friday, September, 27 1918.

Phone call from Colonel Wales at 5 A. M. to Regimental Headquarters says General Pershing in sector and orders all light artillery to move to positions north of Malancourt at once. Corporal Piper beats it for Battalion Hqrs with message to make immediate reconnaissance and move as soon as new positions are located. It means a move across the sector for us as we are on the left and Malancourt is on the right. Regimental P. C. pulls out of Foret de Hesse and joins battalion. Limbers join batteries after much trouble and delay due to congestion. Dozen of Corps and Division staff officers clutter the roads with their cars and add to the confusion by issuing contradictory orders. 'Twas never like this in the 32nd Division. We finally succeed in getting Battalion Hqs. and "C" Battery started through Avocourt on the road to Malancourt. "A" Battery follows on the same road a little later. "B" Battery takes





the road to Esnes across the sector and then turns north on the road to Haucourt and Malancourt, followed by Regimental Hqrs. Indescribable confusion on the roads. Every variety of motor and horse transport, hopelessly mired, is trying to go forward on what was once a road, but is now a ruin while the Engineers struggle unsuccessfully to repair it. We creep along all thru the chilly night. An occasional enemy shell falls in the distance and an inspired rookie raises the cry "Artillery fire falling short" which is relayed by every M. P. in the sector. "C" Battery is lucky enough to get thru and goes into position one kilometer north of Malancourt and fires a mission. "A" Battery on same road meets a motor ambulance train full of wounded stuck in the mud and unlimbers and pulls into ditch where they are compelled to wait till daylight before the road is cleared.

The Echelon

From a Private Diary

"Today I grabbed a pan full of the priceless water which we can only get up to this hill top with a four horse team to each cart full... shaved, washed up, and tried to get my sore finger in shape as an infection of unknown origin has set in. Haven't been able to do it much good however, and as Doc is nowhere to be found, I have wrapped her up and started work on my new job in an office we opened in the barracks at the foot of the cliff—in dead space where no shells may drop. Pretty soft!

Our dugouts are built right up on top of the ground. Well covered but only splinter proof as a direct hit would knock one all to flinders. However, the only shells dropping in are occasional ones filled with gas, and we are so high up on the hill that the gas rolls promptly down into the valley to keep the balloon company miserable.

In this home of ours, there are four bunks, in which sleep the Echelon Officers of the Hq. Co. Heinie, Moore, Kraft and me. Dark and gloomy, with candle light always necessary, it is still well ventilated and comfortable during the rainy weather, so we have no kick coming.

Things are going along smoothly and we have entered into a sort of routine life. I work till about 10:30 a. m....then go out and take a few pictures, or watch the wonderful panorama down the valley behind us...spread out in a great basin some six miles long and three across. As level, it would seem, as a parlor floor, green as a lawn; airplanes roosting on top of the farther hills; horses congregating twice a day in great droves, of several hundred animals, at the water holes in the bottom. Tanks come crawling across this valley in streams, and infantry columns seem to come endlessly over the rim of the horizon. Only today, as I sat near one of the paths leading up over our hill top, we watched the steady approach of what seemed a gang of laborers. Wagons accompanied them, loaded with poles. The men cut trees where they could as they went, trimmed them quickly and laid them for a road, filling in roughly with dirt as they traveled.

Slowly it seemed, but with great swiftness from a point of view of accomplishment, these Engineer troops built their road right thru the heart of our echelon, past my very feet, and a friendly captain said a fresh division was being rushed up behind them.



OLD DUGOUT SHELTERS



THE FIGHTING 3rd DIVISION



Later in the day, from the same spot I saw the head of an endless snaky column crossing the valley like a stream of ants. Watching—soon they started up our hill, and as some of our lazy boys below us looked idly at the first approaching men—a gruff voice bellowed forth—“Come to attention there! Don’t you know how to salute? Some discipline in this camp! By God!”

I jumped up myself not waiting for further warning. I saluted too, and with respect, for passing me... all dirty and disheveled in a ragged uniform like that of the men behind him, marched a grizzled old General at the head of his whole Division which proved to be the mighty 3rd which had stemmed the first onslaught of the Boche back in those days that seem so long ago, on the banks of the Marne. It brought back quick thoughts of Chateau Thierry, and how these lads had fought and stuck.

After a little while, the column halted, and as the boys unslung their heavy packs, and flopped blissfully upon the ground, a couple to whom I talked said they’d been marching since far back in the night, and were going up for some big action that was coming quick.

Good clean lads were those around me. Big fellows, mostly, husky and fit. I wondered idly, how soon all of those in sight were doomed to die.

They went on. At last the whole division passed. The woods swallowed them up. By this time they are taking over some far sector up ahead.

Tonight great barrages boom their thunders up there on the front. Search lights on the hills to our right, throw piercing beams athwart the skies, searching for enemy planes which now buzz constantly overhead. Once in awhile a low dropped light throws its shaft right thru my window and for the instant makes this flickering candle seem yellow and insignificant. But as the “Crump! Crump!” of bursting bombs near-about, shatters the atmosphere with those deadly dull explosions, I do not regret the lack of illumination in my own tiny spot.

Looking out of my door for a moment, with the searchlights temporarily shut off, the only thing the eye can see is the twinkling star-like flash of anticraft shells bursting high in air, and their distant “r-r-r-ump!” comes faintly back long after the flash is seen.

The night wind stirs ever so little. The sullen clouds smell of more cold rain. I shiver, like the flame of the guttering candle, and suddenly disgusted with such a life, clump drearily up the hill to my dugout and a cold hard bed.

Down by the main road is a dressing station, and today I watched the streams of wounded finding their way back for treatment. Endless lines of ambulances... crippled men walking... big busses hauling them back to field hospitals. A prison pen also close at hand in which there are now hundreds of Boche gathered in mostly during the first day’s big drive past Malancourt.

What sights! What sounds! What thoughts they stir!

In the valley too, the Balloon Company with its big gas bags, functions daily, observing fire and watching enemy lines. The Loot in charge has promised me a ride up, and tho still remembering that experience near Toul, I am inclined to take one more chance for there is interesting country to look at up ahead.



BOCHE TRENCHES NEAR MONTFAUCON



3rd DIV. RESTING



Later this afternoon... I have been away. Rode over to Dombasle with Heinie and took Zeno Host along to interview the Div. Q. M. in re pay rolls. Found him to be a highly accomodating but inefficient Captain (——). He's the first paymaster of a decent sort I have ever found. He showed us how this particular division wants payrolls made out, and also out of the goodness of his heart, cashed my regimental pay check of nearly 100,000 francs out of a lot of Y. M. C. A. money deposited with him. I went back later and paid the boys off for August, traveling into camp that night with my old gray Teddy horse groaning under the weight of saddle bags full of silver.

But in town—as we were standing by our horses ready to leave, we happened to look back toward our hillside camp in plain sight a few kilometers away, when suddenly bursting shells in air marked the course of an enemy avion, and even as we watched he started down the line of balloons. Swoop! . . . a burst of fire from his machine gun, and flames shot from the first balloon. The observer jumped but the fiery mass fell faster than his parachute and it too caught in flames, and he dropped like a plummet to the earth far below.

Down the line went the Boche. Swoop, swoop, swoop! In each case it was some twenty or thirty seconds before the flames broke forth, but all the balloons DID flame, and each observer was also treated to a burst of fire as the Boche turned and passed back down the line. None of the rest were hurt and neither was the Boche. The balloon near our camp was third to go down. It might have been saved as was the fourth, but they were evidently asleep and didn't start hauling down in time.

Official Diary

Saturday, September 28, 1918.

Daylight finds the 120th well out of the congestion and across "No Man's Land" with the exception of "A" Battery which is held up by stalled ambulances. Most of the 57th Brigade had better luck and got through ahead of us so we determined to keep on going while the going is good and get into position well ahead of any other artillery. At 5 A. M. a reconnaissance party leaves with orders to find positions near Montfaucon which we hear was taken yesterday. "C" Battery in position and firing. All hands have breakfast, and water and feed horses, while awaiting return of reconnaissance party. At 8 A. M. we are again on the road. "B" Battery ordered to give a thousand rounds of ammunition to 19th F. A., a sacrifice no one can appreciate but the men who carried it round by round into the battery position in the Foret de Hesse till some of them dropped from exhaustion, and then loaded it into the caissons again and dragged it with their weary teams across No Man's Land. By 11 A. M. "B" and "C" Batteries are in position just west of Fayel Farm near Montfaucon, ready to fire and "A" Battery came in at noon. Regimental and Battalion P. C.'s established in wood just in front of batteries. Fritz Klotz, Regimental Headquarters cook, salvages a fine outfit of German dishes and cooking utensils and makes good use of them.



At noon a burst of shells in the vicinity of Regimental and Battalion P. C. reminds us that the enemy is still on the job, although most of the prisoners we see seem much disheartened. Doughboy stragglers swarm around our kitchens for handouts. Congestion on the roads continues and wounded suffer and many die in stalled ambulances and trucks. O. P. established on hill at Montfaucon near the ruined church in an old German trench with an excellent concrete dugout to dive into. A wonderful view of the battle field from here. The O. P. used by the Crown Prince in observing the battles around Verdun is near ours, equipped with a splendid periscope.

Sunday, September 29, 1918.

Our O. P. locates several enemy batteries which we report and receive orders to fire on. Heavy fire by our batteries under continuous shell fire. Field Hospital in vicinity shelled. Regimental Echelon leaves camp near Dombasle and takes to road in rain. Are caught in traffic congestion and spend night on the road.

Monday, September 30, 1918.

Echelon established camp at 5:30 A. M. in little hollow 1 kilometer north of Malancourt. Woods in which Regtl. P. C. is located is shelled all day at intervals. 79th Division badly disorganized relieved by 3rd Division. No relief for artillery. Infantry Major of 3rd Division wounded outside Colonel's dugout. A cold and rainy day.

Tuesday, October 1, 1918.

Our batteries fire on enemy battery located by our P. C. Good war news. Aero-plane drops daily paper from skies. Day very quiet.

Wednesday, October 2, 1918.

Good news again. Advance all along the line from the coast. Day quiet for us. German plane brought down in air fight.

Soldier's Letter

September 29, 1911.

Dear Folks,

Fritz, our lumber camp cook, who is as good, or better, than he was in training camps, has replaced all broken and lost dishes and utensils here on the battlefield, and has added a few articles to his stock that delight his soul. I borrowed a pitcher a minute ago and he gave me a nice little one. I said it was a nice one. He said, "Yes, Captaining, it iss one the Botsch left for me".

This is the third time on as many fronts, that I have been privileged to use Bosch dugouts, utensils and conveniences. The fire in our little stove was kindled and left for us by some Prussian or Saxon. Oh, it's some outfit we have.



Fritz, as I say, is better here than we ever dreamed of. In camps, all cooks are pretty fair. Now they are either wonders or worthless. Fritz instead of whining, that the reason we only have beans for a meal is because the supply company didn't bring him this or that, or that we had marched too much, or that shelled communications kept back the fuel, digs in, boils water from a shell hole, picks berries in the brush, gets flour (probably stolen months ago) out of his "stoffs" and presents us a blackberry pie or pancakes. Our favorite story is about the time he made baking powder biscuits under fire. We didn't have any dugouts; the men were in a drainage ditch which ran alongside a shed in which Fritz found a stove. During a lull he got a fire going and made the dough. Then the shelling began again. We lay there (we of the staff doing business by the telephone from an undignified but desirable "belly flop" position) and watched Fritz, who is a regular cricket. He would climb out of the ditch, push a pan one place, twist a stick or change pans. A shell would be heard coming and when it would land Fritz would land simultaneously in the ditch. And in this game, where hours for eating or sleeping are unknown, he is ideal, for he loves to feed the hungry in the middle of the night and is always ready with coffee.

Official Diary

Thursday, October 3, 1918.

Corporal Cornelius De Ruyter, Hqrs. Co. seriously wounded by H. E. shell. Set up our own wireless station. Boche plane brought down near Regimental P. C. after shooting down one of our observation balloons. "B" Battery claims credit for Pvt Horton's machine gun.

Friday, October 4, 1918.

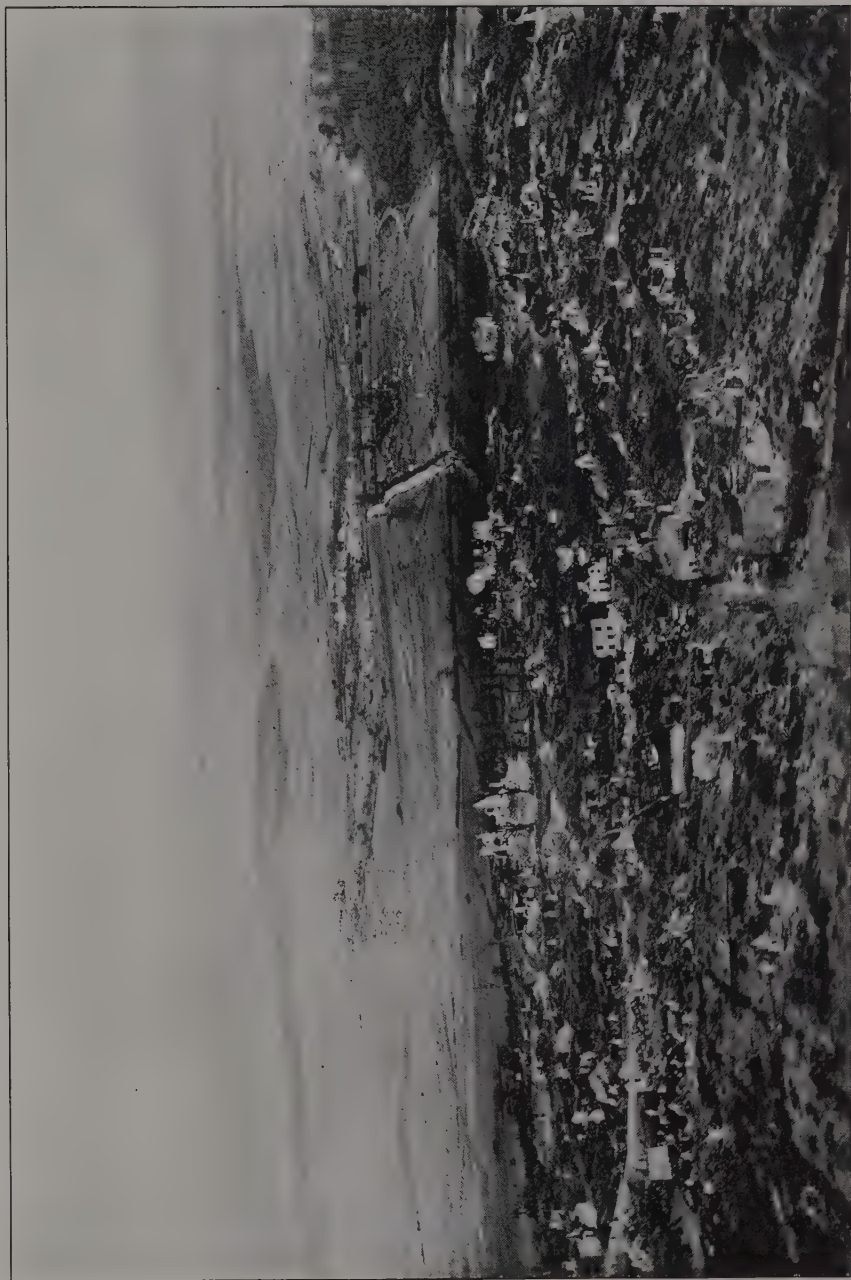
Big attack launched at 5:00 A. M. Batteries "A" and "B" attached to 4th and 7th Infantry. Battery "B" takes position near Cierges in execution of this mission. Four Boche planes brought down during drive. Corporal Kenneth McHugh, Battery "A" killed in action by explosion of enemy shell at Battery "A". Bugler Richard Brandt, Pvt. Lawrence Brill and Walter Sporisky, all of Battery "A", slightly wounded by H. E. shell. Battery "A" limbers brought up and stand around all day awaiting orders for infantry mission.

Saturday, October 5, 1918.

O. P. sends in important observations and Batteries "A" and "B" fire with favorable results observed from O. P. Pvts. Clifford Hearn and Burl Slocum, Battery "B", slightly wounded yesterday. Batteries "A" and "B" released from infantry missions and "B" returns to position at Fayel Farme after dark.

Sunday, October 6, 1918.

At request of 159th Brigade we fire 900 rounds on objectives in sector to our right. Regimental P. C. shelled some today. Battalion Headquarters and Batteries, after reconnaissance, move at dark to next sector on left and rejoin 32nd Division. Batteries go into positions in orchard about a kilometer north of Epinonville. Our wireless picks up the news that Germany, Austria and Turkey have asked for an armistice.



MONFAUCON AND BEYOND



G-3.

31

MEMORANDUM NO. 324.

3rd Division P. C.

France, Oct. 3, 1918.

SUBJECT: Use of tanks in liaison with Infantry.

I Report of Major Mare, Commanding 5th Corps Tanks, on the use of tanks in liaison with infantry.

1. From all the information received from my units, I gather that the intimate liaison which should exist between the attacking infantry and the tanks is far from being realized. In many cases there is no liaison at all, probably on account of the fact that the infantry is ignorant of the means of fighting with tanks.

2. It happens almost constantly that Infantry Commanders make the tanks attack very far in advance of their first line and are slow in taking possession of ground.

3. In certain cases, they do not even come and take possession of the ground gained by the tanks, even when these positions are very important.

4. Thus, NANTILLOIS and vicinity, taken by the 343rd and 344th Companies of the 15th B. C. L. (15th Bn. Light Tanks), on the evening of the 27th, was not occupied by the infantry (315th Regt.) which settled down 1500 meters to the south.

5. On account of this fact, NANTILLOIS had to be taken again on the morning of the 28th.

6. It is absolutely necessary that the Infantry leaders should thoroughly understand these absolute principles of the use of Tanks:

(A) Tanks are used only en masse (minimum of a section.)

(B) Tanks should be sent ahead of the Infantry only when centers of resistance are clearly determined. When there is uncertainty it is the infantry which should find out by its own means.

(C) When the tanks move forward to attack the known centers of resistance, the infantry should follow the tanks very closely, in order to profit by their action and in order to occupy the ground gained.

(D) In order to do this the infantry must follow the tanks at about 200 meters and as soon as the Boche is destroyed or has hunted his hole, the infantry goes forward to occupy the ground.

(E) Act quickly so that the Boche shall not have time to recover himself.

(F) The infantry should make it a point of honor never to leave the tanks alone, especially in the enemy's hands.

(G) If the tanks are surrounded, fire on the enveloping troops with rifles or machine guns until they are disengaged.

(H) In no case should the infantry fall back if it sees the tanks going to the rear in order to get a fresh supply of gasoline or ammunition.

(I) Infantry which has occupied ground must not keep the tanks in front of it as sentinels. The tanks should be sent away as soon as possible, once the machine guns and light machine guns are in place.

(J) Tanks cannot attack or counter attack at night, they do not see clearly and can be of no service. They can only risk being taken or firing on friendly troops.

By Command of Major General BUCK.



SUPPLEMENT TO SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE

(For distribution down to Battalions)

TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN DOCUMENT

(From 1st Army Summary of Intelligence Oct. 5, 1918)

"Meuse Group East

General, Commanding Reserve Corps

Army Corps, 9/29/18

Lessons to be Drawn from Fighting on West Bank of the Meuse.

1. The American Infantry is very unskilled in the attack. It attacks in thick columns, in numerous waves echeloned in depth, preceded by tanks. This sort of attack offers excellent objectives for the fire of our artillery, infantry and machine guns.

On condition that the infantry does not allow itself to be intimidated by the advancing masses and that it remains calm, it can make excellent use of its arms, and the American attacks fail with the heaviest losses. For example, the 150th Regiment of the 37th Infantry Division yesterday repelled 10 American attacks and today 3, without losing any ground and suffering relatively light losses.

The Americans are very much afraid of the artillery fire and especially gas shells. A few yellow cross shells are sufficient to start the gas alarm and considerable confusion. Therefore, it is recommended to continue the use of the salvos of yellow cross shells, especially during the night.

As to the American tanks, the troops after recovering from their first fright have been able to defend themselves excellently. Hence the tanks no longer possess any great combat value. The infantry allows them to approach and fires on them with the machine guns (ammunition S. m. K.) and with rifles (ammunition M. s. K.) and artillery by direct fire. The tanks for the most part retreat. If they continue to advance, the infantry remains quiet in its position and leaves to the artillery the task of combating them. Several times it has happened that the tanks have been put out of commission by grenades thrown through the loop holes by the infantry. The infantry must always be assured that tanks have no individual combat power and that the danger from them is lessened after the infantry is not afraid of them.

Usually the American infantry has followed the tanks at some distance so that our infantry has had time to first take care of the tanks, then of the infantry that follows them. The general opinion of the troops of the Meuse West Group is that the American troops are not a dangerous adversary when their method of fighting is known before hand.

The divisions will see to it that these remarks are brought to the knowledge of the troops immediately, and that today if possible.

s/v. SODEN.

Official Diary

Monday, October 7, 1918.

Regimental P. C. moves to Bois Emont near batteries north of Epinonville. Capt. Arnold, Adjutant 128 Infantry and his Sergeant Major killed, and many others killed and wounded in Epinonville just before we pass through. We meet Lt. Benson, 121st F. A. who is a M. G. instructor at one of the schools and has been sent up for



a tour of duty at the front and he decides to spend his "vacation" with us. We occupy some partly dismantled German shacks in the woods. The Germans shoot over considerable H. E. and gas. One of the 119th F. A. batteries moves in close to Battery "A", and "A" prepares to move forward a few hundred meters. While the new position is being prepared Captain Swift is seriously wounded by H. E. and while Lt. George D. Harris is assisting to remove Capt. Swift, he is also seriously wounded. Lieutenant Ralph H. Pierce now in command of firing battery.

Tuesday, October 8, 1918.

Everybody shelled heavily this A. M. Echelon now located southeast of Very. Newspapers arrive.

Wednesday, October 9, 1918.

Heavy preparatory fire continues all night. Infantry over the top at 8:25 A. M. Batteries fire until 12:30 P. M. Ist Lieutenant Theodore Phalen, Telephone Instructor Artillery School, La Courtine, France, formerly of Troop M, and Headquarters Co., 120 F. A. reports for a week of duty with regiment. Battalion and battery officers go on reconnaissance for positions near Gesnes. Nothing doing on account of M. G. fire.



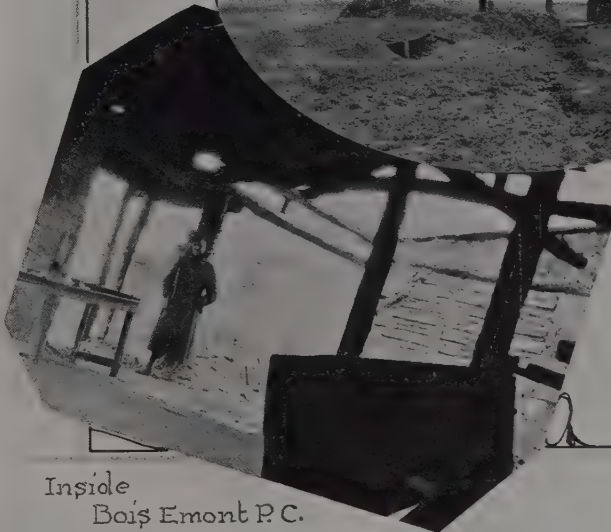
THE COLONEL'S DUGOUT NEAR MONTFAUCON



1st Bn. P.C.
Fayel Farm



Battery Band C.
-P.C. near
Bois Emont



Inside
Bois Emont P.C.



Regtl. P.C.
Bois Emont



Churchyard
Observatory
Montfaucon



Signal Corps Graves - Epinonville



O. P. AT MONTFACON



IN MONTFAUCON CEMETERY



SISSORSCOPE OBSERVER



LT. GEO. D. HARRIS—DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT EPINONVILLE



WHERE SWIFT AND HARRIS GOT IT



Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

FRANCE

8th October 1918

OPERATION ORDERS

No. 7.

1. No further information of the enemy. The First American Army will continue the attack.

The 32nd Division will capture the BOIS DE VALOUP, the TRANCHEE de DANTRISE and the portion of the TRANCHEE de la MAMMELLE within its sector. It will seize and hold the heights north of ROMAGNE and will capture the heights west of ROMAGNE by envelopment from the east and southeast. The 1st Division will assist the 32nd Division by attacking in the direction of Hill 263 LE PETIT BOIS and the BOIS de ROMAGNE. The 3rd Division will attack on the right.

The division will attack with one brigade on the front line, the 126th regiment on the right, the 125th regiment on the left.

2. This artillery command will support the attack of the 32nd Division.
3. Artillery at the disposal of the division. See organization chart attached.
4. Preparatory Fire.

The attack will be preceded by a fire of destruction commencing on October 8th, at 1:00 o'clock. The fire will be upon specially selected targets, principal attention being paid to the hostile trench lines within the sector, wire, machine gun and trench mortar emplacements, assembly points, communications and strong points. See chart.

During the night October 8th and 9th, the destructive fire will cease. A harassing and interdiction fire will be substituted, the fire of destruction being resumed at daylight and continuing to H-5 hours, Gas will be freely used during the interdiction fire. Persistent gas will not be used after H-4 Hours and non persistent gas not after the H-1 hour.

Artillery commander will so conserve ammunition as to have at the moment the infantry moves to attack, at least

400 rounds for each piece of 75 Cal.

200 rounds for each piece of 155 Cal.

5. Accompanying Fire.

(a) The attack will be preceded by a rolling barrage. The barrage will be laid 300 meters in front of the jumping off line at H-5, and will lift at H hour. It will advance by jumps of 100 meters every 6 minutes. The barrage will halt when it has advanced one kilometer, for 30 minutes. When it will again lift in bounds of 100 m. every 6 minutes to the Tranchee de Dantrise and the Tranchee de la Mamelles, when it will hold for 20 minutes, after the trench has been reached thruout its entire length. It will then jump forward 300 meters and remain stationary for 20 minutes. The advance will then resume and will continue according to attached chart, to the northern outskirts of ROMAGNE, where it will gradually die out.



RATE OF FIRE:

3 shots per minute for 6 minutes
 2 shots per minute for 6 minutes
 1 shot per minute thereafter

BATTERIES PARTICIPATING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT:

149th F. A. 6B
 151st F. A. 3B
 119th F. A. 6B
 147th F. A. 5B

20B

6. Covering Fire.

Covering fire upon successive targets will precede the rolling barrage, lifting when the barrage reaches 200 meters of the target being fired upon. Should the barrage extend beyond the range of the 75's in position, the covering will be continued according to the time table of the barrage, lifting when the infantry advance approaches to within 500 meters. At the first halt the covering fire will advance to the Tranchee de Dantrise and de la Mamelle and remain upon them until the barrage again approaches.

BATTERIES PARTICIPATING:

67th Brig. 150th Regt.	6B	155
57th Brig. 121st Regt	4B	155
58th Brig. 123rd Regt.	4B	155
67th Brig. 151st Regt.	3B	75
57th Brig 120th Regt	3B	75
58th Brig. 1 Regt.	6B	75

26B

Such batteries of the H. A. L. of the Corps, under commands of Lt. Col. Malieu, not engaged in special missions, will participate in this fire, firing upon important targets to be selected by the Commander of the Corps Artillery and being governed by the rule of lifting 500 meters in advance of the infantry. During the first halt the fire of those batteries will be concentrated on the Tranchee's de Dantrise and de la Mamelle.

7. Special Targets.

In addition to the special liaison maintained between designated batteries of the Corps artillery and the Air service, a battalion of the 151st F. A. will be designated by the Brigade Commander of the 67th Brigade to fire upon special targets in connection with the Vth Corps Air Service. The commander of the designated battalion will at once communicate with the Commander of the Aeroplane Squadron assigned to the division and make the arrangements for carrying out this mission. One battalion of the 123rd F. A. has been designated to act with Balloon Co. No. 7.

8. Liaison.

The commanders of the Light Artillery of the 57th and 67th Field Artillery Brigades will maintain their P. C.'s in close proximity to that of the Commanding General of the 63rd Brigade and will be prepared to furnish the support he may desire



and execute missions asked for, keeping these headquarters informed. Should occasion require the use of the Divisional Heavy Field Artillery and communication cannot be obtained with the P. C. of these headquarters, a direct call may be made to the heavy field artillery of the 57th, 58th and 67th Brigades, who will execute the fire, making report at once to these headquarters. Liaison officers, non-commissioned officers with signallers, couriers, runners, etc., will be attached to each infantry battalion in the front line.

9. Artillery Information.

Lieut. Col. Fish, 120th F. A. is placed in charge of the information and scouting service of the command. The commanders of the 67th Brigade will detail 1 officer, 2 non commissioned officers and 5 privates (couriers and runners) to report to Lt. Col. Fish at P. C. of General McCoy, Commanding Infantry Brigade, October 9th at H hour.

The commander of the Light Field Artillery of the 58th Brig, will similarly detail such personnel to report at same time and place.

10 H hour will be announced later.

11. This P. C. will remain at its present position.

By Command of Brigadier General Irwin:

J. W. GILSON,

Major, F. A., U. S. A.
Adjutant

ANNEX I.

Artillery at disposal of the 32nd Division.

Brigadier General G. LeR. Irwin, Commanding.

57th F. A. Brigade

L. F. A. 119th 6 batteries Col. Wales, 147th F. A. commanding.
120th 3 batteries P. C. 067.791

147th 3 batteries

H. F. A. 121st 4 batteries Lt. Col. Arthur, 121st F. A. commanding.
P. C. 117.770

67th F. A. Brigade

L. F. A. 149th 6 batteries Col. Reilly, 149th F. A. commanding.
151st 6 batteries P. C. 090.763

H. F. A. 150th 6 batteries Col. Tyndall, commanding.
P. C. Fahal Fme.

58th F. A. Brigade

L. F. A. 122nd

or

124th 6 batteries

H. F. A. 123rd 4 batteries

French

454th (105) 3 batteries Lt. Col. Malieu commanding.

301st (155 Sch) 2 batteries P. C. 84.35

330th (155th St. Chammond) 1 battery



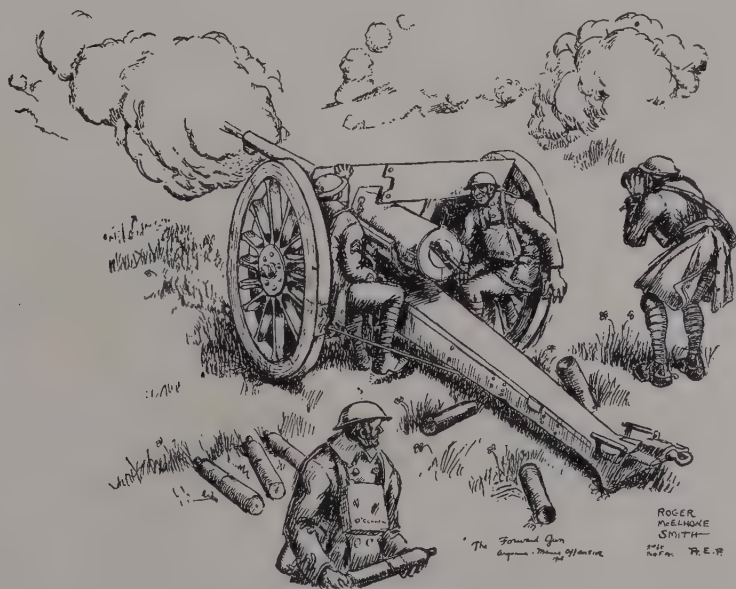
Official Diary

Thursday, October 10, 1918.

Colonel Penner and Lieut. Cole visit Infantry support lines near Gesnes. Battlefield strewn with dead. It has been a bitter and stubborn fight every foot of the way, but the Boche resistance is gradually growing weaker. After heavy preparatory fire Infantry goes over top at 2:00 P. M. Our reconnaissance party again goes out and during the night batteries move forward to positions in open field north of the Bois Communal de Cierges.

Friday, October 11, 1918.

Again we prepare for Infantry attack, barrage starting at 7 A. M. Barrage called off at 10:35 A. M. and harassing fire started. They struggle forward in afternoon. The going has been slow but steady. Desperate days for the 32nd Division doughboys. Orders arrive for two guns to go forward to infantry lines on anti-tank missions. Lieutenants Richter and Leahy of "C" Battery are given the missions.





Headquarters, 120th Field Artillery,

INFORMATION REPORT

12 o'clock, Oct. 9th to 12 o'clock, Oct. 10th.

I. Enemy infantry activity.

Throughout the day short bursts of hostile machine gun fire from Hill back of Hill No. 255, and neighborhood of Transvaal Farm.

15:40 o'clock, especially sharp fire from machine guns in the same woods.

II. Enemy artillery.

Very wide spread fire on all crests on region south and east of Gesnes, calibre mainly 77mm. Most of the fire seemed to come from woods west of Romagne. This fire was particularly heavy during the morning. Between 12 and 13:30 o'clock there was almost a complete cessation of fire in this sector. At 14 o'clock five shells calibre 77mm landed in the north edge of the Bois de Cierges. Harassing fire throughout the day in Romagne road north of Grange Aux Bois Farm. Continual harassing fire by 77's in valley 500 yards south of Gesnes. 13:30 to 15:30 o'clock, there was a strong German barrage on Gesnes, the wooded hillsides west of it, and on the crest to the northeast. After 15 o'clock there was very little artillery activity.

III. Aerial activity.

14:50 o'clock, 5 enemy aeroplanes flew over our lines in a northeasterly direction. 15 o'clock, a German balloon was observed over the Bois de Gesnes. It remained up the greater part of the afternoon. 15:05 o'clock, six German aeroplanes flew over our lines above this post headed northeast. A few shots were fired at them by our anti-aircraft guns.

IV. Rocket fires etc.

10:25 o'clock, Oct. 10th, ammunition station observed burning near west edge of Romagne.

V. Visibility.

Poor until 11 o'clock, Oct. 9th. Good after 8 o'clock, Oct. 10th

"CONFIDENTIAL"

Not to be taken into
the front line trenches

32nd Division, A. E. F.

Second Section, G. S.

No. 10.

Summary of Intelligence

October 9 to October 10th, 1918

12 h to 12 h.

I. GENERAL IMPRESSION OF THE DAY:

Visibility good.

II. ENEMY FRONT LINE:

The enemy front line cannot be definitely defined further than that it is opposite our own front line, which extends from la COTE DAME MARIE to a point at the cross roads on the west side of ROMAGNE. Our troops have filtrated into position on this line preparatory to the attack at H hour this afternoon. Our troops also control ROMAGNE by combat groups surrounding it. The town is purposely unoccupied.



III. ENEMY ORDER OF BATTLE:

Three prisoners of the 109th Body Grenadier Regiment, 28th Division, taken late October 9th at the la COTE DAME MARIE. This Division has been in this vicinity for some time past, and has been used as Army Reserve, being moved to various points in the sector where its presence was thought to be required. Prisoners also report having seen soldiers from the 211th Reserve Regiment (45th Reserve Division) at ROMAGNE on the day before our attack. An officer prisoner made the statement that two divisions are in reserve on the eastern bank of the MEUSE.

IV. ENEMY INFANTRY:

Our troops are meeting with some slight opposition in the way of machine gun fire. Usual combat patrols are engaging the enemy at various points of the line.

V. ENEMY ARTILLERY:

Not so active as during previous period, and it is evident that the batteries are being withdrawn to positions further in the rear. A number of enemy guns reported during the day are silenced by our artillery. Shells were dropped at various points on the roads in our area, chiefly in the vicinity of MONT-FAUCON.

VI. ENEMY MOVEMENTS: None noted.

VII. ENEMY WORKS: A number of fires observed back of the enemy's lines, which however, might have been caused by our artillery.

VIII. ENEMY AERONAUTICS:

Enemy planes crossed our lines several times during the period. They were repulsed on a number of occasions by anti-aircraft guns. One of our balloons southwest of this P. C. was brought down by an enemy plane at 16:35 o'clock.

IX. ACTIVITY OF OUR OWN TROOPS:

Our infantry advanced behind a barrage at H hour and met with little opposition.

All objectives were reached and the line established and rectified as stated in Paragraph 2.

X. MISCELLANEOUS:

Prisoners evacuated from the Division inclosure yesterday are:

	Officers	N. C. O's	Privates	Total
	14	66	446	526
Previously reported	3	31	198	232
Total to date	17	97	644	758

All of the prisoners evacuated yesterday had been informed of the German peace offer and seemed satisfied that the end is in sight.

By direction of the Chief of Staff,

PAUL B. CLEMENS

Lt. Col. G. S.

A. C. of S., G-2



Official Diary

Saturday, October 12, 1918.

At 5 A. M. limbers of "C" Battery's detached guns return—Guns reported in position, well camouflaged, ready for whatever may happen after a rough passage thru Gesnes and vicinity. Beaucoup shelling. Privates Hahn, Addicks, Franke and Schultz, Battery "C" rescue wounded doughboys from burning building in Gesnes during bombardment. Lieut. Stacy L. Harding, "B" Battery and Private Quillen, Hqrs. Co. who have been on liaison duty with 127th Inf. are missing. Relief sent to take their places on 10th, reports they cannot be found. For two hours our batteries pound the Trench D'Antrise and at fifteen hours the doughboys attack again. The Cote Dame Marie, Trench D'Antrise and Trench Mamelle are proving hard nuts for the 32nd Division doughboys to crack. We are told to get ready for a big shoot. Night ammunition hauling is using up our animals, as they get little rest, standing in rain and mud during the day, and this is our third week of battle conditions.

Sunday, October 13, 1918.

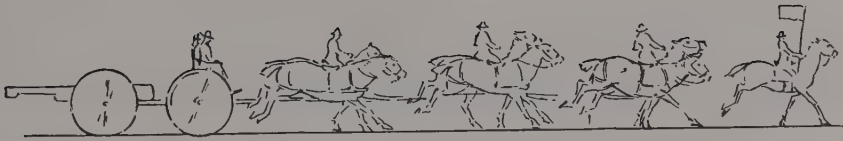
Still plugging along. Another day of intermittent firing. Our boys are tired and battle weary, but they stick tenaciously to their guns. Usual amount of rain. Peace rumors reach the lines. Battery "C" pounded hard by enemy shells during early hours. No casualties. Colonel Penner and Lt. Phalen visit "C" Battery detached guns and infantry lines in Bois du Valoup in search of information regarding Lt. Harding and Private Quillen. Detached guns ordered to return during night.

Monday, October 14, 1918.

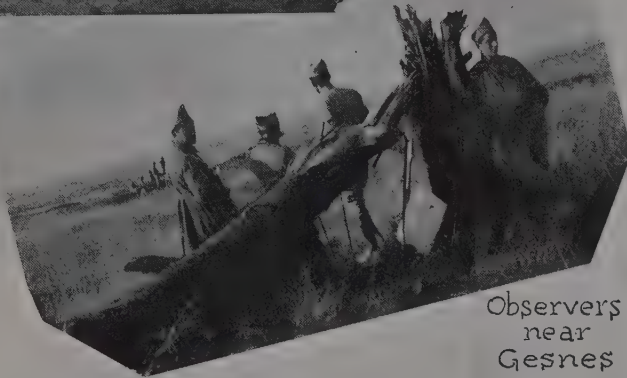
The Boche makes Regimental Hqrs. realize that he still has some artillery in position and beaucoup ammunition. Shelled into dugouts soon after midnight. Batteries begin the day with preparatory fire and rolling barrage starting at 5:30 A. M. Fire 3837 rounds. At nine A. M. Battery B's No. 3 gun blows up, shell exploding in muzzle. Mechanic Leon Prescott and Private James Murphy wounded. Reconnaissance party out in afternoon and at dark Lt. Jackson in charge of limber echelon in Bois Emont, takes limbers up and batteries and Bn. Hqrs. move to slopes of hill 255 north of Gesnes.

Tuesday, October 15, 1918.

Gas for breakfast this morning. By no means a palatable dish. Lieut. Jackson returns with limbers soon after midnight and reports. Sgt. Carl Weigell, Battery A, Chief of Section, killed at his post of duty. Carl was popular and he was a good soldier. The regiment has lost one of its old men and we all mourn his loss. Lieut. Sheehan, Battery C, reports that Lieut. Stacy L. Harding, Battery "B" acting as Infantry Liaison Officer and Pvt. Albert Quillen, Hq. Co., his runner, have probably been taken prisoners by Boche. Corp. John Strobele, Hq. Co. slightly wounded by 37 MM shell while acting on Liaison with 127th Inf. Batteries "A" and "C" doing the firing to-day.



Big Shell
digs up
Graves



Observers
near
Gesnes



Battery Position near Gesnes



SECRET
FIELD ORDERS

No. 81

MAP: BUZANCY SPECIAL 1/20,000

P. C. 32nd Division
France, 13 Oct., 1918 12:10 o'clock

I. The hostile situation on our immediate front is unchanged, but the enemy is reported to be retiring generally on the entire western front.

The 3d Corps will seize the Hill less Grands Carre (northwest of BANTHEVILLE). The 1st Corps will gain the ridge n. e. of ST. JUVIN. The 5th Corps will attack on "D" day at "H" hour and will seize LA BERGERIE FERME and COTE 253 flanking the BOIS HAZOIS. It will mop up the BOIS DE BANTHEVILLE and will advance to the line—RIDGE running s. w. from Hill 300 in Bois D'ANDEVANNE FERME—BOIS L'EPASSE—COTE 253 RIDGE l. k. n. w. of ST. GEORGES.

II. (a) On "D" day at "H" hour the 32nd Division (less the Bn. in position south of ROMAGNE) will advance to the first objective.

(b) Zone of action and objective of the Division and Brigades shown on accompanying map.

III. TROOPS.

(1) 64th Brigade, reinforced by the 125th Infantry and one Machine Gun Company from 63rd Brigade, Brig. Gen. Edwin B. Winans commanding, will make the attack.

(2) The 63rd Brigade (less the 125th Inf) the 119th Machine Gun Bn. and the 2nd Battalion 107th Engineers (if emergency justifies their assembly) Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy commanding, will constitute the Divisional Reserve. Station BOIS DE COMMUNAL CIERGES, BOIS DE COMMUNAL DE BAULNY, les EPINETTE BOIS.

(b) GENERAL PLAN.

(1) The attack will be made by three regiments side by side, the 128th Inf. on right with two battalions in front line, and one in support, the 125th Inf. in center and 127th Inf. on left, each with one battalion in front line. Regt. Commanders will issue necessary instructions for support and reserve battalions to successively pass the lines of front battalions if necessary. This should be arranged for on resuming the advance after a halt.

(2) The barrage will be placed on the trench line at H-5 minutes and at H hour will lift 300 meters in left subsector only. On this line it will stand for fifteen minutes when it will move forward to 1st phase line (see map) at rate of 100 meters in 6 minutes, when it will halt 20 minutes at end of which time the entire barrage will advance to 300 meters beyond 1st objective and halt. In making the advance to 300 meters beyond, the stationary barrage on the trench in right subsector will gradually lift from left flank and move forward with the barrage in left subsector until it becomes stationary 300 meters beyond 1st objective line when will halt.

In any case any part of line is held up and unable to advance, artillery fire must be called for by the infantry Commander thru liaison officer with him on the particular points holding up his troops.



Terrain in front
of Kriemhilde
Stellung



Thickets on
Cote Dame Marie



Battery C position
before
Cote Dame Marie



The least casualties will result if the barrage is closely and resolutely followed and this will be impressed upon subordinate officers and men.

(4) Our Commander in Chief lays the utmost importance on the taking of the position now before you. That position can only be taken if every officer and man starts forward courageously at the instant the barrage fire in front of him lifts. The wire in our immediate front must be gotten thru promptly and then the leading ranks must follow the barrage closely. To hesitate is to invite casualties and failure. But to go boldly ahead under cover of our artillery (will be deep and intense) insures success and the least casualties. This must be brought home to every man before action begins.

(c) ARTILLERY PREPARATION commences at once and will be continuous up to H hour minus 15 minutes. From H-2 hours to H-15 min. hour, all artillery will execute the most violent possible concentration on all known enemy positions and edges of woods likely to conceal machine guns.

Special attention will be devoted by DIVISIONAL ARTILLERY AS FOLLOWS

All wooded area included in the zone of action on the left of Brigade; the works near the Ferme de CAVANIERE; and the ENEMY TRENCHES.

Destructive fire will be maintained on all known organizations of enemy. Gas shells will be used freely. Shelling with persistent gas will cease in any area 4 hours before the occupation of the area by our troops; non-persistent gas may be used until 1 hour prior to such occupation.

Brigade Commanders will not allow their advance to be checked in order to mop up positions taken. Special detachments from support units will be assigned in advance of this duty. A machine gun company will be assigned to accompany each front line and support battalion as closely as possible.

At least one wire cutting team composed of two wire cutters and one axeman and two automatic riflemen will be assigned to each half platoon in the front line of assaulting and support battalions.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL HAAN.

Headquarters Thirty Second Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS

13 October, 1918.

No. 94

II. The Peace Proposals of the enemy are another form of propaganda to affect the morale of the Allied troops. Speculation thereon by officers and men is wholly out of place and must be wholly suppressed in this Division: The making of peace is not our job—which *is* defeating the enemy armies.

The wireless news of the enemy propositions should serve us in but one way, and that is to cause us to redouble our efforts to completely defeat him and so make him submit to the terms which the Allies will impose.

W. G. HAAN,

Major General, Commanding



Information Report

120th FIELD ARTILLERY

12 o'clock, Oct. 14th to
12 o'clock, Oct. 15th, 1918

I. Enemy infantry.

None observed.

Machine gun fire.

Heavy fire at 13:30 o'clock, direction Andevanne. 14:40 o'clock, intermittent burst from left of Cunel and Bois de Chanvignon.

II. Enemy artillery.

12:10 o'clock, large mustard gas shell burst along with 12 H. E. in the edge north of Mammelle Trench. 13:05 o'clock, 12 rounds of 77's in Gesnes. 14 o'clock, shelling of Bois de Cunel with large calibre probably 150's. 14:30 o'clock, light shelling in Bois de Ogons. 14:30 o'clock, to 15:08 o'clock, 1 shell, probably 150 south of LaGrange Bois Aux Farm.

14:50 o'clock, 2 77's north edge of Bois de Cunel. 15:00 o'clock, 3 77's on road at 307100—281800. 15:20 o'clock, 4 shells apparently 150's burst on 307600—283600. 15:44 o'clock, several shells burst on north edge of Bois de Cunel. 16:00 o'clock, enemy put a barrage of shrapnel on crest this side of Romagne. 16:10 o'clock, number of shrapnel shells on edge of Bois de Chanvignon. 16:15 o'clock, several high explosive shells burst in the air near Transvaal Farm. 15:40 o'clock, 15:52 o'clock, heavy interdiction fire on Gesnes road and slopes south and east of it, calibre probably 105—15 rounds per minute. 16:25 o'clock—enemy barrage east and west across sector from Cunel to 1 K. left of Romagne, apparently north of Romagne. (Visibility very poor) Simultaneously a number of shells were placed in the vicinity of Transvaal Farm. 17:00 o'clock—enemy shell, large calibre, landed in vicinity of Epinonville. Throughout the night the enemy continued harassing fire, the location of which could not be well defined, due to a dense fog. The fire seemed to come from distant points. One gas shell that fell in the Bois de Cierges, was observed to be luminous.

III. AERONAUTIC—Balloons—Two ascended at 12:50, at left 180 and 320, respectively.

Aeroplanes—13:15—Enemy planes flew over our front lines; fired upon by our anti-aircraft.

IV. ROCKETS, SIGNALS—13:15 o'clock, 1 star rocket from behind hill 306.-800—284.700 13:45 o'clock, 1 star rocket 80 miles left Church of Romagne. 15:50 1 single star rocket 280 mile left of Church of Cunel. 15:55 o'clock, repeated. 16:00 o'clock, 1—three star rocket same place. 16:25, 1—2 star and 1—1 star rocket, 500 miles left Church of Cunel, then 2—1 star same place. 16:34 o'clock, two more same place.

Herbert V. Kohler,
Captain, 120th Field Artillery
Information Officer



Combat Instructions

Not to be taken into Front Line Trenches
Issued down to include Company Commanders

1. During the recent operations our forward lines seem often to have hesitated where there has been little opposition, and have thus deprived us of the advantage to be gained by a vigorous advance against a shaken enemy. Our officers have not appeared to grasp the extreme importance of constant aggressiveness and have not fully realized that definite results can be obtained only by continuously pressing the enemy and not permitting him to stop when once he is forced to give way.

2. The numbers of machine guns used by the enemy have been increased and it is upon these that he is placing his main reliance, being especially adept in defending the edges of woods and other points. Our troops should not be halted nor delayed by such means of defense, but isolated detachments using smoke screens and 37 mm guns, assisted by artillery, if necessary, should be left to attack either directly or by a flanking manœuvre, while the main advance continues in the line of least resistance.

3. All the prescribed means of reducing machine gun nests do not seem to have been used. This is to be insisted upon and Division Commanders will hold their subordinates responsible that it is done in the future. It will be especially emphasized that accompanying guns should be pushed well forward to help the very front line by point blank fire if necessary. Division Commanders should give orders accordingly and make proper assignment of such artillery, also of 37 mm guns, machine guns, and gas and flame troops. Attention is particularly invited to Combat Instructions (Confidential 1348) which will be carefully studied by junior officers.

4. It is imperative at this time that division, Brigade and regimental and battalion commanders should give their personal attention to the tactical instruction of their younger officers, even to those about to launch an attack, to the end that these officers may feel confidence in their own ability and that of their men to meet any situation and carry their lines forward against any opposition. The presence of the higher officers well in advance will frequently be required in order that directions may be given as to the course of action when there is any hesitancy or delay on the part of their units.

PERSHING.

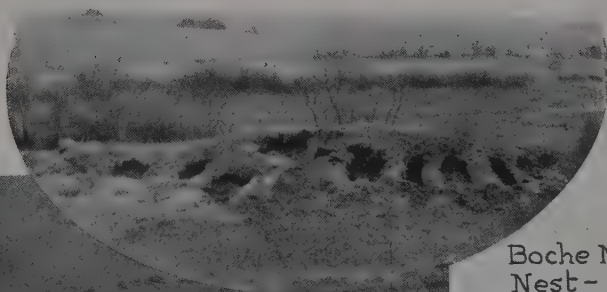
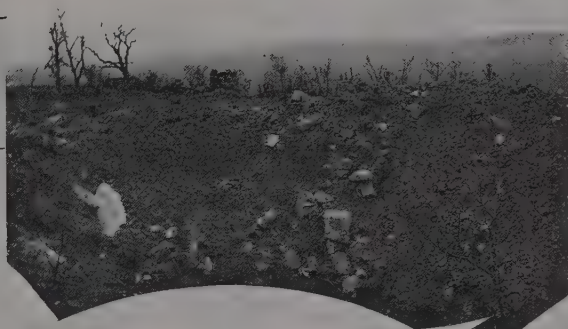
Official Diary

Wednesday, October 16, 1918.

Again Boche shells compel men at Regimental Headquarters to seek protection in dugout. Shells land very close to Bunk House and splinters come through the walls and ruin a new "scissors" instrument which we recently salvaged. No telephones in dugout, so staff officers on duty and telephone central operate from bunk house floor. Telephone lines frequently out of order, due to heavy shell fire. Trouble on battalion line in particular. Horseshoer Sigurd Nordin, Battery "B" and Pvt. Edward Mooney, Battery "A", wounded at nearby limber position during the night. Stable Sgt. Charles Quigg of "C" Battery does a fine job of first aid bandaging in the rain and darkness of the Bois Emont.



240 Lands
at Battery C.
Position



Boche M.G.
Nest-
La Dhuy Ferme



Killed in action
Bois Haziş



Thursday, October 17, 1918.

Day comparatively quiet at Regimental Hqrs. Sleep disturbed occasionally by Boche shells. Batteries fire intermittently on LaDhuy Farm and vicinity. At about 7 A. M. five shells, caliber 420, come roaring in from across the Meuse and the explosions shake the earth and dig enormous holes, one landing close to "C" Battery.

Friday, October 18, 1918.

Good news from Flanders front. British are going ahead and taking large number of prisoners. Firing from Hill 286 causes telephone men considerable trouble. Night spent quietly. Private Dickman "B" Battery wounded. Lt. Squibb now in O. P. on Cote Dame Marie with excellent observation. Adjusts "C" Battery and transports fire on LaDhuy Farm—Landres et St. George road.

Saturday, October 19, 1918.

Pvt. Fred E. Perryman, Battery B, was killed at Base Echelon by explosion of enemy trap of hand grenades. He was gathering wood for the kitchen fire, when a board he picked up pulled a wire and detonated the foul trap. 32nd Division Infantry relieved by 89th Division. 1st. Lieuts. James R. Harper, Christian W. Schaefer, 2nd Lieuts. John P Baker, Harry F. Covington, Thomas J. Uhl, Ralph H. Pierce, receive notice of promotion one grade. Received information that Lt. Harding had been killed October 11th, by rifle or machine gun fire. Buried by Chaplain of 128th Inf. after Cote Dame Marie was taken. No news of Pvt. Quillen, Hqrs. Co. who was with Lt. Harding.



Lt. STACY L. HARDING
Killed in Action



Dod Dickens and Carl Weigell, Battery
"A". Sergeant Weigell was killed in action
October 15th, 1918.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

19 October 1918.

INFORMATION REPORT

(12:00, 18 Oct/18—To 12:00, 19 Oct/18)

I ENEMY MOVEMENT—

12:25—2 vehicles and about seven men disappeared over hill on road north from Andevanne. 12:35—two more vehicles going same direction, on same road, each followed by two men. This road is north of Andevanne, and 92 miles north of Romagne. 13:35—another vehicle going same direction. 15:05—1 wagon with two teams followed by man on horseback on road north of Andevanne, traveling westward. 15:10—two more vehicles on same road, going in same direction. They disappear in a valley back of Andevanne. 15:25—two wagons on road running north of Andevanne, traveling northward. 15:30 two wagons on Andevanne road going uphill, disappeared in woods. 15:40—observed a column of eight vehicles, led by one mounted man, advancing toward our line. Mounted man halts column, takes three vehicles to left of road towards village, remaining five to the right of road, and enters woods. 16:00—two men observed working on new emplacements at 303.950-288.500.

II. ENEMY ARTILLERY—

13:00 to 14:00—about ten shells fired just south of Romagne. 14:25—about five large shells landed at the same place. 15:30—10 shells landed near Romagne, at one minute intervals. 16:10-16:15—barrage left of Cunel. 16:35—harassing fire, direction Romagne. 16:40—enemy ammunition dump burning about 300 mils to the right of Romagne. 20:40-20:55—about fifteen shells fired south of Cunel. 24:30.—valley just south of Gesnes shelled—about 10 shells. 3:25-3:55—enemy scattered about 30 shells along valley north of this post. 4:20-4:55—harassing fire in valley south of Romagne, and east of Gesnes, about two shells per minute. 5:30-6:30—enemy artillery quite active, shelling lines from Romagne westward along the wooded hills; also valley around Gesnes. Some of the shells probably 150's.

Light shelling throughout the night in Bois de Bantheville. Increased shelling at 4:35.

III. ENEMY MACHINE GUN FIRE—

16:25—light machine gun fire, direction of Cunel. 9:00—light machine gun fire direction of Cunel.

IV. SIGNALS—

19:45—several two-star green rockets from the direction of Cunel. 5:00—a number of green star rockets observed from the right of Romagne.

V. AERIAL ACTIVITY—

9:20—four enemy planes fly north of Romagne. Raise a barrage from our anti-aircraft, and disappear flying eastward. 10:25— a German plane raises a barrage from anti-aircraft and flies southwest of Gesnes. 6:50—German balloon observed 207 mils left of Romagne. 7:45—balloon observed at 352 mils left of Romagne, and another balloon observed at 465 mils left of Romagne. Both lowered at 8:00. 8:25—balloon lowered at 207 mils left.



Official Diary

Sunday, October 20, 1918.

We are now supporting the 89th Division who relieved the 32nd after twenty days of continuous attacks on the enemy's strongest positions. Rain, Rain, all day? Mud galore and its some mud too. Grave of Lieut. Stacy Harding, whom we thought was a prisoner, found. He was a popular young officer devoted to duty and beloved by all who knew him. He gave up his life for the cause for which we are all struggling. May he rest in peace. Projectile stuck in "B" Battery gun, so it has to be sent to Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop. "B" Battery now down to one gun. 89th Div. makes a good beginning by having its Chief of Operations captured with a bundle of maps.

Monday, October 21, 1918.

During morning Regimental P. C. occupies Bn. P. C. at Gesnes. Bn. P. C. and batteries move to new position $1\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers west of Romagne. Germans shell all day. Batteries working steadily, harassing fire on Bois Hazios. Battery "B" receives three guns and Battery "C" one. They are repaired guns and far from new.



IN SOMMERANCE



Sommerance



Official Diary

Tuesday, October 22, 1918.

Day rather quiet along our front. Continuous H. E. and gas shelling on the new battery positions during the night. Capt. Bryant, our medical officer, transferred to 128th Infantry and Capt. John E. Armitage, an old Wisconsin National Guardsman, ordered to take his place with the 120th.

Wednesday, October 23, 1918.

Begin much needed "rest". We are informed that there will be no firing for three days and gun crews return to echelon for rest and attempt to clean up. Base echelon moves up to Limber echelon at old Regimental P. C. in Bois Emont near Epinonville. Major Einfeldt, Captains Kuechenmeister and Harper visit Regimental P. C. Two Allied balloons brought down. Germans shell echelon in Bois Emont and gun crews do not find it as restful as promised. "B" Battery gun hit by shell no damage except spokes knocked out.

Thursday, October 24, 1918.

Peaceful day, except for few whizz bangs at midnight. No firing by our batteries. Gun guards only at Battery positions.

Friday, October 25, 1918.

Nothing new. Batteries, personnel not in line. Everyone resting up. During the evening personnel of the firing batteries return to the positions.

Headquarters Thirty Second Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS

22 October 1918

No. 97

I. In my general inspection of the infantry troops of the Division yesterday, I was more than pleased with the cheerful and wideawake spirit found everywhere; also by the well formed habit of the proper rendering of salutes.

The appearance of the uniform must be made the best possible under the difficult situation. Well trained troops can make themselves look military even in old and badly used up uniforms and nothing less is satisfactory to the 32nd Division.

We are to receive at once a considerable number of replacements and every effort must be made to immediately inspire these new troops with the same fine fighting spirit of the Division. All officers, non-commissioned officers and privates must unite in bringing the instruction, training and discipline of these troops up to the highest possible standard, and our Division will be a better fighting unit than ever before.

The enemy must be defeated and wherever our Division is placed in the line it must accomplish its missions. This can only be done by the highest development of the fighting spirit.

W. G. HAAN, Major General U. S.



Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

23 October 1918.

INFORMATION REPORT

GENERAL IMPRESSION OF THE DAY—Quiet

I. INFANTRY

(a) Machine gun—
None

II. ARTILLERY—

Hour	Source	Calibre	No. of rounds	Objective	Nature of fire	Remarks
10:35	North	150	1	Hill 288	Harassing	
10:43	"	150	1	Hill 286	"	
10:58	"	150	1	Hill 287	"	
10:58-12:08	"	150	14	Hill 286	"	
15:55-16:15	"	77	6	Hill 286	"	
				Left edge of		
16:05	N E	150	2	Bois de Bantheville	"	
				West edge of		
16:10	N E	150	Unknown	Bois de Bantheville	"	
16:30	N E	150	"	"	"	

III. AERONAUTICS—

Aeroplanes—11:10—one enemy plane draws barrage high over Gesnes. 12:05—one enemy plane draws barrage high over Cote Dame Marie. 12:20—sixteen planes flew south—fired on by anti-aircraft. 12:25—one aeroplane flew east at high altitude—draws fire from anti-aircraft. 12:45—four planes flew over Bois de Bantheville; one flew south and burned one of our four balloons; then rejoined the others and flew north. 13:55—three planes flew north; one flew south; fired on by anti-aircraft. 14:40—balloon burned west of Gesnes. 16:45—balloon burned east of Gesnes. Ballons—10:45—Balloon right 747. 12:20—Balloon right 451. 12:35—balloon left 28. 13:40—balloons rose 119 right. 14:10—balloon observed left 88.

IV. CIRCULATION—

10:40—Caisson passed along edge of woods north of Removille woods. Disappeared at 44-22. Considerable circulation of men at this point. Later few more wagons and one mounted man followed them to Remonville. 14:10—12 Germans seen running very fast down hill from woods 78-18. Very heavy artillery at this point. New works suspected at 37.17.

V. SIGNALS—

None observed.

VI. REMARKS—

Visibility up to 16:00 o'clock good—after 16:00 o'clock poor.

Herbert Kohler
Captain, 120th Field Artillery



Headquarters Thirty Second Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

GENERAL ORDERS No. 98

October 10, 1918.

II. The following letter to the Division Commander from the Chief of Staff, 5th Army Corps is published for information of all concerned.

“HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS

American Expeditionary Forces

France, 22 October 1918

From: Chief of Staff, V Army Corps

To: Commanding General, 32nd Division, U. S.

Subject: Commendation.

The recent long service of the 32nd DIVISION in the front line of the 5th Army Corps has been characterized by such a fine example of soldierly effort that the Corps Commander commends you and your Soldiers and Officers for it.

Under extremely difficult circumstances, and over a rough hilly country, thickly wooded, the DIVISION broke through the enemy's strong lines and reached and took its objectives. (Kriemhilde Stellung).

This effort and the result accomplished speak for themselves, but that you and your men may know that the Corps Commander appreciates their situation, and acknowledges their success, he thanks each one.

W. B. BURTT

Chief of Staff.

By Command of Major General Haan:

Official Diary

Saturday, October 26, 1918.

Gun crews back at their posts. Radio station set up at Gesnes. Shelled profusely by Whizz Bangs. Batteries resume firing.

Sunday, October 27, 1918.

Shelled at intervals during the day. Beautiful day. Many aeroplanes in sight. Lieut. Eugene F. Pruett, Battery “C” assisting munitions officer, injured by shell in Gesnes, is evacuated.

Monday, October 28, 1918.

Batteries are under enemy balloon observation and many shells drop into the position. Boche gets balloon just in rear of Regimental P. C. Corporals Lawrence Cramer and Donald McFadzen, and Privates Glen Card and Otto Paulson, of Battery “C” wounded by enemy shelling at positions. Batteries do much sniping, using O. P. on Cote Dame Marie.

Tuesday, October 29, 1918.

Boche is busy all day shelling Gesnes and our battery positions. Boche put down another observation balloon in our neighborhood. Our batteries firing continually and ammunition supply is an endless labor.



Headquarters Thirty Second Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 96

21 October 1918

I. In its third effort in the battle, the Thirty Second Division broke through the famous KRIEMHILDE line, the last organized line of the enemy's defense on this front.

During the nineteen days of almost continuous battle, not a day passed without some progress being made, and during this period a total advance of eight kilometers was accomplished. This in itself does seem a great distance, but when it is considered that this progress was made through a well organized position of great natural strength at a key of that position, it is a task accomplished of which the Division can and should feel proud.

The actual penetration of the famous KRIEMHILDE line was perhaps less difficult than the long approach to the wire of that position upon ground where the Division had to work first down a slope and then up another slope for from three to four kilometers, where it was constantly under observation and under artillery and machine gun fire. The excellent maneuvering of subordinate commanders, supported by the artillery, machine guns, Stokes mortars, one pounders, and all other auxillary weapons all working together, permitted the accomplishment of our mission and the attaining of our objectives with a minimum of loss. The Corps Commander and the Commander in Chief have expressed to me personally, their satisfaction at what the division has accomplished and I desire to add my hearty congratulations to all men and officers, one and all, of whom have shown the most trying circumstances, a spirit that never faltered.

W. G. HAAN

Major General, U. S. A.
Commanding

Headquarters Fifth Army Corps

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, 24 October 1918

MEMORANDUM for Division, Brigade, and Regimental Commanders.

1. It is of the utmost importance that the minds of our soldiers should be properly prepared for the execution of all military operations. On account of the high standards of intelligence and the national characteristics of thought that exist among our troops, the presentation to them of the nature of their tasks and of their responsibility in the execution become peculiarly powerful influences.

2. Enthusiasm and a determination to win must be instilled into the mind of every American soldier by the attitude, activity, and spirit displayed by the commanders.



All officers are therefore enjoined, to devote a part of each day, to talking to their men, explaining the part that our country is performing in the war, the results of the successes gained by our troops, and the supreme importance of defeating the enemy in every attack. While the enemy's power of resistance should not be underestimated, the superiority of our troops in morale and fighting power, and the unvarying success of our soldiers in all encounters with the enemy should be emphasized.

3. It must be carefully explained to our troops that while our advance has not appeared to be as great as that realized by other portions of the front, it has been the blows struck by the American Army that have caused the enemy to release his hold farther to the west in order to escape through the narrow defile that exists between us and the forest of Ardennes. Maps should be used and diagrams drawn to have the men understand the supreme importance of the terrain occupied by the American Army and of the great necessity for continuing our advance. Should our successes be sufficient they may result in the complete capture of the German Army, and in any case they will cause them to retreat more rapidly and to offer less and less resistance.

4. It should be further explained that the enemy has brought numerous divisions of his best and most rested troops to oppose us, and that all have been defeated or destroyed. In this way we are lessening his power of endurance, and must eventually exhaust his means of opposing our advance. Thus while the ground gained by us has been as extensive as that occupied by other Allied Forces, it has been evident that due to our persistent attacks the withdrawal of the enemy on other fronts has permitted the Allies to pursue without any serious resistance.

5. Commencing October 25th, all Division, Brigade and Regimental Commanders will visit the men of at least one third of their units each day, and will talk with them freely on the above subjects. They will by their buoyant, self confident and enthusiastic manner and language inspire their men with determination to uphold the honor of their country, to enhance the reputation of their command, and to win for themselves distinction and reward by resolutely and courageously meeting and overcoming the enemy whenever an opportunity is presented. They must encourage the men to think over the task which confronts them, and to consider how each will fight the treachery, cunning and skill practiced by the enemy in a long period of field service.

6. References must freely be made to past successes of the command, and to all individuals who have distinguished themselves or who may be seen wearing badges or other marks of service or gallantry in action. Each Commanding Officer must endeavor to impart his personality to the soldiers of his command, and to have them understand clearly what he expects them to do in all conditions of battle. He will endeavor to attract their liking and their desire to follow him by his manifest interest in their welfare and by his personal sympathy for each individual. The presence of an officer among his troops is worth more to his prestige and leadership than any number of orders or documents which he may send out without personally visiting them.

7. Officers will invariably commend and approve all worthy acts of the men, however slight, and they will be equally on the alert to assert their leadership in battle in case progress is not satisfactory.

C. P. SUMMERALL, Major General, Commanding.



MOVING OUT AT DAWN



RUINS OF AVONCOURT



Marching to Malancourt

Extract from a private diary.

Arising in a black downpour of rain we breakfasted by candle light, then for the first time in my experience in the army, I decided to ride in the Dodge instead of traversing those twenty terrible kilometers on my old fat horse. He stumbles too badly.

Jim Whitaker who was to guide us forward, awakened me at dawn by piling in on top, and I found it was seven o'clock instead of the early hour at which we had expected to leave. The rain was so heavy that it had been almost impossible and decidedly inconvenient to get the outfit on the road in the dark.

Took a futuristic sort of picture of the gang getting ready to pull out, and then we gathered up a couple more men to ride in the car, on the chance that it would need a crew to push it out of the mud holes.

Louis Bunde started up and we began to pass along the side of the fast disappearing column which was even now winding down the steep slippery hill at the edge of the woods. We tobogganed down with breaks set.

Soon we struck a corduroy road laid over an endless chain of shell holes, broken thru in many places by the passage of three entire divisions ahead of us, and time after time, car, guns, caissons, fourgons were stalled and every one had to crawl about in the slime and push their hearts out trying to wrest the vehicle from the grasp of the glue underfoot.

Passing old positions in the woods, a big French 240 gun under its wide spreading camouflage, troops by thousands and endless traffic spread out for miles in view from the hill tops, we finally emerged upon an open stretch of rolling hills where we came up to a whole infantry division bivouaced temporarily upon the way to the front.

They were having their Sunday morning breakfast on either side the road, spread out over that sea of yellow mud in small groups that sat about, messkits in hand, lapping up the slum their kitchens had dished out. One group of men was being preached to by an enthusiastic Y. M. C. A. preacher and they sat idly about in the muddy shell holes while he spied his dope from a packing case which almost floated off with him as he gesticulated and waxed eloquent.

A drearier, busier sight cannot be imagined. Thousands of doughboys, men and horses, from all branches of the service were encountered along the way, each set of legs churned deeper the muck and slime underfoot. Rain pelting down, everyone's clothing soaked thru, feet and shoes unrecognizable gobs of clay. Nearly all had been marching thruout the long wet hours of the night, and the faces of all men present were haggard beyond description.

Over these bare hills the going was extremely hard for the car, and only a trifle easier for the horses. Apparently there was no road. Merely a track across the fields, where the shell holes had been filled in a bit and a few broken temporary bridges existed under the constant repair of engineer troops. We reconnoitered the pair of roads ahead when we came at last to a cross road or a fork. In one there was a bridge over a trench, broken thru by a heavy tractor, and nothing being done to repair it. Down the other, across a small gully was the short way to the high road we wanted to reach.



Mud



But mud so deep we were actually afraid of sinking in it out of sight. Going on the old theory that everything must keep moving forward, and with a valiant band upon our right playing a medley of ragtime and hymns, we started thru.

A passing tractor helped snatch out vehicles that got stuck in the mud and at last we came to the place where we expected to debouch upon the main highway, but once there it seemed we were stalled for keeps. The road was a solid stream of traffic. A one way road only, to the front, but apparently by special permission Ambulances and trucks filled with wounded were allowed to come back along the side of it, and the road not being wide enough to accommodate this, they were all stalled in an endless chain of agony and death.

From this point forward we witnessed one of the saddest and most aggravating examples of inefficiency I have yet seen. We are attached to another division. A new draft outfit on the front for the first time. God only knows why they placed them in such a sector as this. Engineers working to the breaking point, but without sufficient tools and supplies. Thousands of troops standing idly by who might help keep the road clear if the means and supervision were available. Stragglers from the infantry ahead are wandering all over the roads and fields, begging food at all the kitchens, robbing trucks, and whether dodging fighting on the front or just lost and out of control, no one knows.

At this junction point we had to wait for permission or chance to let us break the endless column. We waited. From 10:30 to 1:30. While we stood there I walked to a tent pitched across the way. An M. P. Hq. Found the whole district in charge of a sergeant major who had just happened by from somewhere, and seeing a job that needed doing, stopped and tackled it. Hadn't seen an officer for two days. Had no food, no sleep, and pointing to the stream of trucks loaded with groaning wounded men, he sobbed . . . "There's NO WAY to get them moving! Those poor devils have been here SIXTEEN HOURS uncared for and dying. The road is completely blocked."

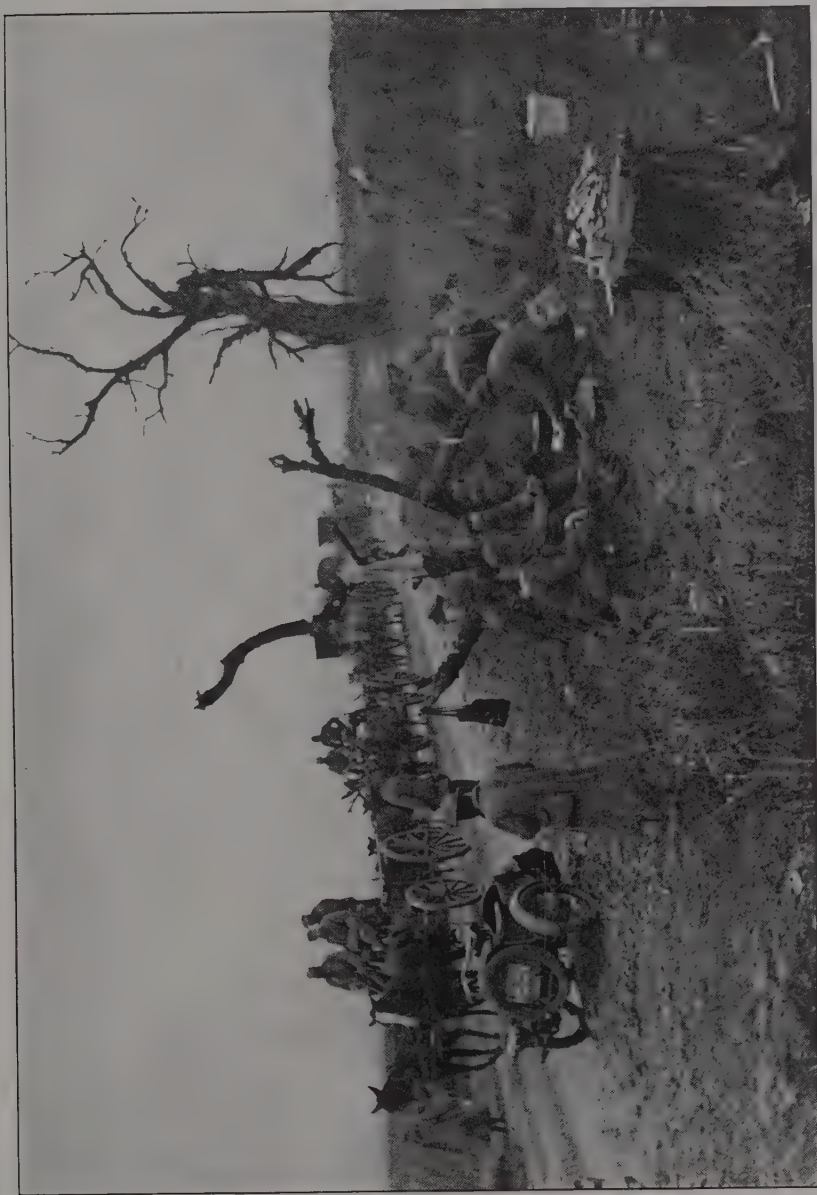
The trouble lay at the town of Esnes. And at Avocourt. Where poor methods had tied up traffic in a knot.

As I sat there for three hours munching hungrily on a loaf of bread stolen from a stalled Q. M. truck, watching the hungry stragglers cooking corn willy over a handful of fire, and listening to the heartrending sounds that came from the loads of wounded, I ardently prayed that Pershing might try to get thru the mess, and tell some one to yank these poor damned rookies out of here.

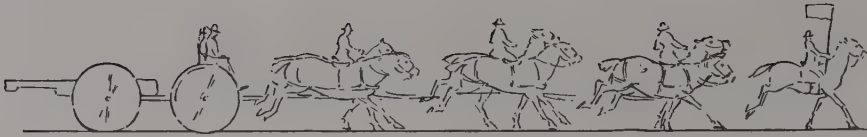
At last in some manner, the column started crawling. Short jerks of fifty yards. Start . . . stop . . . start . . . stop. We passed on toward the front, but the ambulances with their pitiful loads stood still never moving.

Arriving at the top of the hill over the town of Esnes, or the stones that mark its former site, where the road turns north between Hill 304 and the Mort Homme, we were compelled to make a circle about the town, and it took us from 2:30 to 7:30 to make the two kilometer detour.

There we lay all day, fitfully inching forward now and then. The sun shone in pale sickly fashion occasionally during the afternoon, and toward evening the wind blew up gusty and cold accompanied by heavy showers and slow drizzling rain. It is fall now.



ON THE ROAD TO MALANCOURT



Hill 304 shoved up its irregular crest bare and gaunt in the cold gray light of early evening, and planes circling round its top looked like hungry black vultures preparing to come to a carrion feast. Great guns boomed rhythmically around us, and as the gathering dusk spread a mantle of purple over all this world of misery, their flashes cleft the night like red lightning.

All the country round about was honeycombed with shell holes of countless bombardments, so close together that each overlapped upon the other, while over, under and thru the clods were the remains of barb wire entanglements uprooted and twisted by the fire. All the vegetation was burned or buried. Black stumps of trees stood here and there like specters from the underworld, thrusting a few maimed distorted limbs toward the pitiless sky.

With the last faint light of the dying day, the ruined spires of Montfaucon were silhouetted against the far-off horizon. Then night fell suddenly and all was blotted from the view.

With darkness came shelling. Missiles whistling thru the rain and dark, to plump into the fields about and sink far into the wet earth before exploding . . . more or less harmlessly.

Down toward the front line, signal rockets bursting into many starred combinations, in colors of red and green and white. Now and then a passing plane would drop a parachute flare, which floated ever so slowly down toward earth gleaming in chaste white purity over the moiling grimy soldiers and the dead below.

The shelling increased. Every couple of minutes one whizzed close by until the noise of the screaming flight and the close abrupt explosion finally got upon our nerves and we all climbed out of the car wanting a chance to "flop" if need be.

No more than out, when a shell whistled ever so loud, and with a terrific concussion exploded against the high stump of a tree down the road two hundred yards, right beside our column. Walking down we found Heimberger and Doc Pilgrim had been right beneath it. Doc's rubber coat was mud from collar to bottom from flopping ignominiously in the ditch.

After an eternity of standing, soaking, slogging slowly forward jerkily, our column turned off up a narrow valley just below the heights of Montfaucon, and tired soldiers sought their rest underneath the wagons, guns and caissons, throwing their blankets in the rain and mud. Intermittent shelling was unworthy of attention in the universal longing for sleep.

Extract from a Letter Written in The Argonne

The work in this sector has been intensely interesting to me, and would be equally so to you if I could tell you in closer detail, where we are and what we're doing. The going is hard beyond description, for where we've fought thru a tangled wilderness of hills and swampy lowlands, across the strongest lines of the Boche defense, progress seems slow and the price high. But its worth it when we know that our efforts here have drawn the Kaiser's divisions like a mighty magnet and weakened the line elsewhere in a manner that has assured tremendous success.



TRENCH NEAR MONTFAUCON



ECHELON BETWEEN MALANCOURT AND MONTFAUCON



The most remarkable thing to me, in all the fighting is not the unimaginable chaos which marks the height of a fierce engagement—nor the bravery with which men suffer and die, nor the boundless limits of their endurance,—but the truly wonderful speed with which recaptured territory is repaired, rebuilt, filled with men and supplies, and hordes of workmen—following ever on the very heels of our guns.

Riding back thru some miles of territory to a point which was the "front line" when we came here, I passed over hard white stone roads riding easily at 40 miles an hour, where a few weeks ago we traversed strips of shell holes and quagmire which no farfetched stretch of optimism would move a man to name "highway."

Only the towns remain as the Boche left them, after bombardment by both sides for days at a time. And of these but little remains except a sign board with the name of the ruins.

Standing on some hoary hill top which rears its summit high above the autumn haze hanging heavy in the afternoon sunlight, looking down over the rugged sides by rocky foot paths worn quite smooth by the feet of many generations, one looks over a vista of battle torn hamlets as far as eye can see; the crumbling masonry gray white with the pallor of weather beaten years, and scattered almost beyond recognition by the blasts of shell and bombs.

And as you look, the eye discerns the antlike figures of an untold number of soldiers, marching, working, living over the curving slopes of barren farmlands, which in years gone by have mothered a thousand harvests, but are now bearing only crops of shell holes and brown barb wire, seemingly a fitting reapeage from the bloody fertilizer of four years' war.

Red the wines of France during the piping times of peace, but redder by far, my boy, is the "Vintage of the War"—the blood of a million men quaffed by old man Mars from an overflowing beaker. And I believe that the very grapes will taste of blood, while the wine will bubble with the true "sparkle of life" when once again the soil gives up its produce to the husbandmen who will cultivate these lands in another year as they did of old.

Everywhere too are signs of the terrific activity which goes on behind the fighting lines of a great army,—the rattle of truck trains, the songs of soldiers, the whistle of narrow gauge locomotives and the shouted orders of the noncoms as they direct the efforts of their squads of workers,—men marching to and from the front,—horse drawn artillery, French, American or English;—Military Police at every corner, autos of all colors, types, and in all stages of repair. Red Cross ambulances flitting too and fro, empty or ladden with wounded. Gangs of prisoners marching doggedly to the rear. Gangs of men in blue denim working like beavers at building roads and bridges.

Overhead airplanes sail round and round, and in the distance looking back to the front, great gray balloons, looking for all the world like absurd legless elephants, hang motionless betwixt Heaven and earth, the watchful all seeing eyes of the guns. Hang there, that is until an enemy plane swoops silently down from out the blue skies above, sets them afire with flaming bullets, and speeds swiftly home to Hun Land thru a storm of bursting shells and the fleeting bullets from our own birds of the air, who come hurrying from hither and to, like village dogs to join in the chase of a stray cottontail.



Official Diary

Wednesday, October 30, 1918.

German aeroplanes drop propaganda based on Germany's answer to President Wilson. Much aerial activity, and enemy shelling, including some heavy calibers.

The following is a reprint of a German Propaganda Leaflet:

What Are We Fighting For?

The German note:

The German Government requests the President of the United States of America to take in hand the restoration of peace, acquaint all belligerent States with this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations.

It accepts the program set forth by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress on Jan. 8, 1918, and in his later pronouncements, especially his speech of Sept. 27, as a basis for peace negotiations.

With a view to avoid further bloodshed, the German Government requests the immediate conclusion of an armistice on land and water and in the air.

Berlin, October 4th 1918,

(Signed)

Max Prince of Baden,
Imperial Chancellor.

Wilson's answer:

Department of State, October 8th 1918.

Sir—I have the honour to acknowledge on behalf of the President your Note of October 6 enclosing a communication from the German Government to the President and I am instructed by the President to request you to make the following communication to the Imperial German Chancellor:

Before making a reply to the request of the Imperial German Government and in order that the reply shall be as candid and straightforward as the momentous interests involved require, the President of the United States deems it necessary to assure himself of the exact meaning of the Note of the Imperial Chancellor.

“Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the terms laid down by the President in his address to Congress of the United States on the 8th of January last, and in his subsequent addresses, and that its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon the practical details and their application.



"The President feels bound to say with regard to the suggestion of an armistice that he does not feel at liberty to propose the cessation of arms to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers, so long as the armies of those Powers are upon their soil.

"The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from the invaded territory.

"The President also feels that he is justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor is speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war. He deems answers to these questions vital from every point of view."

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurance of my high consideration.

Robert Lansing.

Germany's answer:

The German Government, replying to the questions of the President of the United States of America declares:

The German Government has accepted the terms laid down by the President in his address on the 8th January last, and in his subsequent addresses, as the basis of a lasting peace of justice. Its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon practical details of the application of those terms.

The German Government assumes that the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated also stand on the ground of President Wilson's pronouncements.

The German Government, in agreement with the Austrian-Hungarian Government, declares itself ready to comply with President Wilson's proposals for evacuation in order to bring about an armistice.

It leaves it to the President to effect the meeting of a mixed commission which would have to make the necessary arrangements for evacuation.

The present German Government, responsible for the peace step, has been formed by negotiations and in agreement with the great majority of the "Reichstag".

The Imperial Chancellor, supported in each of his dealings by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people.

Berlin, October 12th 1918.

(Signed)

Self,

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

WHY ARE WE STILL FIGHTING?



Soldier's Letter

October 28, 1918.

Dear Folks,

Same old place. The communiques tell you that the "night was characterized by artillery activity of extreme violence on the — front". That means we fought a battle of "extreme violence" of our own. It is not honored by a name or even a date. We just try to shoot hell out of each other and, while it is as much work and trouble for us, in the artillery, as one of the drives, still no one ever knows about it but the Bosch artillery and us. It means extra ammunition to be hauled up through the mud. But then, it's no use trying to tell what it means in a letter. It won't be long before I'll be able to tell you in person. Things have been extremely dull for twenty-four hours. One gets keyed up to the excitement of the front and the kaleidoscopic change of things, and a day when nothing happens makes everybody just slump in mind and spirits.

I am on duty at the telephone and tried to divert myself at solitaire. I know four games and tried them all. I couldn't get started at any of them. I even cheat myself. Still the game beats me. All my closest and best friends are either instructors at schools in the far rear, or are killed or wounded. Some are back home. The only ones really left are lying in dugouts three kilometers from here. I am in a dugout here. We have a telephone, but don't use it to be sociable. We can't be sociable. I have a grouch on. I have six cigarettes left. I am smoking one, that leaves five. My pipe is full of strength and tastes it. I have an extra can of tobacco. It is good tobacco, but the pipe isn't good. It used to be. I understand that one is on the way; I trust so. Sometimes I can get cigarettes—never pipes. One more candle, probably get more; otherwise not. Don't use lanterns here; several reasons. Oil and globes are too difficult to deliver here. Glass gets smashed by explosions. Much explosions necessary for our nerves now. Q. E. D. Ah, one sweetly solemn thought to transmit. I haven't got cooties yet. Their arrival expected hourly. I might find them tonight when I take off my shirt. Will fool them by not taking off shirt any more. As far as I can find out I am the only officer who hasn't them. Colonel not exempt. I want to hold the proud position one more day. Don't know why I am thus selected for ostracism; not fair. Have only had one bath since September 12th. That was with a pan, a rag and water from a shell hole. I believe I wrote you all in celebration that that time. Maybe that act defeated them. I don't know quite why I write such a mournful soliloquy. It's the deadened way we get in our minds. Don't worry. It's not shell shock.

Margaret writes of an imitation of shell shock in which the simulated shockee whittles toys. My dears, the shell shocked men I know of, don't whittle toys; they jerk and shake like delirium tremens or locomotor ataxia. I have seen dozens. A man standing elbow to elbow with me got it once. That was three months ago and he's not back on duty yet; neither is he whittling. I guess our dejection or grouch (which is quite common tonight in or on every one) is due to reaction. Until today,



for forty-eight hours a "Whizzbang" shot at our P. C. (post of command) twice an hour. No one hurt, but every one kind of keyed up expecting one might not miss. A whizzbang (another cigarette) is what we call a certain kind of enemy gun which is notable because it goes whizz and bang, while most shells give about five seconds warning shriek, during which you get set, but the whizzbang is only prefaced by from one half to one second, which almost makes it useless to duck. The reason is in the trajectory, which is the arc of flight or path which the shell travels over from the gun to the bursting point. If it is a flat trajectory the shell travels faster than the sound, or most of it, while if it is a high trajectory, the sound comes across like the string of the bow, and thus we "hear 'em coming". Both sides have whizzbangs so the Bosch don't have anything on us. But the receiving end of them is not particularly agreeable. They come in various calibres and are nothing new to us or the war in general.

The Sport of Kings

From a Private Diary

Out on our hill tops at the edge of trenches, in this valley near Montfaucon, we sit with salvaged Springfields, Chauchats and abandoned machine guns indulging in a sport for kings during these idle echelon days.

The Boche planes are coming all the time. There is no more elusive kind of game flying over land or sea. Their speed is deceiving, vital points few, and I've sent bullets splattering thru wings and fuselage innumerable times with no visible results. But still we keep trying—just for fun.

This has been a red letter day. Early this morning the first plane that came within easy range offered an unusually good shot. I opened up with a Springfield and at the third round he FELL IN A CLOUD OF SPLINTERS! "Remarkable!" I thought . . . "for a rifle bullet." Then the giant puff ball of black smoke widening overhead showed that he'd been hit fairly by an anti-aircraft shell which blew him all to pieces. Well, we helped anyway!

In a little while, when the excitement was over and the hill top was lined with boys anxiously awaiting more fun, along came a flock of six planes, and they were greeted with a storm of fire from guns of every description. All were actually knocked down. Mostly by anti-aircraft 75's or machine guns but perhaps some from individual fire too. Who knows?

The sight was wild beyond the bounds of imagination. The air full of planes. The air full of bullets. Thousands firing, and the eardrums aching with the roar. Planes dropping like broken dragon flies. Some with flaming gas tanks; others whirling round and round like dead leaves in autumn, engine roaring, pilot dead, to smash into the earth like meteors. Some with stiff set wings gliding at terrific speed to



A Boche Rocket



Crown Prince's
Watch Tower



Tanks going
to the front





bury their motors in the earth. One with a wing shot entirely away, miraculously effecting a safe landing, followed by capture.

Such an exhilaration I never felt in all my life before. No feeling ever can compare with the tremendous kick one gets from taking part in a winning fight like this, which moves at speed that makes your taut nerves sing! It was glorious.

In the afternoon Heimie and I took a long walk over to nearby woods, way up around by Montfaucon, examining many trenches and dugouts, inspecting the scattered debris of handgrenades, rockets, cast off packs and guns.

In one woods we found a hive of infantry and machine gun troops and evidence of considerable recent shelling. Gassy too, with a bad smell about, and we left it for a healthier spot very soon.

Watched a number of the small French tanks go crawling like bugs across trenches and shell holes, dragging the personal belongings of the drivers upon sledges behind, as they went waddling up toward the front for the next big show.

On the way home we watched a boche bring down two of our balloons, and later get his medicine as he tried to escape a pair of Allied planes.

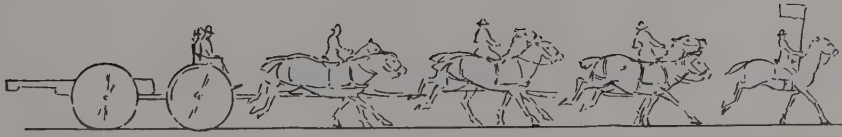
Official Diary

Thursday, October 31, 1918.

Day very quiet all along the line. Cook Frank Melvin Battery "C", seriously wounded at battery position by enemy shell, knee shattered. Beginning at 22 hours, batteries fire No. 5 gas shells until supply is exhausted, on woods at Camp d'Aviation and Remonville.

Friday, November 1, 1918.

At 3:30 hours our batteries, with all the rest of the Artillery in the sector, begin a preparatory fire which continues till 5:30, when the infantry goes over the top for a big attack. Our batteries in full play from 3:30 A. M. to 2:00 P. M., firing successively reduced charge, shrapnel, normal charge and long shell, a total of 6106 rounds for the three batteries. The terrific artillery preparation helps to make the attack successful and many prisoners are taken. At 8:15 one of Battery "C"'s guns explodes, wounding Private Atwood Pearl, balance of crew miraculously escaping unhurt. Colonel Penner, Lt. Whittaker and Lt. Squibb explore captured ground to observe effect of our fire and find many deserted enemy machine gun nests and anti-tank 77's, well camouflaged, but in many cases the guns unfired due to the intensity of the artillery preparation and accompanying fire. Wounded German artilleryman found in an anti-tank position, the officer and rest of the gun crew killed, muzzle cover still on gun.



In
Montfaucon

A 240^m Gun



Plank Road near
Epinonville



SECRET

Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

30 October, 1918.

OPERATIONS ORDERS,
NO. 12.

Maps:

BUZANCY
DUN SUR MEUSE 1.20,000
REMONVILLE

1. No further information of the enemy. The First American Army will continue its advance. The 89th Division will attack on D day at H hour with one brigade in the front line—the 3rd Corps on the right, the 2nd Division on the left.

Zone of action and objectives as in map.

2. This command will prepare and support the attack of the 89th Division (Organization of Command attached).

3. (a) *Preparatory Fire.*

From H minus 2 hours to H hour all guns and 6" trench mortars at the disposal of the division will concentrate on all known enemy's works and lines, assembly points, machine gun nests, and sensitive points within the sector. Commander of the heavy and light field artilleries of the brigade and of the attached artilleries will assign targets within their sectors to organizations under their command. Chart of Objectives.

The Stokes Mortar platoons of the 178th Brigade will fire on designated targets until H hour when it will be formed and report to the Commanding General Division Reserves at the point designated.

Gas and flame troops assigned to the Division will perform the mission assigned to them until H hour and will then pass under the command of the Commanding General of the Assaulting Brigade.

(b) *Smoke Screen.*

At H hour minus 3 minutes to H hour a smoke screen will be laid down across the sector 200 meters in front of the jumping off line. After each halt a similar screen will be laid down for one minute before the resumption of the barrage.

Rate of fire: 3 shots per gun per minute.

(c) *Rolling Barrage.*

At H hour a rolling barrage will advance from a line 200 meters in front of the jumping off line by bounds of 100 meters. Rate of advance as shown on barrage chart.

The barrage will pass 200 meters beyond lines designated for halts for the infantry and will cease. During all halts a concentration fire will be maintained on all sensitive points in advance of the infantry. Projectiles H. E. and smoke.



Machine Gun Nest
in Tree



Supply Co.
Camped in Mud
near Very



Boche Dressing
Station near
Romagne



200 meters in advance of the barrage there will be laid a covering barrage of batteries firing shrapnel (1 shrapnel battery for each 2 batteries firing shell). Projectiles—shrapnel.

Smoke will be used by batteries firing shell during the progress of the barrage as indicated on chart.

Rate of fire commencing at 3 shots per gun per minute will be varied to meet conditions and is laid down on the barrage chart. Batteries participating, see chart.

(d) *Covering Fire.*

During the advance of the infantry and throughout the halts, the batteries of 75's not firing in the barrage, the divisional heavy artilleries, the groups St. Chamond at the disposal of the division, and the 59th C. A. C., will fire on successive targets in advance of the infantry, lifting when the forward barrage approaches to within 200 meters. Targets will be assigned to batteries by organization commanders. See Table of Objectives.

Rate of fire that of batteries firing for more than one hour.

(e) The commander of the 58th F. A. Brigade will designate one battery of 75's to report at 12 hours "D" minus 1 day, to Commanding General, 177th Brigade, as accompanying guns for his two assault battalions. These guns are entirely under the orders of the Infantry commander and if he so orders, will actually accompany the front line battalion.

(f) Organization commanders will take the usual precautions to cool off guns during the operation.

(g) The commander of the L. F. A. of the 57th Brigade and the commander of the 58th F. A. Brigade will insure the maintenance of liaison with the infantry until such time as the duties are taken over by the 58th Brigade.

(h) The movement forward of the 58th Field Artillery Brigade will be carried out as provided for in orders from the Commander of the Vth Corps Artillery. The organizations of the 57th Field Artillery Brigade, when they have reached the limit of the range of their guns, will remain in position and await orders.

(i) The Corps Artillery has arranged to furnish all counter battery work during the operation and support the advance of the infantry.

(j) Arrangements will be made to have 2½ days ammunition available at H hour.

4. The command of the artillery will pass to the Commanding General, 58th F. A. Brigade, at the time of taking of the 3rd objective.

Division F. C. GESNES
This P. C. GESNES

By Command of Brigadier General Irwin:
JAMES W. GILSON,
Major, F. A. U. S. A.
Adjutant.

JWG-ter
Distribution:

Copies to	119th F. A.	147th F. A.	89th Division
	120th F. A.	203rd (Fr.)	5th A. C. Artillery
	121st F. A.	58th F. A. Brigade	File



SECRET

Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

30 October 1918.

MEMORANDUM: Supplementing Operations Orders No. 12.

1. Preparation.

(a) From this date until "D" day all Division Artillery will maintain a continuous bombardment, harassing and interdiction fire on all enemy organizations within the sector.

Shrapnel will be freely used by 75's during this period. Non-persistent gas will be used on all woods, organized towns and other points where enemy forces are located.

The Commanding General of the 58th F. A. Brigade and the commanders of the light and heavy artillery of the 57th F. A. Brigade will submit at once plan for use of gas for approval.

(h) On "D" day minus one day, at an hour to be designated later, intensive bombardment of 15 minutes will be executed by all Divisional Artillery with a view of obliging the enemy to reveal his batteries by counter-preparation fire.

Bombardment will be by both shell and shrapnel.

I. A. L. fuses will be used whenever possible.

2. When the 57th F. A. Brigade is relieved after having fulfilled the first day's mission it will be arranged that no ammunition is left in the battery positions vacated.

3. The dividing line in this Division sector same as division for Infantry Brigades shown on revised map.

The 57th F. A. Brigade will cover the right sub-sector and the 58th F. A. Brigade the left.

5. All fire, bombardment, harassing and interdiction, prior to "D" will be conducted by Brigades in their normal sectors.

By Command of Brigadier General Irwin:

J. W. GILSON,

Major, F. A. U. S. A.
Adjutant.

Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

31 October 1918.

MODIFICATION-FIELD ORDERS NO. 12.

1. Prior to "D" day

(a) Bombardment, harassing and interdiction fire will be carried out. H. E. and shrapnel will be used.



(b) Gas program as submitted using No. 5 non-persistent shells will be carried out night of October 31st from 22:00 to 24:00 o'clock.

2. Preparatory Fire.

H. E. and shrapnel will be used.

3. Barrage.

(a) From H minus 3 minutes to "H" a smoke barrage will be laid down on the enemy's front line by the batteries of 75's which are to fire H. E. in the rolling barrage, the remaining batteries of 75's fire shrapnel during this time. Rate of fire 6 rounds per piece per minute. Batteries whose distance from the front line requires the use of reduced charges will fire H. E. shell in this barrage.

(b) One gun out of four will fire smoke during progress of barrage.

Rate of fire 100 rounds per piece per hour.

(c) Rate of fire rolling barrage H. E. and shrapnel—100 rounds per piece per hour.

The density of barrage will vary, thin over open ground and dense on enemy organizations and works.

(d) If during halts the infantry needs dense barrage to withstand counter attacks, the main barrage will be laid down 200 meters in front of objective. The shrapnel barrage will cease during halts.

4. Covering fire.

(a) Rate of 75-mm.—Same as main barrage.

155-mm.—

40 rounds per piece per hour.

(b) During halts the 155-mm will maintain heavy concentrations on all enemy organizations within 2 kilometers of the front line.

5. Conflicting instructions in "Memorandum supplementing Field Orders No. 12" are cancelled by these modifications.

By Command of Brigadier General Irwin:

J. W. GILSON,

Major, F. A. U. S. A.
Adjutant.

JWG-ter

*6. One battalion of 75's from each sub-section will be designated by the 58th F. A. Brigade and the 57th F. A. Brigade, who upon call from the assaulting battalion of infantry in the sub-sector, will cease fire in the barrage and be prepared to execute special missions in support of the infantry. One battalion of the 147th F. A. is designated from the 57th F. A. Brigade in the right sub-sector. A liaison officer from each battalion of artillery will maintain close liaison with the C. O. of the assaulting battalion of infantry, taking all precautions to ensure the prompt delivery of such special fire as may be called for by the infantry.



Organization of Command

of artillery at the disposal of the 89th Division.
Brigadier General G. LeR. Irwin, commanding.

57th Field Artillery Brigade—Brigadier General Irwin.

58th Field Artillery Brigade—Brigadier General H. C. Todd.

<i>Regiment.</i>	<i>Battalions.</i>	<i>No. batteries</i>	<i>Caliber</i>
119th	I & II	6	75
120th	I	3	75
147th	I & II	5	75
122nd	I & II	6	75
124th	I & II	6	75
203rd	I & II	6	75
121st	I & II & III	4	155 c. s.
11th	I & II & III	6	155 c. s.
59th	I & II	4	8" How.

107th T. M. Btry.

103rd T. M. Btry.

Corps Artillery subject to call by the 89th Division.—Col. Regnier, commanding.

330th	I & II	6	155 St. C.
301st	II	3	155 c. s.
454th	II & III	5	105

Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

FRANCE

31 October 1918.

MEMORANDUM: For 8" Howitzers.

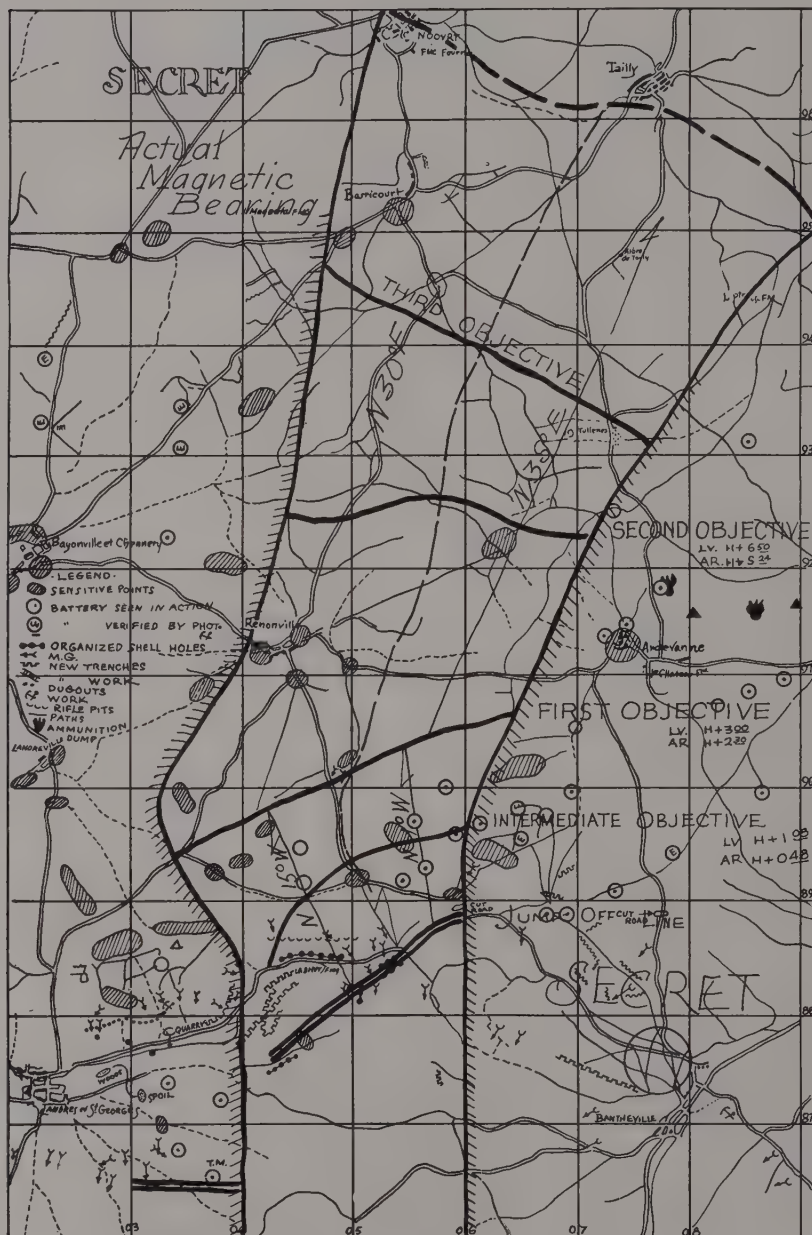
1. (a) During preliminary bombardment the 8" howitzers will fire on LA DHUY FARM, observation posts and organized works, LANDRES-et-ST. GEORGES and ST. GEORGES.
- (b) One battery of 8" howitzers will be assigned for the shelling of LANDRES-et-ST. GEORGES during preparatory fire after which it will perform missions in its normal zone.
- (c) During the halt from H plus 2.30 to H plus 3 and until required to lift therefrom, the 8" howitzers will bombard observations posts, REMONVILLE and the crest of hill in BOIS de ANDEVANNE.
- (d) During the passage through woods the barrage will be reinforced by 8" howitzers 500 meters in advance of the 155's.
- (e) Rate of fire to be regulated by commanding officers of battalions, 59th C. A. C., as heavy fire consistent with ammunition available, will be maintained during operation from "H" hour to the finish.

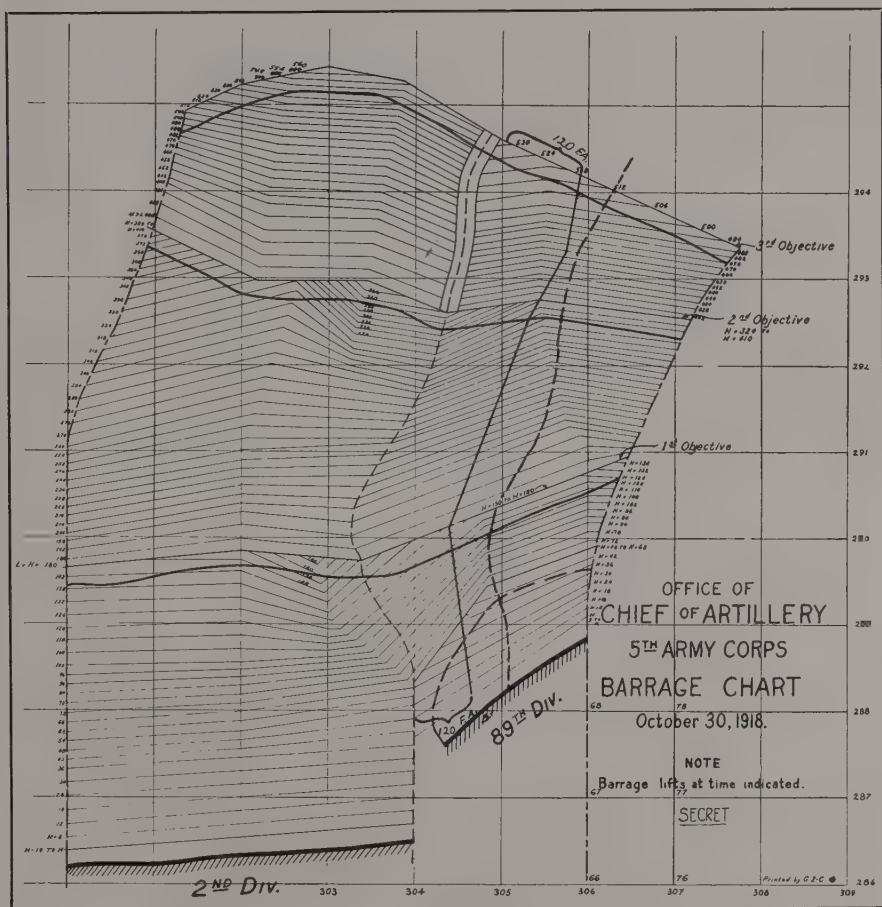
By Command of Brigadier General Irwin:

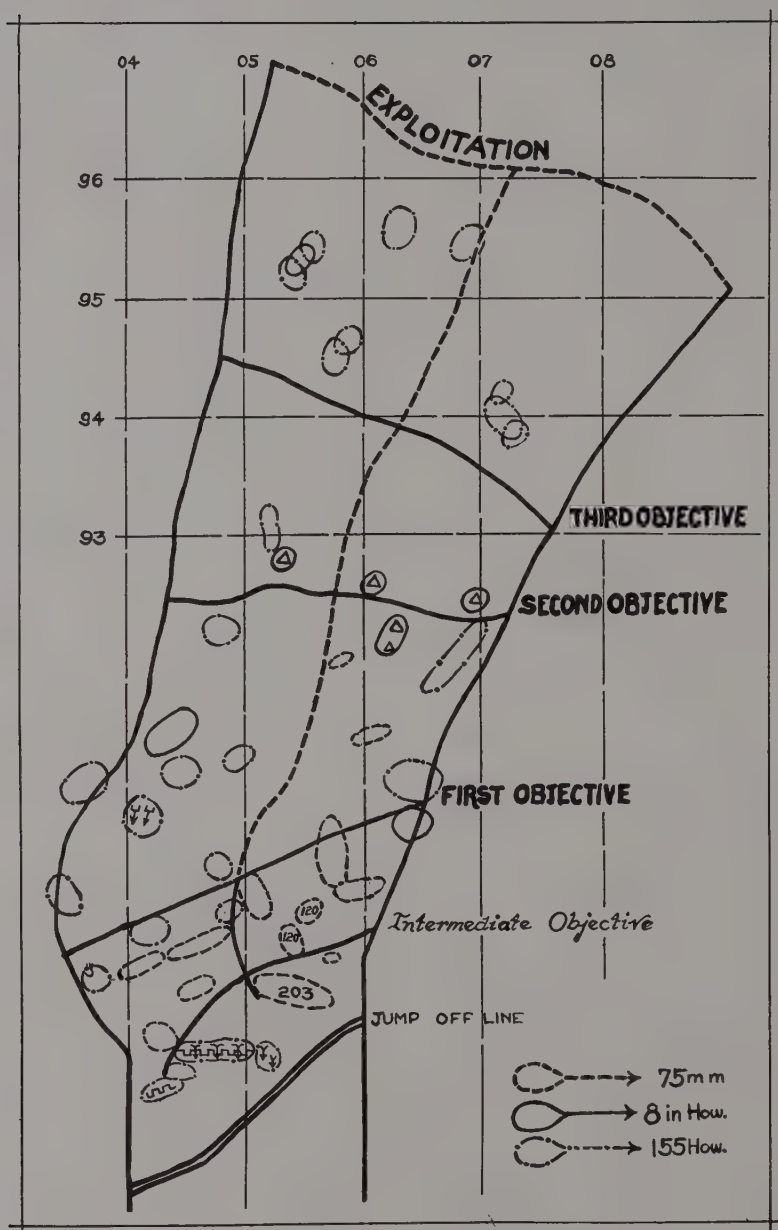
J. W. GILSON,

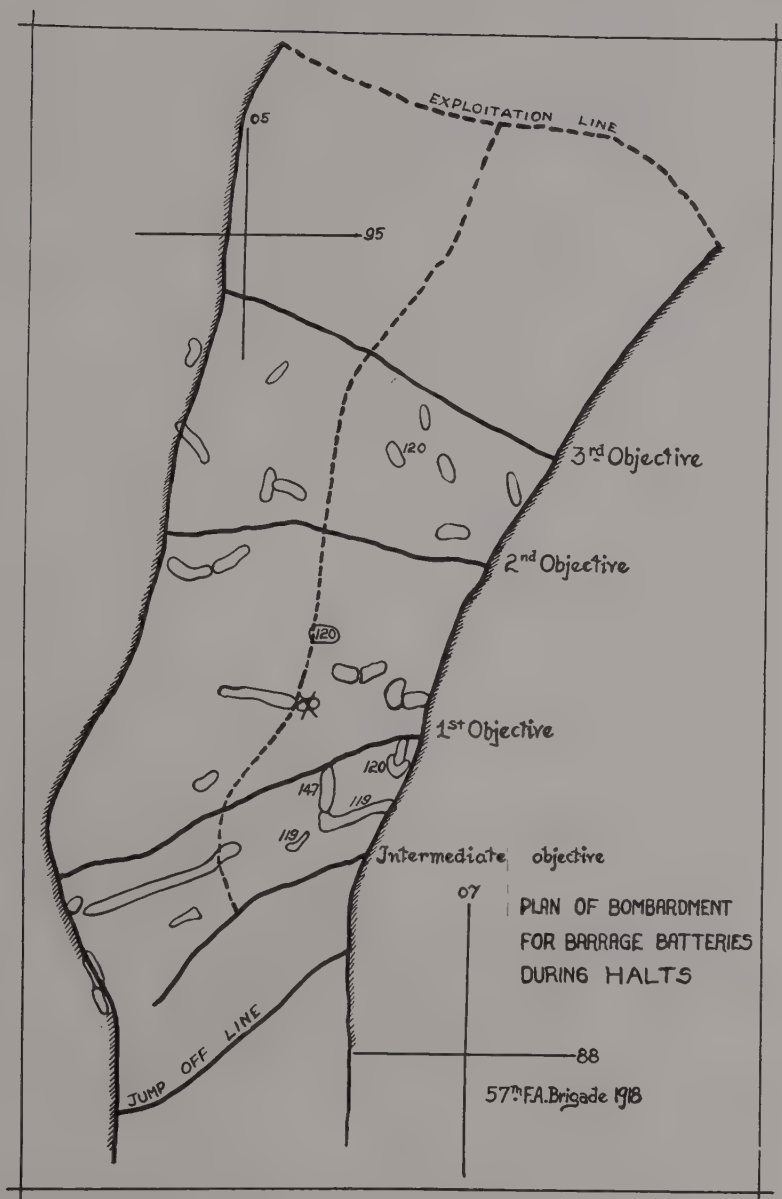
Major, F. A. U. S. A.

Adjutant.











Headquarters 120th Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

31 October 1918.

OPERATIONS MEMORANDUM—

1. The 1st Battalion, 120th Field Artillery, will fire the following fires in connection with Infantry attack—

(a) *Preparatory Fire—*

Time—H minus 2 hours to H minus 3 Minutes.

Rate—One round per piece every two minutes.

Target—Two batteries:—Woods bounded by 54.94, 55.95, 53.96, 54.96.

One battery:—Fire on entire strip of woods surrounding point 55.98.

Projectile—H. E.

(b) *Rolling Barrage Forward—*

Time—H minus 3 minutes to H plus 524.

This barrage will be laid down 200 meters in front of the line indicated on accompanying chart, and will progress 200 meters in advance of the schedule given on chart. This barrage will cease at time indicated on chart for main barrage, and during the cessation batteries will fire "Bombardment During Halt."—Rate of fire—H minus 3 minutes to H, 6 rounds per piece per minute; from H until completion, 3 rounds per piece per minute. Projectile—Shrapnel until supply is exhausted, and thereafter H E and 1917 long.

(c) *Bombardment During Halt—*

During halts in forward barrage, batteries will execute a bombardment of the target indicated on attached charts marked "Plan of Bombardment For Barrage Batteries During Halts."

Rate—same as forward rolling barrage.

Projectile—H. E.

By order of Colonel Penner:

CHARLES F. SAMMOND,

Captain, 120th Field Artillery
Adjutant.

(OFFICIAL)



From a Sergeant's Diary

Sept. 22nd.

Arrived at the Bois de Brocourt at 3 A. M. There was an unused French camp nearby but the barracks were occupied by our infantry. I pitched my tent beside a tree. Slept until 9. Ate and attended to horses. Rainy off and on all day and night. Slept in early afternoon. Marched away at dark. I rode with the firing battery to the position. Arrived there at midnight and sent my horse back. Located a dugout just large enough for my detail of four men. Slept all four beside each other.

Sept. 23rd

Arose at 10. Breakfast came in then from the echelon. Located battery position and laid the guns. Fixed up our dugouts with upper bunk for one man. Had an orientation class in the afternoon and evening by candle light. Supper about 5. Very quiet—no firing by either side all day.

Sept. 24

Rose at nine. Shaved and put away our blankets after breakfast. Gave out problems in map reading at noon. Studied and wrote a letter. Evening, held an orientation class. We fried some potatoes over candles in a mess kit and ate them with sardines. Had a fire in our fireplace. To bed at 10.

Sept. 25

Rose at 9:30. Breakfast soon after. Class soon after. Explained use of aiming circle. Built a fire in the evening, and made toast over the coals. Received monthly pay.

Sept. 26th

Rose at 8:45. Went to meet the mess wagon on the road with my detail. Carried the mess to the battery in cans. Watched two French 240 howitzers being fired while waiting for the mess wagon. Instructed the detail. Packed to move. I sat on a limber. Rough road and slow traveling. Stopped about 10:30 and camped.

Sept. 27th

Stayed around till late afternoon. Walked behind the fourgon with instrument detail after we pulled out. Road very torn up and crowded. Reached a field about 9 where we camped. Put up a shelter tent with Sherman.

Sept. 28th.

Was called about 5:30 to lay the guns. Took Sherman with me. Slept awhile when we got back. Had some beans we heated over candles in our tent, and salmon and bread. Moved away in early afternoon. Walked. The guns went into position in a field near Montfaucon. Laid them with aiming circle. Prepared a shelter for ourselves in a trench and stretched a tarpaulin. Rained hard during night but we kept fairly dry.

Oct. 1st

Rose at 9. Built a small wood fire with Sherman and fried bread in bacon grease in a mess kit. Mess came about 10. Very little artillery activity.



Captured
Guns
near Ivoirry





Oct. 4th

Five German aeroplanes brought down in the morning by anti-aircraft fire and machine guns. Took a walk over to a spring for water. Heavy barrage around dawn fired by our guns.

Oct. 6th

Cloudy and chilly. Took a walk with Erdman, guided by the map of Cuisy, thence over a hill to Septsarges. Both villages in ruins. Detailed to reconnoiter a route for battery south of Montfaucon. Took Erdman with me and laid out a route. Returned and conducted battery along it to Ivoir walking in front in the dark. Passed thru Ivoir and Epinonville and went into position near the latter place in an orchard.

Oct. 7th

Laid the guns after dawn. Tried to locate battery by a traverse from Epinonville but it was too misty. The village was shelled while we were there and we sought refuge in a hole on the side of the road. Shelling stopped soon and we returned to the battery. Located an iron covered shack in the woods, formerly used by the Germans. Nicely built and comfortable after we cleaned it out and put in some wire bunks from another shack. Regtl. Sgt. Major Zeno Host was attached to my detail for instruction. Took him along and made a traverse from Epinonville when it had cleared up. Germans shelled the town after we had left it.

Oct. 9th

A. M. Fried some beans left over from last night. Boiled some clothes. Mess at noon. P. M. took a walk with Gus Hartel about a mile toward the front. Were chased back by shelling to a line of trenches from which we watched the German shelling ahead of us. Got back in time for mess.

Oct. 10th

Moved forward about 1300 meters to a new position.

Oct. 13th

Greased my shoes, and shaved before breakfast. Pancakes. Drizzly day with little artillery activity.

Oct. 14th

Washed some clothes. Moved up two kilos to a position near Gesnes. Walked behind and helped push fourgon thru mud. One of the medical men showed me a dugout he found. We had hardly got settled in it when the Germans began dropping gas shells around. Gas came into dugout making us wear masks. Drove it out with a fire in the stove and went to bed on wire bunks with luxurious ticks stuffed with excelsior, at 1 A. M.

Oct. 21st

Rose at 7 packed up to move. Pulled out at 8:30 to another position about 2 km ahead and a little to the west of Romagne sous Montfaucon. Muddy going. Found a shack which we fixed up for three to sleep in. Ran a traverse to locate the position and laid guns. Only one mess at 4 P. M. German shelling all night.



In Sommerance
and
Romagne





Oct. 23rd

Pancakes for breakfast. Walked to Romagne with Sherman. Filled canteens with water at a pump there and brought back some stove pipe. Upon return found Brigade Order for firing battery to take three day rest. Packed up and left across country carrying packs. Found the base echelon just moving into the woods east of Epinonville.

Oct. 24th

Visited advance echelon. Mended a hole in the seat of my breeches. Sgt. Sather and Corp. Dietz came to join us and we all fixed up our new places with a roof. Received division order appointing me candidate to report to Officers Artillery Training School at Saumur, by Oct. 31st.

Oct. 25th

After breakfast, walked up to battery position. Got everything that belonged to me, said goodbye to every one. Ate another breakfast there, shouldered my bags and went on my way.

Official Diary

Saturday, November 2, 1918.

General Irwin relieved of command of Brigade, having been in command since May. Rather quiet day. Rains and drizzles all day. We have orders to remain in position while the battle draws away from us, we are being relieved by the 58th F. A. Brigade, who also took part in the attack of yesterday.

Sunday, November 3, 1918.

Orders to move to Echelon in Bois Emont. Going heavy on account of muddy roads. Roads congested with traffic. We pass a hand grenade dump which blew up last night, killing five men and destroying a number of trucks. Chaplain O'Connor returns from hospital. Rains all night.

Monday, November 4, 1918.

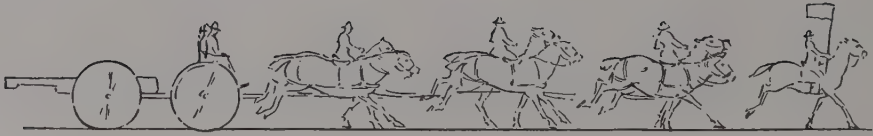
Sunshine after rain. Enjoying a much needed rest after six weeks continously in action. Rumors of peace float in. Thirty-Second Division in front line scheduled to attack this P. M. They are now supported by 158th F. A. Brigade. We are too tired and our horses too worn out to accompany them this time, as we have supported three other divisions while the 32nd was in reserve.

Tuesday, November 5, 1918.

Sunshine this morning. Cheers us all. Clouds and sprinkling rain in P. M. Lieut. Maurice Cole, Regimental Signal Officer, evacuated to Hospital, sick. All anxiously awaiting orders to move. Rumors of Kaiser's abdication reach us. Our line is advancing.

Wednesday, November 6, 1918.

Day spent in muddy Bois Emont. Men and beasts enjoying rest after strain of six weeks' battle. It is difficult to rest under these conditions, but we are making the best of it. Still awaiting orders to move.



Communiquees very favorable. Germans are in retreat all along the American front. They are being forced back by our hard and continuous push. The distant booming of the Big Guns remind us that we are still in the battle area.

Thursday, November 7, 1918.

More rain and more mud. We shall never forget the mud of the Argonne. Orders to move this evening. Everybody on the jump to get ready before dark. We are ready to pull out for our all night march. Telephone message calls off move—settle down for another night in the mud. Loud cheering, cracking of rifles, band playing beaucoup rag, and the familiar “On Wisconsin”—the skies lit up with white, red and green flares, betoken some very unusual happening. From the 5th Army Corps comes the information that the Germans have sent a Military Delegation to Marshall Foch’s Headquarters. A late communique gives the startling news “that the German Army is in retreat on a 140 mile front”—It also states that a German Commission, composed of Von Hintze and Von Winterfelt, is on its way to France to talk peace. Georges Clemenceau, French Premier, addressing French Chamber of Deputies throws his audience into a frenzy of enthusiasm by stating “Peace is in sight”. Our Brigade officially attached to First Army Artillery under Major General MacGlachlin, our quondam Brigadier.



THE CROWN PRINCE'S “WALDHAUS” IN BOIS EMONT



Friday, November 8, 1918.

More rain today. It is dark in our woods, and we are anxiously awaiting orders to move. Orders come at 10:00 A. M. We are to go tonight. Again we pack up for our long journey to the rear. Sedan has fallen, we hear this A. M.

At 5:00 P. M. we pull out from Bois Emont to main road. Traffic congestion prevents us from making much headway. At the outskirts of Epinonville we wait through long hours in the darkness and rain for the obstructing column to move. We finally succeed in passing thru and cut off on a difficult road. It is raining and the mud makes the road almost impassable, but our now veteran regiment struggles through with few mishaps, to the highway through Very and Cheppy.

Saturday, November 9, 1918.

Today began with the 120th F. A. on the road in a drizzling cold rain near Varennes, waiting for an American train crew to switch a string of box cars off the road so that we could pass. After half an hour's wait, we finally succeeded in having them split the train and we proceeded on our way through Boureuville and Neuville. As we approached Aubreville a section of a train which had been derailed earlier in the evening held us up for another hour. The cold morning air, the rain and mud all make our stop most disagreeable, to say the least. We pass through Parois and as the gray dawn creeps up over the distant hills, we enter Recicourt. We ascend a winding hill and finally reach our destination in the Bois du Foucheres. It is an old French Rear Camp known as the "Camp Bois du Foucheres". We have shelter for most of the men and horses and this is something that we most ardently longed for. We spend a few hours settling in our new homes and after breakfasting about 9:00 A. M. many retire. Again rumors of an armistice float in and we all are jubilant. Of course the men celebrate. We learn officially that a German Commission has passed through the lines and has heard Marshall Foch's terms. They are given 72 hours to answer. Some units, which were cut off from the column at the beginning of yesterday's march, come in at about noon very tired. Lt. Hughes joins regiment and is assigned to "B" Battery.

Sunday, November 10, 1918.

A sunshiny Sunday morning. The sun is indeed a welcome visitor in these days of perpetual rain and slushy, slimy mud. Mass is celebrated at 8:00 A. M. on an altar erected out in the open by the Regimental Chaplain. Assisted by our regimental band, the chaplain conducted regimental services in the same place at 10:30 A. M. Rumors of Germany having signed armistice calls forth another celebration. Everywhere throughout this district soldiers are giving vent to their feelings of joy at the good news. Our surgeons require extraordinary precautions against Flu which is causing many deaths all over France.

Monday, November 11, 1918.

A memorable day in the history of the world. The Great World War which has racked and torn Europe for over four years is drawing to a close. At 6:00 A. M. this morning the German Commission returned the Armistice to Marshall Foch, signed. Hostilities ceased at 11:00. Millions of men and women the world over are happy tonight and the soldiers everywhere are overjoyed.

Inspection by Army Artillery Inspectors.



FATHER BILL O'CONNOR'S MASS IN BOIS DE FOUCHERES



ARMISTICE EVE—A MAN COULD STAND UP!



March Back from Epinonville

From a Private Diary

The next day we rested, having received orders to move that night, though no one can hope to fathom the reason for such moves being made in darkness. At four o'clock, after a hasty but hearty meal, we formed our column in the field by the road, and thru the heavy traffic broke finally into place and by dark were started on an endless journey.

After reaching the corner only half a mile away, we commenced to feel the real jam. Start—stop—start—stop. No one who has not moved in such a procession can appreciate the awful effect of such a tie up. It duplicated our famous move to Mont-faucon across No Man's Land, and we suffered worse as the night progressed.

Straight to our destination was a wide and level auto road, but we were not allowed upon it by M. P.'s as it was reserved for faster traffic and we had been routed over a round-about stretch twice as long and thru roads of unbelievable badness.

Three hours it took us to get around the short two miles past Epinonville. The mud was deep. The boys were soon wet to the knees. The rain poured by fits and drizzled incessantly. It was dark and cold and gloomy. The horses were quickly tired by the effort of continually starting loads stuck deep from standing.

At Epinonville we ran into a fire among the flimsy shacks lately erected, and that furnished some fun and excitement. And as always during the early hours of a night march, the men were all singing, and more happy than ever since we all knew we were making our last march back from the front. For us the war was over, tho no word of armistice had yet come round.

But rounding the next turn we came upon the stretch of road I had been dreading—an unrepaired place over a hill top, and down the sharp slope on the farther side. All my fears were realized. I knew that road. It was one endless mass of shell holes filled to the brim with mud and water. I saw men actually fall in to their waists in the slimy goo. The horses? It literally murdered them. Three hours more to traverse the short stretch. And now it was after midnight, with 25 kilometers still to go. Every one down and out and dog tired, stiff with wet and cold, stretching out in the mud of the roadsides, at each halt. The suffering and misery of a march like this are beyond the understanding of a civilian, and no pen, much less mine, can make the uninitiated understand the horrible cruelty of such work.

Here however, we played one of the good old Colonel's "shenanigans" on the M. P.'s, for we pulled off to our right, thru the town of Varennes, and on to the auto road past the point where it was guarded—and from there on it went like a boulevard, lessening the hardships of the long remaining trip, which was fortunate as we were all at our last gasp.

On and on thru the darkness we plowed our weary way. Stopping here and there to rest. The officers trying to bear up in spite of weariness, walking about when the men were resting and otherwise trying to play the game.

I found myself petting my poor old yellow horse, Buck, and assuring him of his days of toil were over, meanwhile wishing like hell that I had a shot of hooch.



Poor old Heinie with whom I rode and walked, was most completely "in". At every halt he would fall asleep standing by his horse, and several times I caught the boy in the act of falling over. He didn't complain, but he couldn't possibly keep awake.

At last we arrived at Recicourt, where we met Covington and were guided up a tremendous hill, by a winding terrace like road, to the top and a little way over the crown into the French forest cantonment where we're to be billeted until deloused and ordered further to the rear.

We were a bedraggled bunch there in the foggy gray dawn of a rainy day, and we slopped about among the shacks, billeting men and horses until all were put away. I then picked out a headquarters shack and a little house for the Colonel who was still busy, and finally turning my attention to quarters for Heinie and Moore and myself, took a room in a big building almost filled up with some other cronies.

Every one was pale and blue of countenance—tin hats awry, rubber boots caked with mud, slickers glistening with the rain—and all with one accord started cleaning up the houses (always necessary) and getting bunks of some kind made down, working in feverish haste to get to bed and sleep.

Headquarters Fifth Army Corps

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, 2 November 1918.

From: Commanding General, V Army Corps.

To: Brigadier General D. E. Aultman, Chief of Artillery, V Army Corps.

Subject: Commendation.

I desire to convey to you and the officers and soldiers of all Artillery serving this Corps, my sincere appreciation and my high admiration of the brilliant manner in which the Artillery of all classes has performed the difficult tasks allotted to it, especially during the advance of November 1st.

Although the Artillery has been constantly in action day and night, sustaining the battle since the beginning of the present offensive, it has responded with a self-sacrificing devotion to duty and a superb efficiency that is beyond all praise. While our dauntless Infantry have advanced against the enemy's prepared positions with a courage that elicits our greatest admiration, it must be recognized that without the powerful and skillful cooperation of the Artillery, it would have been impossible to accomplish the results which they have so brilliantly achieved.

The tremendous volume of fire, the skillful arrangement of all objectives, and the perfect coordination with the infantry and machine guns, have made the action of November first a model of completeness, and it must stand as a tribute to the able administrative officers who conceived the plans, and to the technical ability and fidelity to duty of those who executed them.

I beg that you will convey to the Officers and Soldiers of all units of Artillery, the foregoing sentiments, and will assure them of my abiding wishes for their continued success in the campaigns that lie before them.

C. P. SUMMERALL

Major General, Commanding



Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES FRANCE

GENERAL ORDERS
NO. 16

II November 1918

I. The following is published for the information of the command.
"HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS
American Expeditionary Forces

France, 30 October 1918.

From: Commanding General, V Army Corps.
To: Commanding General, 57th Field Artillery Brigade,
(Through Commanding General, 32nd Division)

Subject: Commendation.

1. I desire to commend the officers and soldiers of the 57th Field Artillery Brigade for the conspicuous devotion to duty, the highly efficient service, and the successful operations of the Brigade during its retention in this Corps after the relief of the 32nd Division.

2. On account of the shortage of artillery it became necessary to continue this Brigade actively on the front, and the response of the personnel has been such as to increase the admiration which it already enjoys. This Brigade has shown itself worthy of the excellent Division to which it belongs, and with such troops our future is assured.

C. P. SUMMERALL
Major General, Commanding
By order of Colonel Deems:

J. W. GILSON
Major, F. A. U. S. A.
Adjutant.

American Expeditionary Forces

General Orders
No. 203

France, November 12, 1918.

The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result. Our armies hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live. I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of America's history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost.



Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will be sadly dimmed. But you will not fail. Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit not any action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe.

You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

JOHN J. PERSHING

General, Commander in Chief.

OFFICIAL

ROBERTS C. DAVIS

ADJUTANT GENERAL

American Expeditionary Forces

FRANCE

GENERAL ORDERS

19 November 1918.

NO. 19

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS

American Expeditionary Forces

5th November 1918.

From: The Chief of Artillery, 5th Army Corps.

To: The Commanding General, 57th F. A. Brigade.

Subject: Commendation.

I transmit herewith, letter of commendation from the Corps Commander regarding the action of the Artillery in the operations of November 1st.

In transmitting this letter I desire to add my own thanks and appreciation to you and to the officers and men of your Brigade for the hearty cooperation which has resulted in such a brilliant success.

To have enabled our Infantry to advance in one day over a distance of 9 kilometers with small loss, capturing 100 guns, 200 machine guns, and more than 2,000 prisoners, is an achievement of which the Artillery may well be proud, and I congratulate you and your entire command on having so well performed its share in this operation.

I desire that the contents of the letter of the Corps Commander be made known to the officers and men of your command, as well as my own appreciation of their splendid conduct.

DWIGHT E. AULTMAN

Brigadier General

Chief of Artillery, 5th A. C.



American Expeditionary Forces

France, Dec. 19, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 232

It is with a sense of gratitude for its splendid accomplishment, which will live through all history, that I record in General Orders a tribute to the victory of the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne battle.

Tested and strengthened by the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, for more than six weeks you battered against the pivot of the enemy line on the western front. It was a position of imposing natural strength, stretching on both sides of the Meuse River from the bitterly contested hills of Verdun to the almost impenetrable forest of the Argonne position, moreover fortified by four years of labor designed to render it impregnable; a position held with the fullest resources of the enemy. That position you broke utterly, and thereby hastened the collapse of the enemy's military power.

Soldiers of all of the divisions engaged under the First, Third and Fifth American Corps and the Second Colonial and Seventeenth French Corps,—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 89th, 90th, 91st, American Divisions, the 18th, and the 26th French Divisions and the 10th and 15th French Colonial divisions,—you will be long remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your storming of obstinately defended machine gun nests, your penetration yard by yard, of woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counter-attacks supported by powerful artillery fire. For more than a month, from the initial attack of September 26th, you fought your way slowly thru the Argonne, through the woods and over hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Cotes de Meuse to the east, and then on the 1st of November your attack forced the enemy into flight. Pressing his retreat, you cleared the entire left bank of the Meuse, south of Sedan, and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plain beyond.

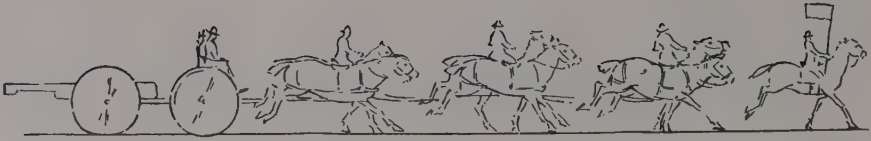
Soldiers of all army corps troops engaged, to you no less credit is due, your steadfast adherence to duty and your dogged determination in the face of all obstacles made possible the heroic deeds cited above.

The achievement of the First Army which is scarcely to be equalled in American history, must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or a soldier's memory.

This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

JOHN J. PERSHING

General, Commander in Chief.



*Now the barren wastes of No Man's Land
brood in unaccustomed silence oe'r the Dead*

The Winter in Billets



THE MESS LINE



Official Diary

Tuesday, November 12, 1918.

More sunshine today, and it seems so bright and brilliant because we are awaiting the next move. Colonel Deems, F. A. now in command of 57th F. A. Brigade. Citation of 30 October 1918 from Major General Summerall Commanding 5th Army Corps, received. News of move in few days to Rest Area.

Inspection of Camp and equipment by Inspectors from Inspector General's Department. Frosty nights for the men living in pup tents. Beaucoup inspectors now that we are out of the shell belt.

Wednesday, November 13, 1918.

Day spent in cleaning up materiel and regular daily routine. Officers and men visit neighboring villages. Delousing station in Recicourt thrown open to 120th F. A. The little invaders who furnished the chief diversion for our troops when the German guns were silent are doomed to go. The "Scratch Em" Association will lose at least some of its members, if not all.

Thursday, November 14, 1918.

Detachments from batteries carry out delousing schedules. Drs. Armitage and Cottingham, regimental surgeons, on the job. This is a "blue day" for the Pediculous family.

Friday, November 15, 1918.

Orders come to move. We are busy packing up for the morrow. As we are ordered to turn in horses, trucks are to call for guns and caissons. Detachment of about 150 men under Capt. Fuller remain to care for guns. We turn over 100 horses to 158th F. A. Brigade who are accompanying the 32nd Division.

Saturday, November 16, 1918.

Adieu! Camp Bois du Foucheres! The coldest day we have had with freezing northwest wind. At 9:00 A. M. we take the road, leaving Capt. Fuller with the cannoners of each battery in camp awaiting transportation. Our route lies thru Brocourt, Jubecourt, Ville-sur-Cousances, Julvecourt and Ippecourt along the valley of the Cousances River. We turn to the right at Ippecourt and halt for noon chow. On the way at 1:00 P. M. over the hills to the valley of the Aire River at Fleury. Military Police turn us back in Fleury as the road after crossing the river is a one way road and we are compelled to make a detour of several kilometers over a bad trail along the river to Autrecourt where we cross the river and continue west to the edge of the Foret d' Argonne where we turn south and continue through Waly, Foucaucourt and Triaucourt. Our billeting party under Lt. Covington meets the column and we learn that we are to bivouac in the open at the roadside in the Bois de Laheycourt. Colonel Penner calls a meeting of Commanding Officers, and after a conference it is unanimously decided to make a long halt for a hot meal and rest, and then continue the march rather than to spend a freezing night in bivouac, followed by another day on the road, with so much pneumonia prevalent for worn out men. At 6:00 P. M. We halt in the Bois de Laheycourt, rolling kitchens go into action



and horses are watered and fed. It is cold and damp and little fires spring up here and there while groups of soldiers gather round the glowing embers. Some, tired and sick lie down near the warmth to enjoy the rest, while the tougher birds are breaking down brush in the woods to feed the fires. No need to worry about striking a match for fear of bombers. Cooks and K. P.'s busily open cans of bully beef and gold fish, and some chow lines form and husky young appetites dispose of unbelievable quantities of slum and coffee. After a four hour halt we hook up and push forward again at 10 P. M. It will be hard going while it lasts, but most of the men seem to prefer the road to a comfortless night in the field.

Sunday, November 17, 1918.

Today was begun for the 120th F. A. on the road to Beurey, where we spent a day two months ago on the march into the Argonne. The early morning air is chilly and damp and men and horses drag their way wearily along the gray, hard, stone road. Men and horses are footsore and tired, but we know dawn will find us in camp, and this helps us to go forward. We march through Laheyecourt and Brabant-le-Roe to Revigny, where we are halted nearly an hour at the railroad crossing. Beyond Revigny we encounter steep hills which are nearly too much for our tired horses, and more delays occur while teams are doubled up to pull fourgons, chariots du parc and the escort wagons over the hill. We are now on the home stretch, through Mogneville and Couvonges, and at 5:30 A. M. the head of the column reaches Beurey, having marched about 65 kilometers since 9:00 A. M. of the day before. Owing to delays on the hill, Battery "C" and Supply Company come in after 8:00 A. M. All outfits are billeted and the day is spent in getting camp in shape and resting up. Some officers billeted in the old Chateau and others scattered in houses about the village. Men of batteries in stable lofts and Supply Company in French barracks at edge of town. Some battery picket lines in the picturesque grounds of the old Chateau along the river, and others at north edge of village. 1st Sgt. Luther Pifer, "B" Battery, evacuated sick.

The March to Beurey

From a Private Diary

Next day we were to move—so returning early, we got a good night's rest and arose in the sunshine of a cold snappy morning. With the ease of a veteran outfit, we pulled out without a hitch, and quickly.

The plan was to make about 35 kilometers of the 65 or 70 ahead of us, the first day, camping in a big forest that night and doing the balance with a long march the next day. After hour upon hour of delightful marching thru country not much desolated by war, over roads which compare with boulevards, we began along toward evening to look forward anxiously for the woods in which we were to stop.

On and on into a gathering darkness we tramped however, until finally a halt was called and after a short wait, word came back that we'd go on to the woods which was farther than expected, AND that the Colonel had decided it would be dangerous for the men to sleep in the open on account of the rapidly increasing cold, so we'd continue marching all night!



That news nearly killed us. It seemed to us then, the one and only fool move made by our Colonel during the whole war, and I was sore as a pup. It seemed so silly to think that men as hardened as ours could not sleep anywhere they chose without fear, and it was such a heartless squandering of energy and vitality to forge on ahead for a full twenty-four hours. However later development of flu cases and colds prove the Colonel's decision a wise one.

We stopped at six o'clock for supper and rested till ten. Then on into the night, a long weary column of men who could scarcely walk at all, after their miles over the hard roads to which they were totally unaccustomed.

Men dragged themselves along eventually by sheer will power. Mounted men were half senseless from cold and fatigue, almost falling from their horses at times toward morning. The roads became worse. It was nothing for the horses, tho they too were extremely tired, but the slightest roughness underfoot now, meant misery and stumbling with every step for us.

The terrors of a forced march like this are beyond description. As for me personally—riding—always at a walk—without action enough to keep up the circulation, I froze and froze. I would get down and walk for an hour. Then ride some more.

Then came sleepiness, induced by cold and fatigue. A ceaseless fight to keep awake. Walking along behind the wagon, hanging on with one hand, leading old Buck with the other, I would fall sound asleep; awoken with a start at the sound of the bugle blowing the hourly five minute halt. Step to the roadside and fall down asleep. Then up and on again, walking, riding; riding, walking. By daylight, our steady pace had bought us almost to the town of Beurey, over 50 miles of hiking to reach it—and that is terrific marching for artillery.

When at last in the cold gray dawn, the column entered the village, I stopped at the roadside to let the billeting officers take care of placing the men first—and watched the weary wrecks of men and animals go by. God, what a sight such a column is at that hour. What an indelible impression it would make on the minds of those at home, if they ever ONCE saw a regiment pull in after such a march.

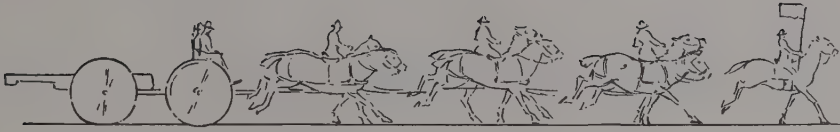
First comes the Colonel and his staff—men all, of nerve and bottom, but bowed now from the weight of sheer fatigue. Horses with heads hanging low, tails drooping listlessly — plodding.

Then the mounted men, lopping all over their saddles, some asleep, some at the rear, dismounted, leading their horses.

Then the-materiel, the guns, the wagons, the kitchens, the carts—draft horses straining under loads grown strangely heavy; putting forward each foot with an effort; gaunt, with hair stiff from sweating and drying. The teamsters side by side, assistant asleep with his head on other's shoulder, or fallen over in the seat—the driver mumbling to his horses and giving his whip an occasional listless flick.

Then—the rear column. Ah, those dismounted men—the footsloggers who have walked all the long, long way since our horses commenced to become casualties without replacement. How unutterably tired and sore and hollow eyed they are.

Every one with a cane. Every one using a cane heavily. Some with gritted teeth and unseeing eyes, lifting a foot, pushing it carefully ahead, and setting it down



ever so carefully with exact squareness upon the ground, while the agony of broken blisters registers in the face with every step. Walking as though the road were paved with broken glass.

Others just walking; wearily, drearily, almost tearfully. A quivering, shivering mass of human misery, knowing all the pangs of combined sleeplessness, fatigue, hunger, cold and pain.

The world thinks of a soldier's suffering in terms of wounds and death and muddy trenches and rat infested dugouts.

HELL!

The "world" should see an artillery regiment pulling into billets when the crack of dawn puts a period to an all night march!

Official Diary

Monday, November 18, 1918.

Nothing exciting. One hears on all sides "How long will we be here?" "When do we go, and where do we go?" Much policing and cleaning up.

Tuesday, November 19, 1918.

Another day in Beurey. Training Schedule begins. Likewise guard duty with weekly inspection by a Field officer of the brigade, and competitive marking.

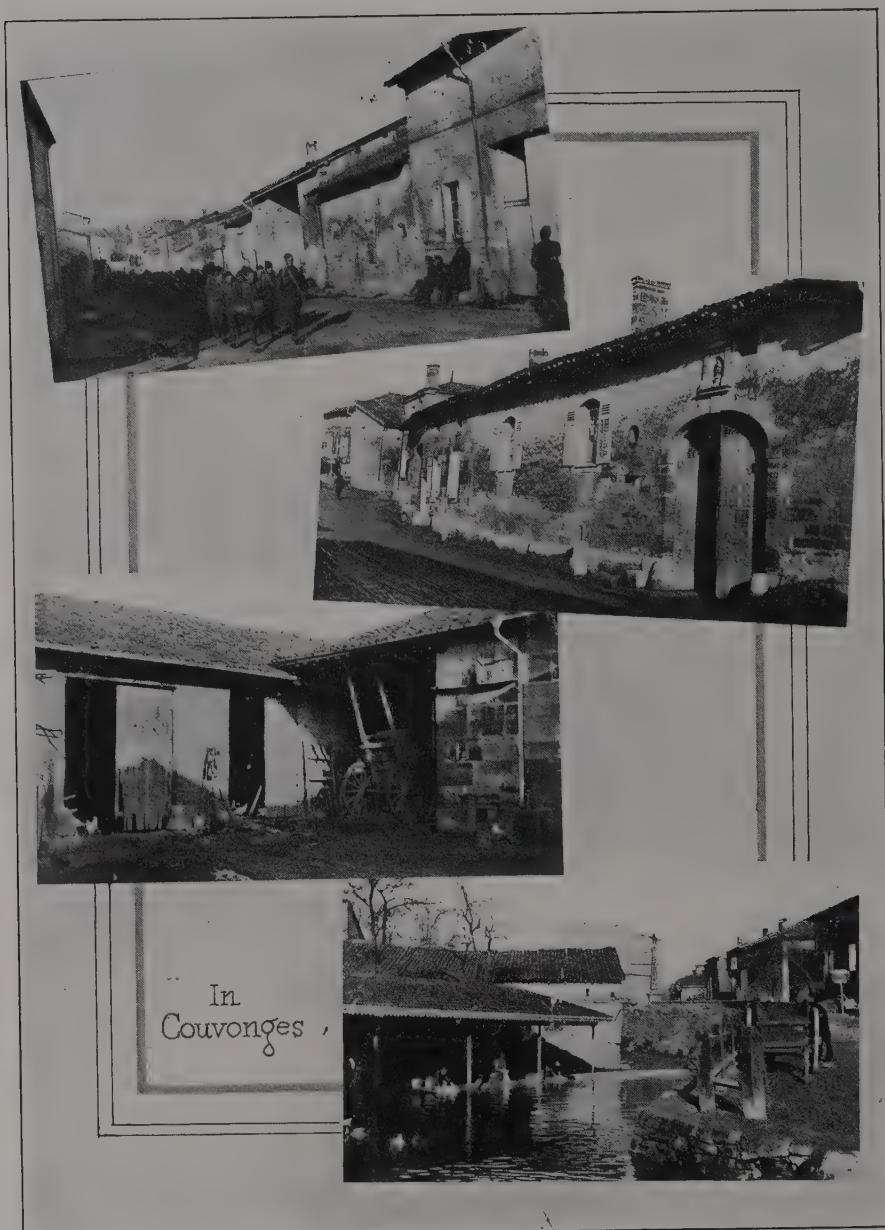
Wednesday, November 20, 1918.

Regular schedule followed. We are now attached to the 40th Division, California National Guard, which is a skeleton division, having been broken up as replacements. Eleven men of "B" Battery all in a big loft where about forty men are billeted, evacuated with Flu. The Doc's order the billet evacuated and the remaining men go into pup tents on the Chateau grounds.

Colonel Penner goes by auto to Bois Foucheres, where Capt. Fuller and 150 men still await transportation for guns and caissons. Finds that Pvt. Quillen who was missing with Lt. Harding, while on Liaison with infantry in Argonne battle has been returned to the detachment with other replacements. He was wounded and evacuated at time Lt. Harding was killed and we hear the story of that gallant officer's death. Sgt. Frank M. Holt, Battery "A", wounded near St. Gilles, August 6th, also among replacements.

Thursday, November 21, 1918.

Ordered to move to neighboring village of Couvonges. We are glad to leave Beurey, where we have learned that there has been an epidemic of flu among the villagers. Batteries move in afternoon. Headquarters about 5:00 P. M. Arrive Couvonges about 5:30 P. M. Billet in dark. How long here? When, where and how do we go?





Typical Boche



Boche P.G.'s in Souilly



Friday, November 22, 1918.

Batteries "A" and "B" and Supply Company are now quartered in old French Adrian barracks in a plowed field near the river at the south edge of Couvonges. Horses on picket lines near the barracks. Headquarters Company and "C" Battery in similar barracks on a hillside at the north-east edge of the village. Some men in stable lofts in the village. Officers are billeted about the village and several "popotes" are established, French women doing the cooking for groups of officers. Couvonges was the farthest point reached by the German drive in 1914, and the Chateau at the north edge of town is a ruin. A few scattered graves of French soldiers are an additional reminder of the early days of the war.

Captain Fuller and the cannoneer detail whom we left in the Bois Foucheres with our guns and caissons, have moved to Froidos, the 107th Ammunition Train hauling the materiel. The men are quartered in Adrian barracks near the town and the guns, caissons and harnesses crowded into the railroad yards to await transportation to the regiment.

Saturday, November 23, 1918.

Nothing exciting. Training schedule followed. "A", "B" and Supply Company men in the old barracks near the river are very uncomfortable on account of the leaky roofs, the mud inside is nearly as deep as that in the field outside. Some stretch shelter halves over their bunks to keep out the endless rain.

Sunday, November 24, 1918.

Sunday sunshine. Mass by Father O'Connor at 8:00 A. M. in ancient little chapel on the hill in Couvonges. Chapel packed to doors. Regimental services in field by Father O'Connor at 10:00 A. M. Large attendance. Day spent in visiting neighboring towns. Rabbit dinners are popular with those who have beaucoup francs.

Monday, November 25, 1918.

Training schedule on again today. Rain. Orders received to prepare to turn in all but 70 horses. All excess vehicles to be hauled to Revigny and parked in field at outskirts of town near canal. Move in prospect.

Tuesday, November 26, 1918.

Usual routine—mud, mud, everywhere. Lieut. Louis Nicoud in charge of vehicle park and squad of men at Revigny. Under supervision of the Docs each outfit constructs delousing barrels to steam the cooties. It may not kill them, but we are happy to believe that it makes them uncomfortable.

Wednesday, November 27, 1918.

Ordered to hand over all but 70 horses to 77th Division tomorrow. Much glee in some quarters at prospects of nothing more to do with the mustangs. Others looking forward to the parting with sorrow.

Thursday, November 28, 1918.

Thanksgiving Day! Rain and mud—regiment scattered in Froidos, Revigny and Couvonges, and the 2nd Battalion still at Saumur. Holiday, but order to deliver horses must be carried out. Horse detail under command of Veterinarian Stanley Pilgrim starts for Revigny at 10:00 A. M. Adieu Chevaux! Bon chance.



Friday, November 29, 1918.

Rain and mud everywhere—schedule carried out as well as possible under circumstances. Tailor shop opens its doors on Rue Madris. Business is rushing. First of Officer permissionaires leave for Riviera. Au revoir.

Saturday, November 30, 1918.

Sunshine. Inspection in morning. In addition to full equipment, each man carries ten pounds of clay on his shoes. Holiday in afternoon. Our band plays a concert at the corner near the bridge. Nothing exciting to relate.

Sunday, December 1, 1918.

Sunday mass in church of Couvonges at 7:00 A. M. Very well attended. Regimental services in field at 10:00 A. M. Pay Day! This is a record breaker for the army—pay day on the first. Fortieth Division is a good outfit to be attached to. Men enjoy holiday in afternoon.

Monday, December 2, 1918.

The air is a little chilly today, but the sun warms us up a bit. New Schedule is intended to keep the boys on the move all day. Colonel Clarence Deems visits regiment. 80 men leave on furlough—first furloughs in France. Colonel Penner visits detachments at Froidos and Revigny, taking Lt. Uhl to Froidos to relieve Capt. Fuller, who joins Bn. Hqrs at Couvonges. Lt. Hughes rejoins "B" Battery.

Tuesday, December 3, 1918.

Cold and clear this A. M. Calisthenics accompanied by regimental band. Clouds and rain in P. M. Major General McNair C. G. 1st Army Artillery inspects us on half an hour notice. Review held. Many rumors afloat concerning movements in the future. We are about due for a move. There is nothing new in Couvonges. Let's Go!

Wednesday, December 4, 1918.

Our regimental Chaplain William P. O'Connor left this morning to assume the duties of Divisional Chaplain of the 32nd Division. We rejoice with him in his honors, but the loss of his genial presence will not soon be forgotten.

At 4:00 this morning Private James Brown, Battery "A", while on guard was found shot through the head. He died later in the day. Circumstances indicate suicide. Word received of death in hospital at Revigny of Pvt. Ernst Morgan, Supply Company and Pvt. Glenn Loftus, Battery "B".

Thursday, December 5, 1918.

1st Lt. Theodore Phalen and 2nd Lt. John Seng who have been on detached service as instructors since last June return to regiment. They received promotions while away, and are now Captain and 1st Lieutenant, respectively.

In addition to the schedule of drills, the regiment took a shower bath at Mogneville. It is the first regular bath in nearly a month. Word received of death in hospital at Revigny of Stable Sgt. Charles Quigg, Battery "C" and Pvt. Harold Sproul, Battery "B". This depressing climate with its never ending rain and mud is taking a heavy toll of men worn down with nerve wrecking service at the front and long marches.



Friday, December 6, 1918.

Same old schedule.

Saturday, December 7, 1918.

Practice review and parade and ceremony of escort to the colors held in field near "A" and "B" Battery barracks. The band played almost continuously for two hours. Physical inspection disclosed only about fifty men with cooties. They're going. Word received that Chaplain George P. Horst is to come to regiment.

Sunday, December 8, 1918.

Fair weather Sunday. Lacking a chaplain, no services were held.

Monday, December 9, 1918.

Usual drill schedule. Bradlee VanBrunt, formerly 1st Lieutenant returns to regiment a Captain. Welcome home, Dutchy. Practical school for officers in grooming and care of harness started at Supply Company stables. Colonel Penner instructor. Enlisted men enjoy it.

Tuesday, December 10, 1918.

The first group of officers from leave are trickling back. All report a good time. The interest in leaves grows throughout the regiment. As the first group returns, one by one, others are allowed to go. A practice ceremony of "Escort to the Colors" held by regiment. "Spotting" practice for officers class. French family butchers a hog; a good time was had by all except the hog. The Frenchmen arouse our interest by cutting off the ears and eating them raw.

Orders received to send a billeting officer to Gondrecourt to report to 88th Division. An infallable sign of an impending move. Lt. Frank Moore sent.

Wednesday, December 11, 1918.

Rain all day. No ceremonies and few outdoor drills held. Colonel Penner visits detachment caring for materiel at Froidos.

Thursday, December 12, 1918.

More rain. A few scattered classes held indoors.

Friday, December 13, 1918.

Last of the second group of officers to go on leave, left today. A practice ceremony of formal guard mount held. Colonel Deems, our brigade commander, arrived unexpectedly and witnessed the ceremony. He then made an informal inspection of the camp and regiment. 1st Lieut. Harry Sontag, our former telephone officer, came back today from Saumur, where he has been an instructor. He was assigned to Battery "A".

Saturday, December 14, 1918.

Owing to the wetness of drill field all ceremonies were called off. Road marches were substituted. Colonel Penner assisted by the Lieutenant Colonel, made a rigid inspection of all quarters, kitchens and billets, after which a meeting of officers was held to discuss matters noted at the inspection.

Sunday, December 15, 1918.

A few hours of sunshine for Sunday. No chaplain so no services. Band concert for soldiers and villagers held in afternoon. More rumors afloat on moving.



Monday, December 16, 1918.

News received that we will move to Gondrecourt December 19th, to join the 88th Division. Any change is welcome, as this town certainly has grown monotonous.

Tuesday, December 17, 1918.

Rain again all day. Outdoor drills hampered and in most cases cancelled.

Wednesday, December 18, 1918.

More rain, More mud, Training schedule almost impossible.

Thursday, December 19, 1918.

Heavy rain and wind last night cleared the clouds from the sky. Temporarily we had a day of sunshine at last. The Colonel and the Adjutant go to the 121st F. A. at Bussy la Cote to take part in the decoration of a sergeant with the D. S. C.

Fifty years of tin cans raked from the back alleys and back yards of Couvonges, much to the astonishment and perplexity of the natives.

Escort to the colors with men under full pack pulled off south of the town. No orders to move yet. Christmas boxes are starting to arrive.

Friday, December 20, 1918.

Rain during morning, but a little sun in afternoon. Orders come for entraining. First train to leave Revigny 9:00 A. M. tomorrow, second at 3:00 A. M. 22 Dec./18 and third at 9:00 A. M. 22 Dec./18. Parade and review at 1:15 P. M. Lieut. Colonel Fish in command. The men make a good appearance.

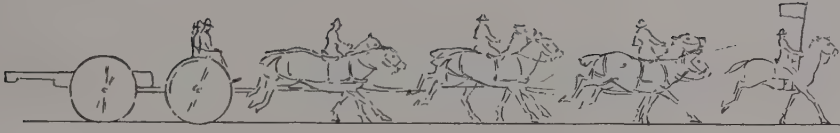
Saturday and Sunday, December 21 and 22, 1918.

Packing in A. M. First column consisting of Batteries "A", "B" and "C", Supply Company and Medical detachment, under Colonel Penner, pull out from Couvonges at 3:30 P. M., and as usual had a rainy send-off. We make Revigny about 6:00 o'clock where mess was served at the roadside. The rain had stopped. Trains late in starting. We induce the Frenchman in charge of an army movie house to open it and shelter our men for the night. He obligingly runs a few pictures for us.

First train under Captain VanBrunt with four officers and 140 men of 120th and the last of the 119th, leaves Revigny at 11:50 P. M. arriving at the detraining point Demange, about 2:45 A. M., and were met by Captain Sammond. After the 119th had finished unloading, they detrain, light fires, and try to keep comfortable in a light intermittent cold rain. The second train under Captain Kuechenmeister, Lt. Paul Frank, Train Q. M., leaves Revigny at 3:30 A. M., arriving at Demange about 7:00 A. M. A few flakes of wet snow were falling at the time. After unloading, breakfast was served and the column left Demange for Badonvilliers, under very heavy packs, at 9:50 A. M. The 14 kilometers was made in five hours. Lt. Moore met the men and billeted them—tired but comfortable. The last train under Colonel Penner after waiting hours for a train crew left Revigny at 2:30 P. M. the 22nd, and arrive at Demange at 7:10 P. M. Eat mess, detrain and pull out for Badonvilliers at 10:20 P. M. The march was made in a heavy rain and strong wind, the worst possible conditions. Badonvilliers was reached by this soaked, tired crew under Captain Sammond at 2:30 A. M.



MONTE CARLO
Visited by many men on leave.



Monday, December 23, 1918.

Still raining. Most men sleep late. Day spent in getting settled and drying out. This town looks like an improvement over Couvonges. The detachment at Froidos with the guns, under Lt. Uhl and Lt. Gallun, leave at 4:14 A. M. arriving at Demange at 1:30 P. M. They are met by Colonel Penner. The column leaves Demange at 4:30 P. M. and arrives at Badonvilliers at 7:30 P. M. Their packs are carried by trucks part of the way. Heavy wind and cold driving rain.

Tuesday, December 24, 1918.

The sun shines during the morning. No drill. Every one cleans up and gets settled. 1st Sgt. E. B. Gute, Battery "A" returns from Saumur having been graduated as having earned a commission if it had not been that the signing of the Armistice cut off all promotions. He is re-assigned to Battery "A". Color Sgt. Jackson also returns under similar conditions from an Aviation School.

Christmas Eve is celebrated by a snow storm which covers the ground, and by the arrival of our new Chaplain George P. Horst.

Wednesday, December 25, 1918.

Christmas Day. To help remind us of home it snows all day long. Owing to cramped quarters and bad weather it is impossible to have any celebration in the batteries. Y. M. C. A. packages are issued; also candy from the Q. M. Some are lucky enough to have their Christmas packages from home arrive to-day.

At 11 o'clock regimental services are held outside the town church; we are not permitted inside. The Colonel gives a short talk and introduces the new Chaplain. Services are short because of cold and snow.

Thursday, December 26, 1918.

Ground and trees white with snow. Most of the materiel arrives from Demange. The order for field maneuvers beginning tomorrow are cancelled, much to the general approval. Regimental tailor shop in action. Confirmed assurance of a Y. M. C. A., a very much needed comfort for the men.

Friday, December 27, 1918.

Miserable weather continues. New schedule starts. Supply Company, only outfit with horses, ponders new orders on care of horses, building mangers, sifting hay, etc.

Saturday, December 28, 1918.

Rain has washed away most of snow. Regimental parade and review followed by inspection of billets in A. M. The Colonel simulating Division Commander, Capt. Kuechenmeister as Regimental C. O., and Captain Harper as Battalion C. O. Sgt.



Niss and Corp. Kellogg, Battery "C" return from Saumur, having satisfactorily completed their course in the school. They are re-assigned to Battery "C". The Colonel is confined to his bed with a touch of LaGrippe.

Sunday, December 29, 1918.

Rain as usual. Services by Chaplain Horst.

Monday, December 30, 1918.

A few minutes of sunshine in A. M. Men busy washing carriages and harness and putting gun park in order. All harnesses in bad shape due to having been packed in oat bags and piled in the R. R. yard at Froïdos in the rain for over a month.

Tuesday, December 31, 1918.

Sunny France a Myth. Schedule interrupted by physical inspection. N. C. O. School starts. Capt. Armitages gives a lecture on feet and shoes. New Year is ushered in quietly. The Colonel appears on deck again.

Wednesday, January 1, 1919.

Sunny morning, but a pouring rain later, as usual. Most of Field and Staff goes on leave. Rumor that 88th stops leaves for men creates consternation in the ranks and orders to wear "Clover" insignia starts near-rebellion in nearby regiments.

In village cafe a rash outsider states he can lick any man in the 120th. He's in the hospital and the cafe stove needs repair. Many visit village of Domremy, home of Jeanne d'Arc about fifteen kilometers from here.

Domremy

From a Private Diary

Sunday came—the 2nd—and we had planned a trip for a bunch of the boys to Domremy, the little village not far away, which has one boast—that it was the birth place of Jeanne d'Arc. About a hundred were to go. Trucks were to come from Gondrecourt to haul us, and I was to lead the way in the Ford, taking Behrens along for company.

At the appointed hour—9:30 A. M.—the men were assembled, but not any trucks in sight. At 10:30 and 11:30 they had not put in an appearance. All the while the men stood about in the cold. At noon however, the vehicles arrived and we piled hastily in, and with a rattle and clank, rolled away over the snowy frozen roads.

Arrived at Domremy, some fifteen kilometers away thru country beautiful in its snowy covering, we found some three or four hundred troops already there. It



attracts many visitors because of the historical atmosphere surrounding it, and for some reason or other the army tries to give all men in this section a chance to visit the spots of interest.

We hiked over the long hill road for a mile up to the new church or "Basolieul" which is not quite finished, erection having stopped at the beginning of the war. However, the inner part is quite complete, and while the statues of the mother and father of Jeanne on the steps and the group oddly placed just inside the portico are beautiful pieces of sculpturing done in bronze, I really believe the most attractive part of the place, consists of the walls with six murals illustrating dramatic scenes in the life of the girl.

Back in the village we visited the home of Jeanne and her folks. A tiny cottage, now set apart in a grove of trees, with statues in the yard and all such fixings, that never existed in the days when she tended the cows in the river bottom. Inside the house there is no furniture, but tablets fittingly inscribed together with a famous statue or two, tell the story of her life, mark the very spot whereon she was born, and upstairs are a large number of drawings, paintings, etchings, water colors, etc., all depicting the features of the girl, after the ideas and ability of the individual artist. They date back almost to the days of her exploits, and they look like just so many entirely different people. I rather imagine that any woman who could accomplish the things she did, must have shown her quality in her face to some extent at least, but few of the pictures suggest any real beauty or intellect.

One curiosity is a book case wherein are collected all the known books that have been written about this one girl. I could count over 150 volumes. Some celebrity!

We finished doing the town and the churches and all the sights, a good hour before the time set for our departure, and as I didn't dare go and leave the place for fear some one would be left behind, we had to wander about the streets in the cold, without any lunch—the cafes all closed with signs upon them "Soldiers allowed only between 11:30 to 1:00—5:00 and 8:00." All of us liable to arrest if caught inside at other hours. Too much drinking had been going on there evidently, so commanders of troops billeted nearby have taken this usual course to cut it down. Hard on visitors.

Official Diary

Thursday, January 2, 1919.

Three men came in from Second Battalion. Started "to front" AWOL—got there when armistice was signed, then spent twenty days in Paris Bastille. Colonel says "punished enough". Captain Schaefer goes to hospital for operation—appendicitis. Chaplain Horst holds "tryouts" for 120th star vaudeville and minstrel show. Fisher eating glass makes a hit. He never kicks on the grub.

Last remark heard tonight was "Mother take in your service flag—we're assigned to the 88th Div!"



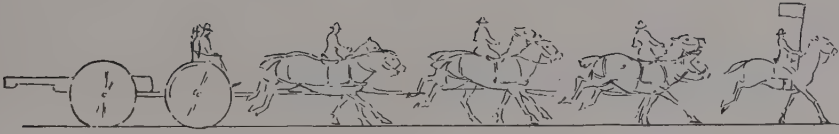
Hauling
Wood



In
Sunny
France

Domremy
Birthplace
of
Joan of Arc





Friday, January 3, 1919.

Still raining. Yesterday four sets of inspectors—all rabid. Today Brigade Commander comes—exceptionally vicious! Tonight a meeting to digest his remarks. It would seem that “Playing Soldier” is to become a hard job now that the war is over.

Colonel Penner discusses the monumental tasks before us and asks cooperation of all officers “for the sake of the men.”

Saturday, January 4, 1919.

Rain and high winds. Drills and ceremonies. Much indoor work, cleaning equipment, harness, etc. Planning for athletics afternoons if weather will permit this much needed diversion. Lieut. Paul Baker, now commanding Supply Company has secured some O. D. paint and battery mechanics begin painting guns, caissons, and vehicles. We regret to cover the familiar and fanciful war camouflage of our Seventy-fives with the unbecoming drab of peace, but the latter color certainly harmonizes with our present existence.

Sunday, January 5, 1919.

Cold and high winds. No rain in A. M. so services at 10:30. Tactical work by Major Einfeldt and Battery Commanders in preparation for week's schedule.

Monday, January 6, 1919.

Cold and clear. Much drilling and little enthusiasm. Details sent to ammunition dump to blow up German ammunition.

Tuesday, January 7, 1919.

Ordered to take part in Brigade ceremony, presentation of D. S. C.'s—practice all morning. Candidates are nervous. The ones honored were:

Sergeant Frank M. Holt, Battery “A”.

Corporal Harold J. Drotning, Battery “A”.

Private 1st Class Stephen Faatz, Battery “A”.

Corporal Floyd Prescott, Headquarters Company.

Corporal Joseph Biwan, Headquarters Company.

Private Lee Prescott, Headquarters Company.

Wagoner Nick Adler, Supply Company.

Corporal Frank I. Fox, was also to be decorated, but has not been with the regiment since attending officers' school.

Many other recommendations equally deserving have not been heard from.

Ceremonies were successful. Crosses presented by General Weigel, and the 120th received ill-concealed admiration for several reasons. Primarily, we got eight decorations as against less for other regiments, and—far more important—the 120th Band audaciously played the 32nd Division March, while appearing on the field without the detested 88th Division Insignia.

Every one feeling “cocky” this evening.



Headquarters 88th Division, A. E. F.

A. E. F.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. A

France 8 Jan. 1919

1. The Division Commander takes pleasure in announcing that the Commander in Chief, in the name of the President, has been fit to award the Distinguished Service Cross to the following enlisted men now members of this command, for the acts of extraordinary heroism described after names:

FLOYD PRESCOTT
Cpl. Hq. Co. 120th F. A.

LEE O. PRESCOTT
Pvt. Hq. Co. 120th F. A.

FANK I. FOX
Cpl. Hq. Co. 120th F. A.

For extraordinary heroism in action at St. Gilles, near FISMES, France 4, August 1918. These men made frequent trips to maintain telephone communication between battalion and regimental headquarters during a destructive enemy bombardment. All other lines had been destroyed and as this line was used by both infantry and artillery for communication with the rear, it was of utmost importance that it be maintained.

FRANK M. HOLT
Sgt. Btry. A 120th F. A.

HAROLD J. DROTNING
Pvt. 101. Btry. A 120th F. A.

STEPHEN B. FAATZ
Pvt. Btry. A 120th F. A.

For extraordinary heroism in action near ST. GILLES, France, 4 Aug. 1918. When the men of their battery position had been ordered to shelter on account of enemy shelling, these men rescued a French soldier from drowning in a stream. This act was performed while the valley was filled with mustard gas.

NICK ADLER
Wagoner, Sup. Co. 120th F. A.

For extraordinary heroism in action near ST. GILLES, south of FISMES, France 8-20, August 1918. Throughout the operations near the VESLE river, covering a period of twelve days, Wagoner Adler delivered hot meals to the firing battery at great personal risk due to enemy shell fire. The battery positions and all roads leading to them were subject to frequent enemy fire, but this soldier on every occasion delivered the meals to the battery without delay.

JOSEPH BIWAN
Pvt. 101 Hq. Co. 120th F. A.

For extraordinary heroism in action at ST. GILLES, south of FISMES, France 4-5, Aug. 1918. Throughout two days Private Biwan maintained the telephone lines running into battalion headquarters, making frequent repairs of the lines amid falling walls and heavy bombardment by both gas and high explosive shells.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL WEIGEL

FAY W. BRABSON

Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL

L. A. TOOMBS
Lieut. Col., A. G.,
Adjutant.



Below is quoted a typical letter of recommendation, in this case from Battery A, on which we may or may not get awards of D. S. C's later on: Like letters were received from other batteries.

17, January 1919

From: C. O. Battery A, 120 F. A.

To: The Commanding Officer, 120th F. A.

Subject: Recommendations for Distinguished Service Cross.

1. The following men are recommended for D. S. C's in view of the extraordinary heroism displayed by them, during the Argonne-Meuse Offensive.

Sgt. Benjamin F. Jackson, No. 2,302,356.

On Oct. 4, 1918, near Montfacon, Sgt. Benjamin F. Jackson displayed extraordinary bravery and coolness, while under severe and continuous bombardment by guns of heavy calibre. The area in which our limbers were parked, waiting for the battery to complete preparations for withdrawal was so severely shelled that the Commanding Officer ordered the place evacuated at once and a safer location chosen. While leaving under this bombardment the horses became excited and one of the carriages was overturned. Sgt. Jackson remained with the struggling team regardless of the shells exploding all around assisted drivers in untangling horses and harness, and after righting the carriage, guided them to the safer area. The coolness and courage exhibited by Sgt. Jackson on this occasion was undoubtedly responsible for the safe withdrawal of the section.

Sgt. William H. Butler, No. 2,302,274.

On the afternoon of Oct. 7, 1918 near Ivoiry, France, Sgt. William H. Butler displayed bravery of the highest order and thru his efforts was largely instrumental in saving the life of his commanding officer.

The battery position was subjected to heavy bombardment of long duration. The battery commander was severely wounded by a shell splinter. Sgt. Butler running thru the zone of fire, procured a stretcher and with the aid of an officer, attempted to carry the wounded man to a place of safety. Shells of large calibre were landing so very nearby that the stretcher bearers were forced to drop to the ground to escape certain injury, and although ordered by both officers to seek shelter for himself, he repeatedly refused, and with his assistance, the wounded officer was carried by short rushes out of the fire swept zone. Returning then to the battery position, still under continuous fire, he aided in the removal of another wounded officer, displaying such an extraordinary quality of heroism thruout all the trying ordeal, that his example was an inspiration to the entire battery.

Sgt. Joseph C. Poshepny, No. 2,302,269.

Under a heavy bombardment of gas shells, maintained continuously thruout the night of Oct. 10, 1918 near Gesnes, France, Sgt. Joseph Poshepny carried out an important mission with extraordinary coolness and in spite of great danger.

In charge of a part of the battalion ammunition train which had been sent to procure smoke shells from a dump, well in advance of the battery positions near the infantry lines, he controlled his men with superb self-possession during a period of



The Office Crew



Col. Penner and D.S.C. Men



great danger and excitement. Caught in the bombardment of gas, both drivers and horses were in many cases panic stricken, but Sgt. Proshepnny quieted the men, helped in straightening out horses which had become tangled in the harness, ordered the carriages unlimbered thus enabling them to turn around in the narrow road, and led the column out of the danger zone. Later, during a lull in the firing he went thru the road again, secured the shells required, and delivered them to the batteries in time to meet their needs.

Sgt. Carl Weigell, No. 2,303,273.

On the night of Oct. 14th, Sgt. Carl Weigell displayed unexcelled courage while under a heavy and continuous bombardment with shells of very heavy calibre, near the town of Gesnes, France.

The commanding officer had ordered that all men take cover until the bombardment ceased. Sgt. Weigell, however, first proceeded to his gun position to make sure that the men of his section had all retired to a place of safety. While there, he was struck by a shell splinter from a nearby burst, and after the bombardment was found by his men lying dead across the trail of his piece.

His unselfish devotion to duty, and the fact that his first thought was always for the welfare of men in his charge, was a source of pride and inspiration to all the men of this command.

Cpl. Ralph Toussaint, No. 2,302,326.

On Oct. 24th, 1918 near Romagne, France, Cpl. Ralph Toussaint displayed courage most extraordinary under trying and painful circumstances.

As gunner corporal, he was actively engaged in the operation of his piece during a long period of heavy counter bombardment by the enemy. During the shelling, Cp. Toussaint was wounded in the hand, but he disregarded this and continued in the duty of laying his gun, and did not leave for treatment until discovered and ordered to do so by an officer. Although advised by the Medical Officer then, to return to the echelon, he refused and returned to the battery position, remaining there and carrying on his duties under further shelling until the battery was relieved.

Pvt. Clarence Weigand, No. 2,694,416.

On the night of Nov. 1st, 1918, Pvt. Clarence Weigand displayed extraordinary bravery and self possession on a dangerous mission near Romagne, France. He was ordered with other men, to obtain telephone wire needed immediately for a line to the infantry, the wire being located at a dump in the village of Romagne, which was subjected to constant shelling by the enemy.

He proceeded unhesitatingly upon this almost hopeless attempt and in spite of the fact that while the party was on the road near town, an enemy plane swept close to the ground deluging them with machine gun fire, he reached the village, and entering under the heaviest shell fire, secured the wire and delivered it safely.

Pvt. Merlin Gregg, No. 2,302,350.

Same as above.

Pvt. 1st William O. Allen, No. 1,356,900.

Same as above.



The Mairie Badonvillers -



Main St. Badonvillers



Ruins - Badonvillers - Boche Advance - 1915.

In Badonvillers



Pvt. 1st Cl. Fred W. Stroschin, No. 2,303,318.

On the afternoon of Oct. 7, 1918, Pvt. Stroschin displayed heroism of the first order near Ivoiry, when the area in which his battery was located was heavily shelled for a long period.

His battery commander was severely wounded. Pvt. Stroschin assisted in carrying him to a place of safety, although shells of large calibre were falling all about, and they could only progress a few feet at one rush, before being forced to the ground for self preservation.

Although ordered to seek cover for himself by the wounded officer, he persisted in continuing to give his aid, until a second officer who was carrying one end of the stretcher, was also wounded and after placing the captain in a place of safety, Pvt. Stroschin with one comrade returned for the officer left behind, and succeeded in removing him under like circumstances. His conduct was an inspiration to the entire command.

Cpl. Henry F. Stemper, No. 2,302,323.

On the night of Nov. 1st, 1918, Cpl. Henry F. Stemper carried out a dangerous mission with conspicuous heroism.

Ordered to proceed to a certain cross road and guide an ammunition train to the battery position he waited for three hours, under a continuous severe bombardment of large calibre shells, and then proceeded along the road in spite of the danger, searching for the missing train.

Throughout the entire night, he stuck to this dangerous area, making every effort to locate the men he was to meet, and when they arrived at day break he guided them to the position.

In spite of the tremendous strain of such a trying night situation, Cpl. Stemper did not at any time during the night's bombardment cease his efforts to locate the train, and this fact is vouched for by those who passed thru the shelled area.

2nd Lieut. George Harris.

On the afternoon of Oct. 7, 1918, Lt. Harris displayed extraordinary heroism at Ivoiry, France.

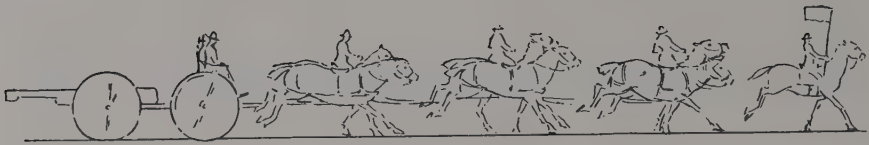
The entire area of the battery position was under constant and exceedingly heavy shell fire. His battery commander was severely wounded and it was necessary that he have medical attention immediately.

Lt. Harris, assisted by two others, placed the wounded officer on a stretcher and regardless of danger, tried to carry him to the station of the Medical Officer.

Shells of large calibre were landing all about, and before they got out of the danger zone, Lt. Harris himself was severely wounded. He urged the two men however, to continue on with his captain, and then to seek cover for themselves.

His courage and self possession were an inspiration to all the men of his command, and he died as a result of the wound thus received.

PAUL A. FRANK,
1st Lieut. 120th Field Art.
Commanding



The Chow Line



The Tailor Shop Gang



Official Diary

Wednesday, January 8, 1919.

Fair and cold. 3:00 P. M. news comes of Roosevelt's death and Brigade funeral ceremony—parade—with 21 guns. General Aultman, Chief of Artillery, 2nd Army arrives just in time to review regiment. Compliments us highly, particularly on condition of materiel and horses. We are requested to recommend men for Croix de Guerre in Juvigny operations.

Thursday, January 9, 1919.

Clear and warmer. Battalion problem in morning.

Friday, January 10, 1919.

General Pershing expected hourly or daily, to review us. 167 men going on leave tomorrow, so arrange for a rush pay day. Red Cross sends beaucoup eats.

Saturday, January 11, 1919.

Rain again. Lt. Billy Martin returns; wounded early in Marne-Vesle offensive, out of fight since. Parade and inspection in field. More inspectors make things warm for us. Too many manure piles. Object to stabling horses with pigs, but billeting men in the opposite corner of room causes no comment!

Red and Blue war starts next week. Some News for a bunch of war tired veterans.

Sunday, January 12, 1919.

Cold and rainy. Reconnaissance party out 28K. preparing for a great battle between the Reds and Blues.

Monday, January 13, 1919.

French soldiers who have been prisoners in Germany, return home. Weather continues bad. Headquarters Company kills a pig. Preparing for extended maneuvers in the field. 107th Ammunition Train, billeted in nearby village of Gerauvilliers, receives orders to entrain for Germany to rejoin 32nd Division. The lucky stiffs.

Tuesday, January 14, 1919.

Clear day. Officers make reconnaissance for O. P.'s for tomorrow's maneuvers. Many Colonels arrive in bunches to inspect horses, with somewhat contradictory results. "B" Battery is moved to Gerauvilliers 2 K. away, in anticipation of arrival of horses. They find better accommodations for them.

Wednesday, January 15, 1919.

Rain, lots of it. The batteries, breakfast at 3:15 A. M., at least those of them elected to play war. The truck train under Captain Van Brunt leaves at 4:00 A. M. for our first position 29 kilometers away. The Colonel, Lt. Colonel and Adjutant precede us and meet us at position. We take up position and are fully established well before the appointed hour for the war to break loose, namely 9:00 A. M. From then till 11:05 A. M. we stand in the cold rain and shiver. We execute a few mythical fires and report a few imaginary movements, and proceed in orderly retreat to our second position near Hevilliers a few kilometers back. Again we stand





in the rain for an hour or so, watching our infantry retreating past us. Again we are ordered to take up a new position still further in our rear; but just as the loaded truck train is about to pull out for Bienville the welcome news comes that the war is over, and we return wet and hungry, chez nous.

An officer's rash comment to the C. O. of 88th Div. that "we are not practiced in retreating because the 32nd never learned how" draws sarcastic remarks from envious rookies.

Our switchboards which went thru five months of real campaigning undamaged, are ruined by the rain in one day of play war.

Thursday, January 16, 1919.

A beautiful clear day. More orders for schools. "B" Battery draws 155 horses from "E" Battery 121st which they brought from Saumur, including 40 stallions. Evidently they are an exceptionally high grade lot, with some fine French officers' mounts. Lt. Col. Fish and Captain Fuller leave to act as umpires for the 79th Division maneuvers north of Bar le Duc. Lt. Allen, dental surgeon, reports for duty and goes to Gerauvilliers with "B" Battery.

Friday, January 17, 1919.

Rain again. Nothing new. More inspectors bound in. "B" Battery busy cleaning up Gerauvilliers and repairing stables.

Saturday, January 18, 1919.

Gray and sharp. Rain in P. M. Inspection as usual in A. M. "A" Battery's basketball defeats 21st Engineers, Gondrecourt, 16 to 12. At noon General Heintzelman, 2nd Army and Lt. Colonel Bennett Clark, 88th Div. Staff, inspect kitchens and stables at Badonvilliers and Gerauvilliers.

Sunday, January 19, 1919.

It doesn't rain today. Services as usual. Major E. V. Cook pays us a visit, minus one thumb which he lost in the Argonne on November 1st. Captains Fuller and Van Brunt lay out an orientation field.

Monday, January 20, 1919.

Fine sunny day. New schedule starts. Officers' class in orientation in A. M. under Captain Van Brunt. P. M. noncommissioned officers class, in addition to usual drill schedule. A rumor comes in that General Irwin is to be returned to command of Brigade, relieving Colonel Deems, who is to go to the 121st. Extreme joy manifest. More officers go on leave.

Tuesday, January 21, 1919.

Clear and cold. Frost. Ground frozen. Our first day without mud since we can remember. Schedules continue. The officers' schools in P. M. Lt. Richter is the teacher in the absence of Capt. Fuller, who was on a reconnaissance with Major Einfeldt for tomorrow's maneuvers.

Wednesday, January 22, 1919.

Same as yesterday. Fine and cold; ground hard. Usual routine. Orientation class in A. M., and in P. M. Lt. Colonel Fish lectures to NCO's. We learn that



A French Mama



Real French Bed



the 2nd Battalion is to join us as soon as they get transportation. Another army inspector blows in—Lt. Col. Winton, of Army Artillery. Colonel Penner in St. Mihiel for day.

Maj. Einfeldt, Capt. Fuller and detail take part in maneuvers.

Thursday, January 23, 1919.

Cold, with a little snow in the air. Usual schedules. Lecture in evening to all lieutenants on billeting, by Lt. Decker, Division Billeting Officer. Billet No. 4 is being fixed up as a Y. M. C. A. reading room. Two stoves are to be put in and a brave attempt made to convert the barn loft into a comfortable place for the men to pass leisure hours. Two trucks are hauling cinders for "B" Battery's stables.

Friday, January 24, 1919.

Clear and cold. Nothing unusual outside of regular schedule during day. Battery "A" basketball team plays a team from 313th Signal Battalion at Gondrecourt and gets trimmed. Three truck loads of rooters go with them together with a jitney load of officers.

Saturday, January 25, 1919.

Same weather—usual Saturday inspection. General court trial of an "A" Battery private, starts at 2:00 P. M. Lt. Moore is Judge Advocate, and Lt. Appel counsel for defense. Capt. Van Brunt leaves for open warfare school at Valdahon.

Sunday, January 26, 1919.

A cold dreary day with snow in the air. Chaplain Horst holds services. Afterwards men stick tight in billets, hugging their small stoves.

"B" Battery at Gerauvilliers has a movie in the evening.

Monday, January 27, 1919.

Snowing—high winds. Commissary truck brings beaucoup chocolate, smokes and jam. French population immediately become very friendly, hoping for a hand out. Capt. Sammond goes 100 K. to St. Mihiel and back—by motorcycle in a blizzard—returns half frozen.

Tuesday, January 28, 1919.

Same old gray skies, same old schools, same old wishing we were home. Its a dreary life in a dreary town, and we all wonder "Where do we go from here—and when?" Letter from our former associate Lieut. John Leene says he's home—discharged—and at work on a civilian job. Lucky John!

Wednesday, January 29, 1919.

Snowy and cold. These are gray days in these hills, with mist standing in the valleys until noon.

Men returning from hospitals. Henry Winsauer, our band leader, returns from a long musical course at Chaumont. Sgts. Papendieck and Herian write from West Trier, Germany, where they were sent from a beastly Prison Farm after being wrongfully arrested in Paris. Colonel forwards kick on mistreatment of men in such cases.

The old forester tries to skin us on a wood deal.



Thursday, January 30, 1919.

Weather gloomy. Newspaper tale of how Wisconsin will welcome the 32nd Division, makes every one homesick. Rumors of a wild nature afloat everywhere.

Friday, January 31, 1919.

Lt. Geerlings, Billeting Officer 2nd Battalion arrives. They follow in four days. Billeted in Abainville and Beauvee. They won't be happy at the change from Saumur. They may *expect* to—but *wait* till they see *Abainville!*

Colonel E. D. Scott takes command, superceding Colonel Penner—*Our Colonel.*

Saturday, February 1, 1919.

Thawing and muddy. Usual inspections. Sports moderately indulged in—out door basket ball, etc.

Sunday, February 2, 1919.

Church services in the cold. Evening, the jazz orchestra gives entertainment.

100 men take auto trip to Domremy, birth place of Jeanne d' Arc, visiting all historic spots thereabouts.

Monday, February 3, 1919.

Lt. Seng goes to Paris after officers' trunks.

"To Arms" sounded and assembly brings out those who haven't stood a call for months. Quite an inspection.

Tuesday, February 4, 1919.

Nothing to report but cold weather. Supply Company moves to Gerauvilliers.

Wednesday, February 5, 1919.

Officers return from leave trips to Riviera. General Aultman drops in for a moment. Snowing half a blizzard.

Thursday, February 6, 1919.

A Wisconsin slush underfoot. Red and Blue war starts again. It is rumored that enemy civilians held hostile meetings in Bar le Duc Saturday, and that an attack upon us is inevitable (Appropriate shivers of apprehension.) It's a great game of Rookie vs Veterans, and when the old timers of the Marne, Soissons and the Agonne are criticized by some who never saw a fight, we wonder how on earth we ever did make such a good reputation anyway—when we apparently know so little about war.

Friday, February 7, 1919.

Heavy snows. Very cold, and fires are popular. Movie at Battery "B", Gerauvilliers. Big show here postponed on account of blocked roads.



Saturday, February 8, 1919.

All roads blocked with drifted snow. Lt. Col. Fish and some Loots start for Gondrecourt in Flivver, and have to push and dig their way thru.

Sunday, February 9, 1919.

Sunday—still very cold but sunny. Pay day. Y. M. C. A. open in spite of anybody's conscientious objections. Officers reconnoiter an artillery range. We start firing next week. Many "leave men" home yesterday, after over three weeks down south. Long stay due to lack of trains to bring them back.

Monday, February 10, 1919.

Another maneuver in the snow. Killed off a few Generals, Colonels, etc. and made things very unrealistic. You could tell right away that they were playing war.

Tuesday, February 11, 1919.

Firing practice on Houdelaincourt range. Warm and sunny in spite of snow. 351st Infantry band plays at night. Our band goes to Ribeaucourt. They think we've got the best horn tooters in the Division. They're right.

Wednesday, February 12, 1919.

Expected GHQ inspection makes the dust fly. We polish the office stove with bacon grease! Red Resenhoeft, Sgt. "C" Battery turns up to say farwell—going home February 27th with 85th Division after reassignment out of the hospital. Lucky Red!

Thursday, February 13, 1919.

Weather breaking, snow melting—very slippery and drilling is difficult. Motorcyclists have a frightful job on the roads these days. "Wild Bill" Sawaska gets wilder every hour.

Friday, February 14, 1919.

Heavy firing on our right. Shells exploding near the drill field. All traffic held up by artillery concentration. Sounds like war, what? But it's only some outfit having range practice. Makes the boys feel quite at home again. Battery "E" reported due at Gondrecourt, so our 2nd Bn. must be really coming back again.

Saturday, February 15, 1919.

The 2nd Battalion Headquarters, in command of Capt. A. H. Smith; Medical Detachment; and Battery "E" in command of Captain Coney were met by Lt. Col. Fish and Capt. Sammond at Gondrecourt, from which place they marched to Badonvilliers, arriving 10:30 P. M. Move into billets vacated by Battery "B". Battery brought some fine single mounts, formerly the French student officers' mounts at the Saumur Cavalry School. These animals were bought by the U. S. when the school was taken over and include some of the finest mounts in France.



" Who Won the War ? The M.P.'s !!! "



" What Won the War ? BEER !!! " ~



The Famous "Hell Hole"



Lazy Day in Badonvillers



Sunday, February 16, 1919.

General re-union in the morning, in spite of rain. "E" Battery boys looking up friends of 1st Bn. Before noon, Batteries "B" and "E" ordered to change towns, so "E" left for Gerauvilliers, not minding the change, as no unpacking had yet been done. Battery "B", however, brought an all enveloping grouch with them. They have worked hard for weeks fixing up their new billets. No wonder they were sore.

Mud and manure piles of the Grande Rue of Gerauvilliers are a revelation to men of Battery "E".

Monday, February 17, 1919.

Firing on Houdelaincourt range. Chaplain Horst and Lt. Behrens go on leave to the Riviera. Raining and dreary.

Tuesday, February 18, 1919.

Day spent on range, soaked and freezing. More rain. "E" Battery and 2nd Bn. Hqrs. well settled in Gerauvilliers.

Wednesday, February 19, 1919.

Coming of "D" and "F" Batteries postponed—shortage of trains. Raining, but the gang turns out for a two day maneuver. Battery "E" on range. Visited by General Aultman, Chief of Artillery, 2nd Army, General Heintzelman, Chief of Staff, 2nd Army, and Col. E. D. Scott, C. O. 57th F. A. Brigade.

Thursday, February 20, 1919.

Mixture of showers and sunshine. Today we got a first faint whiff of spring. Everything is mucky. Streets running liquid mud, while we throw trainloads of cinders into kitchens and stables trying to keep our heads above water. Y. M. C. A. serving chocolate "at home" tonight, in new hut. The meat hounds and lounge lizards are all looking forward to it.

Colonel Scott visits regiment and talks to officers at officers' meeting. Batteries "B" and "E" on maneuver under Lt. Col. Fish.



THE "SOIXANTE QUINZE"



The Second Battalion at Saumur

This battalion consisting of Batteries D, E and F, was detached from the Regiment for duty at the Field Artillery School of Instruction, Saumur, and remained upon this important work of furnishing practical artillery experience and instruction to Student Officers being trained for duty at the front, until after the Armistice, when they rejoined the Regiment in billets at villages near Gondrecourt, just back of the front lines.

It is most regrettable that the official diary covering the tour of duty of the 2nd Battalion has been lost, and that this brief chapter clipped from the personal diary of an officer, and from one of two official reports—plus photographs which have come to the hands of the editors, must constitute the total record of their experience at Saumur.

Chosen by reason of proven efficiency and fitness for a difficult assignment, official records indicate that this Battalion rendered highly commendable services of an invaluable nature and performed all tasks set before it cheerfully and with a spirit that marked it indelibly as a worthy part of the 120th Field Artillery and the 32nd Division.



THE LOIRE AT SAUMUR



From an Officer's Diary

May 29th, 1918.

Orders received for 2nd Battalion minus Battery D, to proceed without delay to Saumur. This order requires F Battery and E to get ready to move out early Saturday June 1st.

Saumur is a celebrated cavalry and artillery school. We are to be a battalion of instruction there for firing problems of student officers who are taking the course.

June 1st

We expected to leave for Saumur today, but transportation did not arrive so we were delayed another day. Orders came relieving Lieuts. LeBaron, Blake and Bard.

The parting of ways caused some of the boys to attempt to drown their sorrow and as a result we were kept awake until a late hour.

June 2nd

At 3:30 A. M. I was awakened by my orderly stating that the battery was ready to move to the railway to entrain.

We marched to the entraining point in full battery formation, loaded all materiel, men and horses, and moved out on time.

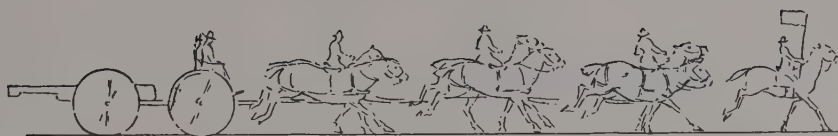
The trip was interesting as we passed into a different country especially after we reached the valley of the Loire. After arriving at Nantes we stayed about one half hour. Here we also for the first time saw some of the things done by the U. S. that we had heard so much about. One complete hospital train fully equipped had just arrived with 200 wounded. These were taken to the American Hospital here and the train rolled out for the front again. Here also we saw American Railway engines, cars and equipment moving with U. S. precision to the front carrying immense amounts of materiel.

Leaving Nantes we went up the Loire and it reminded one of the New York Central along the Hudson. It was a beautiful day and the boys were riding out on the flat cars enjoying the scenery. It was certainly gorgeous with its beautiful vineyards, chateaux, wind mills, all dotting the banks of this beautiful river. This certainly is one of the wine districts of France, as everywhere great stretches of vineyards are in sight.

Arrived at Saumur at 1:15 A. M. Bat. E had unloaded but left a great deal of materiel on the platform so it delayed us considerably. We were kept up all night as two batteries of the 147th F. A. were leaving and we had to give them parts of our equipment. They took all of our ordnance and fifty-two horses.

In the early morning we located out tenting area and during the day got the men partially settled in their quarters although they were all so tired and sleepy we did not expect much from them.

Saumur was indeed a great change from our first camp. It is known as the West Point of France. It is an old Cavalry School, known well all over the world, and is now used as an officers' training camp for American young men who have been selected as good material for officers. It is certainly a wonderful school. The buildings are all very solid structures and remind one of the old Colleges in the U. S. They are



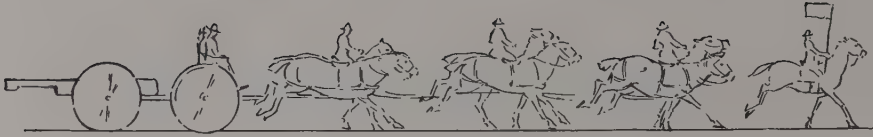
Off for Saumur



On the Chardonnet



Mess Call



filled with dormitories for the men students and the instructors are billeted about the city.

Our batteries become instruction batteries for the school and our officers are a part of the staff of the school. We were greatly pleased with our treatment and at once entered into the spirit of the work which is bound to be of great good to the country.

Our officers are billeted for the present in the school area but in a few days we will be compelled to take billets out in the city as hundreds of students will want these rooms now occupied by us. Being "dead weary" from loss of sleep we all retired early.

June 4th

Battery D has been ordered to stay with the Battalion and followed us into camp.

In the early morning we were directed to the officers mess and found it was a cafe of a French family that had been practically taken over by the A. E. F.

After breakfast a number of our officers made a trip around the great stables and saw the most beautiful lot of thorobred horses of the cavalry type, we ever saw. It reminded one of visiting the paddocks of the American Derby just before the great day.

The horses were perfectly groomed and when mounted by French officers, they made a picture of the perfect horse and rider.

In the P. M. we were invited to the Briel to see the French Officers do some hurdling with their mounts. It was certainly a great sight as these thoroughbreds simply sailed over the highest hurdles without an effort. They are crossed with Arabian blood and the result is surely an ideal cavalry animal.

We called on the Commandant of the school and found him absent having been called away. However, we had an interview with Maj. McDonald, Secretary of the School, and he gave us an outline of what was expected of us. The major certainly impressed us with the character of the work at the school and the part we were to play in its operation.

The town itself is historic, and is the mecca of the French cavalry forces. On every hand one sees beautiful workshops of artisans in leather, saddlers, boot makers, etc.

The men's tents are pitched on the banks of the Loire which is indeed a beautiful stream.

June 8th

We had our first casualty in camp today when Wagoner Hollenberger Supply Company, was drowned in the Loire at the bathing place. We had tried to save him but there was no pulmotor in the city and it was impossible to do anything successful with common means.

Gen. Hines visited camp together with Col. De Armond, formerly Chief of Staff of the 32nd Division, and Lieut. Col. Glasford, the new Commandant of the School.

A band came from one of the engineer regiments and gave a concert at the campus of the Y. M. C. A. building. Saumur society was out in force with the French officers much in evidence.



" On the Range "

(Note 75 in complete recoil)



June 10th

Battery F left for Artillery Range fifteen kilometers up the Loire. We took the little Tramway up along the river which is lined with innumerable little villages some of them looking like cave dwellers' residences, with their cellars running deep back into the cliffs.

All drivers were quartered at a small village about three kilos from the range proper, where the balance of the battery were stationed. This little town has a French garrison. One of our men, Peter Schmidt, met an uncle in Fontevrault, who was greatly elated at finding him. I went out to the range and met Col. McDonald there and he brought me back to Saumur in his car.

June 14th

Maj. Krech, Capt. Coney and I went to range by auto. While at Fontevrault we were shown through the old abbey built in 1000 A. D. It is now being used as a government prison. It is a beautiful piece of architecture and seems hidden away from the world in this little forgotten village.

Here lies the body of Richard Coeur de Lion and today I stood at the side of his tomb as well as that of Henry Plantaganet, and Henry V of England. It was certainly an interesting place, and covers many acres of ground. Its style of architecture is the same as the cathedrals I saw at Winchester in England.

In this prison they have now a very large woolen blanket factory.

June 20th

General schedule of school followed.

Men of battery had to be divided up as two thirds were at the range at Fontevrault and the balance at Saumur. Some inconveniences experienced on account of failure to get clothing for men and rations sufficient for those at the range.

French desire us to use their horses at range but they are a poor lot and unable to do the work so I reported condition to commandant of school asking for relief.

June 23rd

All quiet for the day save for a baseball game among the batteries—a nine from the battalion and one from the Candidates at Saumur. The French people have difficulties "getting on to the curves" in this game but enjoyed the fun. In the evening I made a trip to the camp to see if all was quiet around the three grog shops nearby.

June 25th

Took car out with Maj. Krech to see colored soldiers whom we are to try by General Court Martial. Then we went to Fontevrault where we picked up Lieut. Bard—aviator who had been seriously injured when riding in a side car of a motor cycle and had a collision with a French two wheeled farmer's cart.

On the range we found everything going well although Lieut. Alexander complained of the bad condition of French horses which made them inefficient for the work to be done. In the evening attended lecture but it was a weak effort.

June 29th

Three cars of powder blew up near the range and I was terribly alarmed that some of our battery boys were hurt, but fortunately it took place on the railway just before reaching the camp. A pilot and mechanic at the aviation field on the range were plunged from a height of 6,000 feet and killed. I knew both of them.



At Fontevrault



July 4th

At 10:45 our battalion marched up the "Chardonnet" in front of this great cavalry and artillery school and there took part in the exercises of the day.

General Dufrey, the French Commandant at Saumur, and General Barret, the American Commandant of the school, addressed the two thousand students, our battalion and others. Then a large American flag was presented by the ladies to Gen. Barret for the school; a gold medal for President Wilson and other gifts also were brought forth. The two Generals and their staffs then reviewed the troops, flag was hoisted and band played the Star Spangled Banner. Then the troops passed in review.

During this time aeroplanes dove and dipped down near the troops. To the great delight of all, one of the American planes had an American flag at one end and the guidon of Battery F at the other.

Battery F was at the range at Fontevault and could not take part but they were satisfied. In the afternoon the Americans put on all kinds of games and in the evening a play was put on by the students. The French soldiers and the citizens were greatly delighted.

July 10th

Two hundred and fifty second lieutenants, the product of the third officers school in America, landed here to complete their course.

It is the aim of this school to turn over six hundred officers per month. Having a suit made by a French tailor and it becomes necessary for me to *parlez vous* to my limit in order to get myself understood.

July 14th

Today is Bastille Day—the French "Fourth of July." People gayly dressed are about the streets. A large assembly of children sang the *Marseillaise* and the *Star Spangled Banner*. This caused great enthusiasm among the patriotic.

In the evening the big cafes were full of officers both French and American and also beautiful French ladies. There was some celebration among them also, as every one said it was a duty to be patriotic. I did not notice much of a church demonstration on this occasion. Country people were in the city in great numbers and the quaint dresses of the women vied with the more Parisian styles of the city ladies.

August 25th

This morning we held an officers meeting at Bn. Hq. where we said goodbye to the officers ordered to the 153rd Brigade.

1st Lieut Ed. F. Blixt has been detached from the 120th F. A. and directed to proceed to the U. S. and report for duty there. We disliked of course to see him leave. General conditions on the front look better.

Nov. 19th

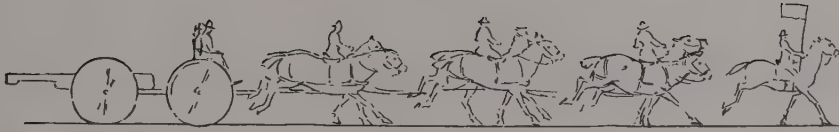
Battery F today had its first taste of death and sorrow caused by instruments of warfare. A 75 gun exploded at the Champigny range and mortally wounded Private Peter D. Schmidt, seriously wounded Corp. Frank Kresen, and slightly wounded Private Radke. Private Schmidt died within a few moments after reaching the hospital at Saumur. Corp. Kresen was operated on and died shortly after the operation, and Priv. Radke is resting easily. The explosion seemed to be a premature exploding of



“ Days of Drilling ”



How many can you name ?



A FUNERAL

defective ammunition or else the gun was defective. Investigation will determine what caused it. This is the first of deaths in ranks of old Troop H of Merrill and comes as a shock in view of the fact that actual hostilities have ceased and supposedly the great danger of war—or its possibility—now was eliminated.

Nov. 20th

Today I spent making arrangements for the funeral of the two boys of Battery F. An aunt of Private Schmidt has been living at Fontevrault. She and her husband being refugees from Belgium. They came to see me about his burial. The aunt was greatly affected as she had become much attached to this son of a brother she had not see in many years.

Peter will be buried under the auspices of the Catholic priest as he was of that faith. Corp. Kresen will be buried by a protestant clergyman, (Presbyterian)—he was of the Lutheran faith. Both soldiers will be given a full military burial by their comrades who have made provisions for flowers and appropriate markers for each.

This event has spread a pall of sorrow among the men and officers of the entire organization, all of whom knew and loved these boys so well.

Dec. 21st

Sergts. Morgan and Jeffries of Bat. F. called this morning and informed me that they had this day completed their courses at the Saumur Artillery School but due to orders from the War Department, they would not receive their commissions as this order prevents any more commissions being issued in the A. E. F. since the signing of the Armistice.



Who's Who Here?



These sergeants have made application to be returned to their battery where they will be attached as of their present rank.

Six hundred and fifty candidates finish at this time and the balance in one month at which time the work of the school will be completed and the Americans will step out and turn it back to the French who will again operate it as a cavalry school.

Another large consignment of Christmas Boxes arrived this morning but not much first class mail.

December 25th

All day we tried hard to celebrate Christmas but there was something sadly lacking at every turn. It was not hard to guess what it was, nearly all the senior officers had wives and children at home who were uppermost in their thoughts and it was not a joyous day.

January 30th

Worked on details of shipping the battalion. Received answer to wire to C. G. 88th Div. to detain Batteries D, E, Hq. and Sup. Details at Gondrecourt and Bat. F at Mauvage, which is a short distance from Gondrecourt, all in the area of the 57th F. A. Brigade.

R. T. O. has not gotten any information as yet as to when our trains will be here. We have asked for American cars as they are much more satisfactory to ship in.

Feb. 13th

After endless days of waiting for cars we are now en route to rejoin the Regiment near Gondrecourt.

Left Saumur at 11:40 A. M. Battalion Hdq., Bat. E and Medical detachment.

The run to Tours was made in good time but at that point we were held up for an hour or so. We did not go via Orleans but took the direct route of the A. E. F. railroad via Gievres, Dijon, Chaumont, etc.

At one little town we fed horses and men and then all turned in for the night. I was feeling rather sorry for the men as it is quite cold, but found that those out in the cars with the horses were much warmer than those of us in the old German coaches. We had been at Saumur for $8\frac{1}{2}$ months when we left today.

Feb. 16th

We were billeted at Badonvilliers for the night and I am certain my billet was in close proximity to a cow stable. This is certainly some come down from our luxurious billets at Saumur. However I had warned the battalion that "mum" was the word and everyone was to stick it out with a smile on his face, regardless of mud up to our knees and rain most of the time.

(Editor's Note: At this point the reader will be pardoned for just one good "Hee Haw!") as we pry into the private confessions of the good old 2nd Battalion.)

We rode over to Mauvage—Brig. Hq.—where I met several officers of the 120th and other regiments. In the afternoon it was agreed to put the battalion all together so we moved about two kilometers to Gerauvilliers, where we are now located.

Feb. 17th

Today spent mostly in getting settled down in our new quarters. These French country villages are certainly the "end of the limit".



Official Report upon the Operations of Second Battalion, 120th Field Artillery,
on Detached Service at Saumur, France.

June 2, 1918 to February 15, 1919.

On Sunday, June 2nd, 1918, pursuant to orders the 2nd Battalion, 120th Field Artillery, with battalion detachments of the Headquarters and Supply Companies, fully equipped, moved out from Camp Coetquidan to Guer where they entrained for Saumur Artillery School, (Main et Loire). Battery E with battalion headquarters, arrived at Saumur at about 7:00 P. M. on this date. Bat. F arrived at 1:15 A. M. June 3rd, and Battery D at about 5:00 A. M. June 3rd. The battalion commander reported to the Commandant who ordered batteries E and F to turn over to 1st Battalion 147th F. A. then leaving for the front, their guns and caissons, together with other material, and a number of horses.

The Saumur Artillery School was the former Ecole de la Cavalerie built in 1632. Napoleon's headquarters were there during the French Revolution; Marshall Joffre was a graduate of the school as well as Marshall Ney and many former illustrious French officers. The school had been taken over by the A. E. F. for artillery training purposes.

On November 23rd, after inspection and review of the battalion the following letter was received, reporting on activities and conditions of the organization:

Headquarters

Saumur Artillery School
U. S. A. P. O. No. 718

A. E. F. France,
December 3, 1918.

From: Executive Officer
To: Commanding Officer, 2nd Bn. 120th F. A.
Subject: Inspection and Review.

1. On November 23rd, 1918, in accordance with your request, I inspected and reviewed your battalion and Battery E 121st Field Artillery, which is under your orders at this school.

2. I take this opportunity to compliment you and the officers and men under you for the spirit shown by you all in getting ready for and accomplishing this review and inspection.

On March 3rd

Battery F—still at Saumur was inspected and reviewed and complimented upon its condition, by General Pershing.

On March 11th the battery arrived at Gerauvillers, France.

The 2nd Battalion, during its tour of duty at Saumur, fired 130,000 round of ammunition and was instrumental in the training of between 5000 and 6000 officers for Field Artillery.

Saumur, France.

F. A. S. I.

L'Ecole de la Cavalerie.



" Them was the happy days! "



Extracts from a Private Diary

of a Student Officer of the 120th F. A.

As it seems likely I shall spend a good part of my over seas service in this place, it is but meet that I start by describing it for you. It is not an easy job however, for there are many things of interest that might be said about this attractive town and school.

The Ecole de la Cavalerie is one of the oldest military schools in the country and thru it have graduated most of the famous Marechaux de France since 1770, including such personages as Marshall Ney—Prince of Muskowa, the great cavalryman Murat, and many Generals, Governors, etc. of considerable fame.

The building and grounds are impressive, tho not exactly beautiful. A tremendous white stone pile, forming three sides of a hollow square, fit to house 2000 men. The great main building, is flanked on either side by class rooms and dormitories, and from out the center auditorium lead winding staircases running up to the theatre, class rooms of all sizes and rooms for special teachers who desire the utmost privacy. Also libraries, map rooms, etc.

Across the broad expanse of the first great hall, one looks at marble plaques upon which in shining letters of gold, are embossed the names of the great men who started upon their famous careers as pupils of the cavalry school. Thru the doors, across the smooth sanded drill ground, one looks out toward the high iron fence, with its pair of gates, over which appears the motto of the school—"Honour et Patrie".

Just across the street lie the broad reaches of "le Chardonnet"—the ten acre drill ground for mounted troops...as level and smooth as a well trodden dirt floor; a riding course with every manner of hazard running around all four sides. And outside, on every side are the old, old stables built many years ago, but kept in as fine repair as any house in town. Therein are hundreds of saddle horses, the finest that the land produces...every kind and color and breed that runs to hunters...all trained down to perfection, except perhaps the younger ones still in course of teaching. Every one I've seen is as high lifed as the average man would desire.

Inside the school, the barrack rooms show sign of soldier wear and tear for the many years they have endured it. Furniture is of the roughest sort...deal tables, heavy shelves, stout chairs, iron stoves of doubtful efficiency . . . and . . . these later days—electric lights.

About the whitewashed walls are the names of students written during many generations, and in some rooms one finds the careless signatures of people who have since risen to the heights of fame, and then in old age died with but a memory left behind, of the days when they were powerful.

It is indeed a fitting place to train soldiers, and we Americans are fortunate in being able to study under the remarkably efficient French instructors in a place which thru its very atmosphere urges one on to greater accomplishments in this soldier life which Fate has forced upon us.

This place is crowded now, with students—since it has been renamed the F. A. S. I. (Field Artillery School of Instruction) and turned over to Uncle Sam. Aside



Main Street in old Saumur



The Mill



The Railway Bridge



from our own officers in charge of the administration however, the entire teaching and managing staff is composed of Frenchmen chosen for their ability as specialists in various branches of artillery.

These men are the finest kind of gentlemen one would wish to meet. Exceedingly polite... perfectly dressed at all times... speaking good English for the most part... and veterans all, of years of war. The helpers and lackeys are members of French batteries either experienced or of the later drafts, excepting those about the stables who are old cavalrymen.

The servants about the school, for the most part are girls. Each room with its two to five occupants, has its "Femme du Chambre" who acts as orderly to the whole lot—cleans up the place, cuts the wood, builds the fires, blacks boots, presses clothing and so on ad infinitum. They are a cheerful bunch, all of them, and since the hours are short and only a few of them have ever known anything but drudgery thruout their lives, they are quite happy in their present occupation, and they furnish us a lot of amusement in our many conversations.

The only instruction of exceptional interest to date, is that given by our riding master... Lieutenant Boutet. He is a slim, elegant son of a very rich family—a polished gentleman to the core, a fastidious dresser, a wonderful horseman, and as likeable a chap as any one would want to meet anywhere in the world. Withal so modest and yet so efficient that he makes our whole gang of rough necks blush with shame about fourteen times per lesson, at the same time earning our undying affection by his graciousness.

The training of the horses has been such that some times these accomplished cavalrymen can do stunts with them which rival even the performances of the Italian school, which I have always thought was the best in the world. These riders are not to be compared with our own horsemen of the western style—for the types are distinctly different. We ride horses for business purposes and break really bad ones often times for the fun of it. Here, however, they dote on showy stuff, graceful jumping, and thrilling maneuvers which are designed a great deal more for the purpose of adding interest to cavalry work, than for any actual use in warfare or on the turf.

The type of saddle in use, is a trial after the kind we're accustomed to. At home a man chooses a stock saddle usually, for long hard rides—or the army McClellan. Especially for bad horses. And a little English pad for the boulevards and bridle paths. These Saumur models—so famous the world over among army men are not designed to give any aid in hanging on to a critter that has made up its mind to unseat you, and as all these animals are high spirited and inclined to bolt at every opportunity, a great many of our men are taken unawares and tumbled to the tan bark. It is a good thing to teach instinctive balance, however, and we are going to enjoy this riding a great deal I am sure.

As for the history of the place—that will doubtless come out bit by bit in the record I shall try to keep hereafter, when inclination and time from study permits. The school was established in the 15th century as L'Academie d'Equitation Civile, and rebuilt or enlarged in 1674-1680. Owing to the success of the Carabineers de Monsieur, who were trained there, (brother to Louis XVI) it was made "Our College of Military Equitation" in 1763 becoming purely an army school. In later days it was



finally renamed "L'ECOLE de la CAVALERIE". Always its record has been one of successful and constructive military education.

As students progress in the course, the most hazardous feats of riding are carried out. The pictures I have gathered of the men who trained here before the war, will illustrate somewhat the kind of work we are required to take,—almost identical with the early days. Wonderful leaps over great obstacles of all kinds, from ditches and fences and walls to broad embankments, hedges, carriages and dinner tables, tho of the latter two we will probably not partake—unless we have an exhibition. There are cross country rides too, of dangerous character, slides down steep cliffs, jumps off of high walls, and all the old spectacular stuff so dear to the heart of a cavalryman.

The weather here is like April at home, bright and sunny. The people turn out in great fashion. Recently we wended our way across the bridge to the island on which part of the residential section is built, and from there had a pretty view across the housetops up the Loire, to the low hills and vineyards beyond. Looking back toward the main part of town, the waterfront is of pleasing aspect, with its roofs and steeples reflected in the waters of the stream, its neatly paved walks along the river, and the little activities of the bath houses and laundries which are carried on in a large type of houseboat moored to the Quai Limoges.

In the center of town, the Chateau rises high above all else, and we determined to go out there later for a careful examination of the place which is very ancient.

The river connects with canals so that boats may go up and down, tho it is not itself navigable because of sand bars and shoals.

The old Theatre—the Hotel de Ville—the bystreets with many tiny shops, and the businesslike main streets of the town form an interesting mixture of old and new. The people are evidently prosperous.

Here and there the broad streets with their narrow side walks dwindle down into narrow alleylike passages, where old men sell fish and ropes and cheese, and upstairs women sit talking across from window to window in pleasant but unhealthy intimacy.

About the gutter are dirty little kids of the poorest type imaginable, and they devil you to death with continual begging for cigarettes and pennies.

The chief means of locomotion is the bicycle. The townspeople and farmer alike, ride upon well built "wheels" and many a husky cornfed maiden flashes by you on the road, skirts flying with a display of awe inspiring calves, as she hastens upon her way to the village.

We wandered far out on one broad road until we reached the limits of the city and had a view of the nearby farm country. Not far away the small "Chateau de Boumois"—rather famous as an historic landmark, and on the flatlands to the west were typical old Norman farm houses of white stone with enormously high gable roofs, steep of slope and heavy as to shingles, and barns, and sheds of the same construction, looking more like monuments than dwelling places.

Also in our wanderings we came upon other curious places, among which were the "Grand Dolmons"—rude huts of tremendous stones, piled by hands dead these many ages past.



Coming back to town, after supplying the incoming peasant folks with the pleasure of inspecting Americans at close range, we stopped for chocolate at our favorite place . . . ate too many cakes . . . and went back to the Chateau just at the rear of the town, determined to see it at once, as there was a lot of daylight left. On the way however, the notion possessed us to stop a moment in a grand old Catholic church from which the sounds of chanting came forth in mellow harmony. Inside we found the view both interesting and impressive.

Here and there a few women on the hard wooden benches—perhaps mothers and worried sweethearts . . . were saying prayers or listening to the music with a rapt expression of the eyes. On two of the walls were the usual bits of statuary and pictures. A beautiful altar occupied the end—with a choir of little white robed boys singing in the background. Most unusual of all—on the west side—the entire wall was arched in the striking form of a grotto, filled with an imitation woodland scene of greatest beauty. A forest with gigantic moss covered boulders, over which running water trickled, with wooden figures of men and women, birds and beasts, planted in various spots, to carry out some preconceived idea of activity, but I do not know to this day, of what it was symbolical.

Leaving the church, we approached the Chateau from the rear, or what was not so long ago, the outside of the town—tho now it is built up so completely that the grounds of this historic place are quite centrally located.

The bluff upon which the building was erected, seems to be an artificially formed plateau, fully 100 feet above the level of the town, and the chateau itself rises another hundred feet skyward.

Around its walls of solid masonry are half a dozen lower towers, and all the buildings are topped by spires, with beautiful cornices and chimneys. On one side is a real old ancient moat with drawbridges in ruins, and on the other is the embankment from which attacking parties once hurled spears and arrows. This is the oldest place I have seen as yet, built in the XIth Century by the Comte d'Anjou and rebuilt in part at different times, up to the end of the XVIth Century. Since—it has remained almost unchanged until the modern work of restoration was undertaken by the Societe d' Arts et Science. This however, has not progressed since the beginning of the war, and the crumbling ruins of the place are as yet almost undefiled by modern hands.

About the lower reaches, or inferior fortifications are pretty gardens, walks and drives, and ascending the steep stairs to the upper walls, we found the kitchen garden and the lawns of the old Concierge. His wife was just milking the goat which evidently pastured in the yard high above the street.

Far down below, in the road small children played, looking up at us from time to time, and shouting "Un sou sil vous plait!" We tossed coppers to them from off the parapet.

Out across the river valley to the south a wonderful panorama spread before one's gaze. The crests of the river bank as far as eye can reach are crowned by great windmills with broad spreading sails—the fertile valley stretches away mile after mile, and over all the country vineyards are planted in straight running rows, within loosely piled stone fences, while peasant cottages dot the landscape everywhere.



Behind us, and close beside lie the historic dungeons and the Statue de la Vierge, like all else—in ruins. Entering the arched gates we pay fifty centimes per head to a pretty young woman, evidently daughter of the caretaker, who after telling us more or less history of the place, shows us first the secret shaft with its huge windlass, looking for all the world like a common well, thru which the occupants of the chateau lowered themselves some 500 feet below the earth to the subterranean tunnels which have exit on an island in the river far away and thus maintained communication with the outside world in time of siege. One tunnel runs beneath the river Loire in fact, opening south of the town. Another goes north and one goes west. It was an admirable system.

To convince us as to the great depth, the girl touched a match to a newspaper and dropped it down below. The suction of a strong draft drew it swiftly down and down, swirling in the void like a leaf in a storm, until finally when but a mere spark of light it shot off to one side, and presumably smoldered out in one of the passages. I did not ask her to let me make a trip down the rope!

Next we passed into the interior which is in a deplorable state of ruin. We climbed stair after stair of spiral stone steps, past small rooms with great iron bars in the windows, past alcoves crumbling and tumbling to pieces all the while, until we reached the top of the highest tower with its platform, pierced embattlements, and brand new flag pole.

It was here some ancient knight used to stand, and I presume as he surveyed the country stretching for miles on every side, he mentally calculated which farmer could hand over the richest plunder, then sallied forth with his robber crew, to take what he liked before returning to the safety of his lair.

During the time of d'Anjou, the people were besieged here for an entire year, but the strength of the place, and its cunning means of outlet to the world, via the tunnels, made it easy for them to hold out.

Returning finally to the lower floors, we started thru the museum and I was rather amazed at the wonderful collection of antiques which the local society has brought together.

On the third floor are models of horses and samples of harness from all over the world. A man who has never looked upon the collection of statues, pictures and bas reliefs which adorn the place, can never realize what REAL horseflesh is like, for here the finest animals imaginable are portrayed. Superb sculptures of large groups of cavalry in the charge... skeletons of horses... books on hippology as old as the hills... all chained down too!... but of a thousand shapes and sizes... the driving harness of Marshall Ney, with massive mountings hand-carved. There are saddles and bridles from all the races of horsemen—Moorish, Arabian, Spanish, Mexican, American, Australian, English, French etc. Pictures of famous stallions and race horses produced the world over, from England to Kentucky, and from Araby to Spain.

All of this has no doubt been of tremendous value here, owing to the number of students of horsemanship at the school.

The second floor was rich in pictures by famous artists who claimed this section as the land of their nativity. Largely paintings of Anger, de Buissey and Boisson. Some landscapes there were, the equal of which I have seldom seen in metropolitan galleries, the original of many works made world famous, even to the masses by calendar reproduction. Works dating from 1860 to 1917.



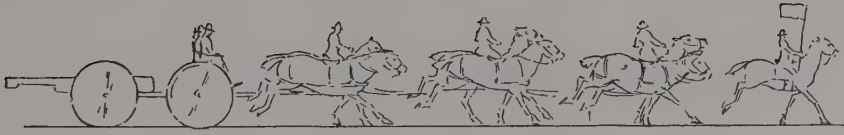
Stepping out



Off for the range



Full Pack



There was one life size nude of the golden haired Ariane, entitled "Abandones" which was a superb symphony of color and line, and it quite captured my fancy. What after all, in all the phases of Art, is quite so potent a theme as the Godgiven beauty and symmetry of curve that graces the human body?

Of interest too, are the older and more brilliant works of a former French school of portraiture, and many a character of Revolutionary days was here quite elegantly portrayed in oils.

I was particularly charmed by numerous crayons and water colors depicting with surprising faithfulness, many scenes about Saumur that I have gazed upon only today for the first time. I'd like to carry them all home with me if it were possible.

Perhaps the most striking work of all, was an astounding portrait of an Indian snake charmer—a close up profile, in the most outlandish colors, which impressed itself too vividly upon the imagination. A man would dream of it. There was a depth of mystery and cruelty . . . cupidity and stealth . . . emblazoned upon the features which could only have been painted by one who had undergone some remarkable experience in a far country.

Upon the first floor we found a miscellany of statuary, old coins, jewelry of other times, and ancient books. Also a most complete collection of insect life, from the tiniest specklike bugs and flies to great beetles, butterflies and moths. All perfectly preserved and mounted. One row of shelves held a worthy group of mounted specimens of beast and bird life, evidently killed in this vicinity. The taxidermy was not of the first order however. More work had been put upon the two-headed calf...quite a curiosity by the way . . . than upon the prettier pheasants, ducks, etc.

It was evening when we turned our steps toward the barracks again and upon reaching our cold room in the old stone buildings, we found a friendly screech owl gutturally swearing to himself upon the window sill.

Here we are having a taste of real "Sunny France". While the folks at home are probably wading in snow and slush, we are overheated in blouses and the peasant women in thin clothes, with white headdresses gleaming, are working in the fields.

On the road out into the country, we passed many a funny rig. Generally an old peasant woman in heavy wooden shoes, seated on a cart with great high wheels or perhaps a load of straw, drawn by the queer combination of a 300 pound donkey hidden between the huge shafts, with one or two or three dogs hitched underneath, hooked by a breast strap to the axle—all pulling lustily.

In fact every peddler's cart hereabout, is drawn by dogs. These well trained animals do a great deal of work. Any one of them can be sent to town with a load of milk, totally unaccompanied by any human being, and quite capable of carrying out his errand alone. They are serious minded businesslike dogs. No play in them evidently. Much like their peasant owners.

In our tour the landmarks consisted of age old windmills built of stone, called "Moulins" and churches and chapels in all stages of decay.

From any hill top you can look out across the river valley for eight or ten miles and count a dozen or more villages—the country being so thickly populated that you are scarce out of one town before you enter another.



The people...especially the children...are very interesting and also interested. They look upon us as a strange race indeed, and in spite of their inherent industry, are nevertheless continually amazed by the rush and flurry with which we tackle most jobs, walk down the street, or go tearing across the fields when mounted.

After considerable planning, Brownie and I finally found time to explore the great wine caves hereabouts, last Sunday. Just at the edge of town they start...built into the high cliffs along the river. Those walls are literally honeycombed with great caverns, natural or hewn out of the soft rock...running back for thousands of feet, and undermining all that section of the country. Each is stocked in greater or less profusion with wines of various vintages, dating back for many years.

All about the vineclad hillsides are ancient buildings that might have been used by cave dwellers in days of old. Little huts built half of logs and half of stone, with rooms running back into the solid rock, so constructed that one can hardly tell where building leaves off and hillside begins. Little terraces are laid out before them, upon which vegetables and fruit trees grow. Here and there over all the land, and particularly on the topmost peaks of the hills, are tiny crosses and wayside shrines. Many are in the most inaccessible places.

Going down to an old monastery which lies at the foot of the bridge, we went into the abbey and looked up the old timer who presides. He showed us all the interesting things about the place, and even while we were standing beneath the immense vaulted dome of the principal building, the bells high up in the belfry chimed softly with a beautiful mingling of rich tones, sending music across the valley as the Angelus broke sweetly out upon the evening air.

On the top of the last hill at the edge of town stands the Villa Bellevue, but it is surrounded by a high wall, so that the only picture I could snap in passing was the gate—with the slippery street that leads sharply down below.

On our way back to school we stopped into a little new restaurant which has just sprung up, with a glaring sign flaunting the attractive name—"PARIS-NEW YORK CAFE". Another sign in the window reads in English . . . "Sausage, Omelettes, Ham Sandwiches, and American Cooking".

Of course we couldn't resist that. We found that the sign actually told the truth for they had fine little country sausages, fried to crisp sweetness, familiar from the good old days back home when the "Jones Farm" variety often graced my festive board. Much to the perturbation of my friend, I ordered a dozen for myself, and then ate them all with relish, tho he insisted that six made a meal for any one. Perhaps they tasted better, because served by a pretty little French girl. I must see more of her. Pretty girls are scarce indeed.

After this little bite, we went to the Cafe du Commerce, to shoot a game of billiards in the Cave Room.

This is quite an attractive place incidentally, being modeled after the caves on the hillside which I have just mentioned. Just big enough for two tables, with chairs



and cushioned seats about the walls. It is built of plaster or some such stuff, truthfully imitating the tremendous rocky walls and ceilings of a grotto. Great lifesize trunks of trees are the pillars, and branches running out toward the center uphold a chandelier. In a sort of balcony, to which leads a stairway carved from this brown stone, a small stringed orchestra sends forth soft-toned melodies which reverberate in striking fashion from off the rounded surface of the walls.

In the outer drinking room where soldiers and people of the town congregate to sip their liquors and talk, we went for our Chartreuse before going to the barracks.

Here gay uniforms flash midst the elegant clothing of overdressed sporty women, and our own drab uniforms are quite eclipsed by the splendor of the French. At a table next to us are two groups. A roughneck American officer, who with the help of a French soldier in a blue coat, red pants and black patent leather boots most terribly shiny . . . is making a date with a once handsome, now highly decorated, lady who was "just out from Paris" so she said . . . While a girl from "London" with her, claimed the attention of Frenchie himself.

Today is quite typical of the usual activity any time of the week. Up at 5:30 for an early roll call, standing shivering and only half dressed in the dark hallway outside our doors. Then a hurried breakfast in the little cafe on the grounds which is a busy place at some hours and equally dull at others. At 6:30 a hundred men will swarm in thru the heavy wooden-shuttered doors, and overrun the single long room with its narrow marble-topped tables, rough board floor, iron chairs and immense mirrors—in the effort to get something better than the imitation breakfast they serve us up in the dining hall.

The place is operated by a fat French sergeant, who comes to open the doors every morning in comical half attire. Outside, he invariably finds at least half a dozen early risers hammering upon the shutters. Once he turns the key, they rush in, anxious to get started before the gang arrives. Then in a minute or two, down bustles the Missus who is really the boss; she helps wait on the boys, and from somewhere out in the darkness of the morning, little Madame Fouchard arrives—a tiny active little woman who does more work than the usual six girls. She is about four feet six, but spry as they come, and she can wait on more people in five minutes than the long gangling Jules—who strolls in from the kitchen now and then—can serve in an hour.

To facilitate matters however, one helps himself to a cup and saucer from the sideboard, bread and jam from a table near the door, and shouts out in the kitchen "une omlette, s'il vous plait!" Soon it is cooked, and with the fine rich chocolate (so different from the upstairs product!) one can make a good meal.

All the while we eat, every one keeps an eye on his watch while vociferously ordering another cup of chocolate from Madame. The young daughter of the proprietor comes in and kisses him good morning as he sits on the high stool at the cashier's desk in the middle of the room—a little terrier comes bounding in among the tables—then a bugle sounds from without, you gulp the last of your food, throw the familiar price-plus-tip upon the table, and race for the parade ground hoping not to be "posted" for tardiness.



Another roll call—a march to the tramway thru the early morning street scenes of the town—then “All aboard for Fontevrault!” The artillery range. The ride is commonplace now, but when I think of all the beautiful scenes along that road, I feel that I could spend a month upon it with a camera and then not justly depict its many magnificent views.

Villages all along the route—Dampiere, Souzay, Les Roches, Daubigny—are quaint to the extreme. Winding in and out along the broad valley of the Loire with the high cliff on one hand and the river on the other, we pass scenes which make you want to stop and gaze, no matter how many times you’ve seen them. The peasant cottages and the dwellings in the cliffs themselves, the old chateaux and mansions fine, each with its own charm, come in endless procession, as the old train pulls along, and the tree-bordered road makes us wish it summertime, for then it would be perfect.

At Fontevrault, after taking bicycles for the last lap of the journey, perhaps the day’s work will take us along the crest of the ridge, and if so, we look out across a changing panorama which embraces a tiny empire all spread out in the valley below. Within sight near at hand are the gardens of the peasants and villagers—farther off are a hundred different little villages with their spires and steeples sharply outlined against the sky, or white against the fields—houses so thick that it all seems like one huge scattered town.

At the range the serious work begins, embracing all the duties of each individual member of the gun crew and the official operating staff. Sometimes we fire the piece ourselves, and sometimes go to the stone observation cellars right down where the shells are bursting, to observe the effect of the fire.

In the work of fire control, some do well and some do not seem apt. But considerable progress is now apparent thruout the whole class, and some good artillerymen are being rapidly perfected.

Once in a while, down there in the O. P., a “short” burst adds excitement to the game. Today for instance, some fellow 4000 yards behind us, made a mistake of about 300 yards in punching a fuse, and as we were all standing too far in front of the cellar, looking with our glasses for a burst way out in front of us, the shrapnel cut loose just overhead and not very high. Some scramble. Ten yards shorter and we’d have needed several ambulances to carry away the remains. But it’s all a part of a rather dangerous game.

I have found a wine that has the bubble stuff skunked—backed to the wall and gasping for breath. “Breze” it is called, after a famous little town in the center of the superfine wine district, where this stuff is produced. The vintage of ’93 is the effective formula.

One bottle takes you thru three stages, as it holds just three glasses (tumblers of course). The first, is wonderfully refreshing and as you “shoot the moon” thru the bubbles in the bottom, your one thought is to get the next glass poured. This one goes swiftly too, tho the blacklash of eloquent aroma is now appreciated by your nose as you drink, and it slows up the process so that you sip the last swallow with a lingering



smile of delight, while instinctively your hand reaches out for the bottle again. You have a faint, vaporlike dream of long lost sweethearts, you hear the little birds singing in summer byways, and all the world takes on a rosy hue. The very air seems full of life, and you're strong—strong as a lion.

Then after you gently tilt the bottle and dribble out the remainder, even to the very dregs, you sit back contemplating the yellow sparkling liquid and wonder why people talk of war and love and similar troubles when life is so sweet, the weather so lovely, all the people so good, and the girls so beautiful.

With a grandiloquent gesture, you summon Garcon and order the second bottle. Thereafter you drift swiftly but happily into the Elysian fields, convoyed by your good partner Breze. After a while you find yourself smiling at every one who comes along—for surely every one is your own best friend. Occasionally a snatch of song breaks from your lips, and at the slightest sound of music you want to dance.

After this comes the stage where your happiness is so boundless, that you want to share it with all the world, and you get quite vociferous in your offers to buy out the shop or the town, or run a pipe line from the caves where Breze is stored away. But by this time if you have any remaining sense, you go home, or politely ask some friend to take you there. If no sense remains, this is the song one usually attempts:

QUAND MADELON

Pour le repos, le plaisir, du militaire,
Il est la-bas, a deux pas de la foret,
Une maison sur murs tout couverts de lierre,
"Aux Tourlousrous" c'est le nom du cabaret.
La servante est jeune et gentille,
Legere comme un papillon,
Comme son vin ceil petille,
Nous l'appelons la Madelon,
Nous en revons la nuit, nous y pensons le jour,
Ce n'est que Madelon, Mais pour nous c'est l'amour.

Quand Madelon vient nous servir a boire,
Sous la tonnelle on frole son jupon,
Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
Une histoire a sa facon.
La Madelon pour nous n'est pas severe,
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton,
Elle rit, c'est tout l'mal qu'ell 'sait faire,
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!



GUN SECTION



Horse Show



A SECTION FROM BAT. C

Official Diary

Friday, February 21, 1919.

Raining again—mud grows deeper every day. Dubious outlook for our horse show tomorrow.

Batteries "B" and "E" pull in at 4 P. M. from maneuvers.

Saturday, February 22, 1919.

Day a mixture of sunshine and heavy showers. Very muddy underfoot. But we had our horseshow. Every animal in the regiment turned out. Draft teams on wagons, guns and caissons; pairs on water carts, ration carts and escort wagons; led horses, single mounts of officers and men, all passed by the judges' stand, spick and span except for newly splashed mud. In the P. M. came exciting competitions driving 4-line teams between the stakes, where a race developed. Gun sections racing at a gallop, going "into action" against time, and a "saddling competition", which showed a lot of speed. The winners listed here from the Regimental show will enter the Division show on the 26th. They're all good, so we ought to win some prizes.



RING EVENTS

<i>First Event</i>	1st place—Wagoner Mars, Supply Co.
4-line team, non-limber wagon; driven from box	2nd place—Wagoner Williams, Supply Co.
	3rd place—Wagoner Ward, Supply Co.
<i>Second Event</i>	1st place—Wagoner Nelson, Supply Co.
2-line team, non-limber wagon; driven from box	2nd place—Wagoner Spychalla, Supply Co.
	3rd place—Wagoner Kuhl, Supply Co.
<i>Third Event</i>	1st place—Wagoner Gormley, Hq. Co.
Two-line Carts	2nd place—Wagoner Abel, Battery "A"
	3rd place—Wagoner Meyers, Battery "A"
<i>Fourth Event</i>	1st place—Sgt. Richter, 3rd Section, Btry "C"
Artillery team, gun and limber, or caisson and limber	2nd place—Sgt. Poshepny, 4th Section Btry "A"
	3rd place—Sgt. Hughes, 1st Section, Btry "A"
<i>Fifth Event</i>	1st place—Captain Smith
Officers—saddle animals	2nd place—Lieut. Baker
	3rd place—Lt. Heimberger with Col. Scott's horse
<i>Sixth Event</i>	1st place—Corp Eck, Battery "E"
Enlisted men—saddle animals	2nd place—Pvt. Friday, Battery "E"
	3rd place—Pvt. Canham, Battery "E"

OVAL EVENTS

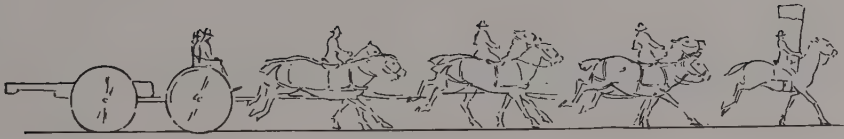
<i>First Event</i>	1st place—Wagoner Mars, Supply Co.
Driving competition—wagon driven between stakes	2nd place—Wagoner Williams, Supply Co.
	3rd place—Pvt. Kessel, Battery "B"
<i>Second Event</i>	1st place—Wagoner Johnson, Supply Co.
Individual draft horses	2nd place—Wagoner Nelson, Supply Co.
	3rd place—Wagoner Kuhl, Supply Co.
<i>Third Event</i>	1st place—Battery "C"
Exhibition gun section	2nd place—Battery "B"
	3rd place—Battery "E"
<i>Fourth Event</i>	To Wagoner Johnson, Supply Co.
Best pair of horses, two months under fire.	
<i>Fifth Event</i>	1st place—Sgt. Poshepny, Battery "A"
Saddling and unsaddling	2nd place—Sgt. Sather, Battery "C"
	3rd place—Pvt. Zanicki, Battery "E"



COL. PENNER AND MAJOR KUECHENMEISTER



HERE COMES THE 120TH



"Action Right!" Bat. C. Winning



Escort Wagon Race



Local Interference



A Prize Pair



Best Single
Mount Class

Big
Maggie



Prize
Winners



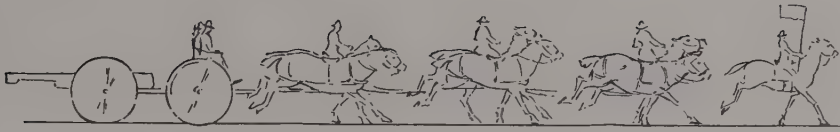
A Few Judges



Judges and Contestants



The Grand Old Band



Sunday, February 23, 1919.

The first substantial news of home-going came today. General Order says "Division will go back in order they came" then—they proceed to kid us by listing the way we'll go—and the 32nd, which arrived sixth—goes 11th—"sometime in May" they hope—and we were fighting the lazy battles of Alsace last May, while some divisions that will beat us home, were "getting ready" to come over.

Lieut. Geerlings with one section of Battery "E" left today for a week of maneuvers as "accompanying guns" with the 88th Div. infantry. Band goes to Gerauvilliers in evening to play a concert for 2nd Battalion Hqrs. and Battery "E". Battery "E" boys are eagerly awaiting arrival of "D" and "F". Brotherly love? Yes, they want to share with their buddies the pleasures of rural life in Sunny France.

Monday, February 24, 1919.

Rain. Mud ankle deep over the towns. Range party fires from 1 to 4 and returns soaked to the hide. Movies in evening at the Y hut.

Badonvilliers

Extract From a Private Diary

Badonvilliers,
2/26/18

The last two weeks have been full of semi-dull incidents but there has been little, save one or two events, that is worth reporting.

First there came to us a blizzard, and the north wind howled down our chimneys, full of a cold and heavy snow. In the late afternoon the men did what they could to make the horses more comfortable against the coming misery of the night; then repaired to the rotten billets to gather three deep about the tiny inefficient stoves and shiver, until the cold drove them to their meagre blankets, where—wrapped round and round in the maximum number of folds, and all quite fully dressed—they slept or tried to sleep while the snow sifted in thru great cracks in the walls, powdering all and then melting with the body heat, so that each awakened in wet bedding the next morning.

Rumors came one day of an inspection to be made of everything and everybody—by a big general,—so we cleaned and shined and polished, and "improvised" according to army instructions, to the extent of polishing the office stove with bacon grease from the kitchen.

It looked very nice and black and shiny, but when once a fire was lighted several hours before mealtime, the appetizing odors drove us frantic.

The Red and Blue war maneuvers continue. It is a fright. We absolutely hate such activities, yet have to go thru them to please the 88th Division gang, and in spite of the fact that any thinking man knows we have Germany crushed.

On the 22nd, we had a Regimental Horse Show, in preparation (thru an elimination contest) for the Division Horse Show to be held on the 26th at Gondrecourt.

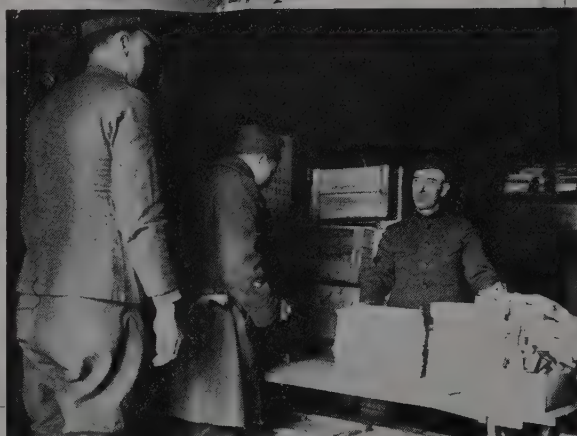


Wild
Bill
Sawaska



A new
Mascot

Clark
and his
"Y"





I took many photographs and probably some of them will serve as illustrations for the diary. It was great sport—this show—leading on every animal and equipage in the regiment. There were the wonderful draft teams of the supply company; the veteran gun sections of our batteries; Big Maggie with her tiny partner, pulling the Headquarters Company water cart; single mounts galore—some particularly fine ones from Saumur with Battery E.

In this latter class, the judges fell down completely, as is not hard to understand for some of them are not the horsemen they pretend to be. While they passed by completely, the little thoroughbred mare ridden by Lieut. Stephens, an animal that would have scored nearly perfect point by point, in a regular show—they gave old man Smith first place on a skinny sorrel of poor conformation, and Baker second, on the little jumping jack pony which is not a horse at all.

Heinie—who had been requested to ride Colonel Scott's horse, "High English" appeared, dressed fit to kill, with silver mounted saddle and bridle shining like a mirror in the sun. And old High English who is a darned good horse, and better than any of the prize winners, tho not so good as Stephen's mare, was given third place. That nearly broke Heinie's heart.

In the afternoon came the real sport. First—the driving contest with escort wagons, four horse teams, wherein Wagoner Mars with the beautiful bays beat his opponent by a neck, on the hard muddy course weaving in and out between the stakes. They made a real race of it—and his horses in particular seemed to know exactly what to do, with only his voice guiding them while he steadied them on the reins.

After this came draft animals led to halter, wherein we showed some pretty decent stuff. Then the crowning event of the day, the race against time by an exhibition gun section from each battery. C Battery was easily winner, thru the efficiency with which Wee Richter's section went thru each individual maneuver.

At the top of the course, the section—six horses each to gun and caisson—stood ready to start. Then at a command they drove slowly by the spectators and judges' stand;—When the sharp order "Action Right!" was given—the stop watch started ticking. They unlimber—place piece and caisson, adjust all sights and levels ready to fire at an imaginary foe. And at the section chief's call of "Ready" time is taken out for an inspection. This was all done, ready to fire, in about one minute and fifty seconds in deep mud.

Then at the command "Limber rear"—the teams gallop up from their position 25 yards in rear, wheel into place at the trails. The cannoneers limber, mount and then gallop headlong around the entire course, arriving again at the stand, and going into "Action Left." At the end of all this, the total time is taken.

When the Battery B outfit went around, a horse stumbled on the turn at a headlong gallop, fell—rider under him—uninjured owing to the soft mud, but they made a good showing just the same.

We've been firing a great deal on the artillery ranges nearby. Many roads are shut for travel, during most of the daylight hours, owing to the danger where some targets are near the roadside.



Shortage
of
Feed

In
Badonvillers



The Huntsman's
Return

Chimney
Scraping





The greatest joke of the season was told me just the other day. At our gun position, we piled the empty shell cases nicely, as the government naturally insists upon saving this valuable brass. Several hundred accumulated before we got ready to haul them away.

A wagon went out. The cases were gone. And we learned that every man of a nearby division who had heard about them, had come over in the night and stolen one for a souvenir. They're enterprising lads—that outfit. Too late to fight and patronized by this old artillery outfit,—they still insist upon taking home visible signs of the battles they've seen. Probably every shell case stolen will go home engraved with the names of Verdun, Chateau Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel and what not.

Billets in a Village

A Letter Home

Badonvillers, France
February 24, 1919.

Dear Folks,

You ought to see my room now. These French houses have one standard design. They are all built in one row without intervals. That is, like double houses quadrupled. Each consists of three rooms; the front room, which is the kitchen, living and bed room for the entire family; a middle room without lights or window of any kind, with a bed in it for the overflow from the front room, and behind this is the back room which is the guest room in peace times and the billeting room in war. The rear room has a window. The front room has a fireplace usually, where the end of a bundle of faggots is burned off little by little. The cooking is done against the end of the bundles. The center room always has a door leading out of the side of it directly into the stable where the family team and cows are kept. The smell is often wonderful, and the door doesn't fit tightly as a rule, and once in awhile a horse kicks it down. The tracking in and out of the center room, which is always dark and therefore unnecessary to sweep, aids the general atmosphere. A constant cause of friction in most houses is because the "officer American" always has his window open, at least at night. My room is quite cold. It is large and boasts a fire place which is fairly rare in this vicinity. I can't kick on that part, but the fireplace is small and wood is scarce and it is very damp. So the family, with whom I live, find it excellent to use my room for cold storage. The old man is a famous hunter, who goes out and kills lots of rabbits. They always hang the meat on hooks screwed in my ceiling. That isn't so bad, but when the fish peddler comes around and they hang them up, it is less pleasant.

Dutch and I stand in very well with our family, for these people are so damned polite that we hate to tell them we don't like their pantry arrangements. We realize that it's their house and they have had such customs all their life and we would only offend them by objecting. They store all their Sunday clothes in our room too, hanging them around on the wall. All the souvenirs of a trip to Bar le Duc and a trip to Paris are on our mantle piece. The walls contain the certificates of first communion of each member of the family, the wedding certificate, a lot of birth certificates, and a



few burial certificates, all framed, also pictures of French generals cut out of magazines, and photos of all the family including great-grandpa. We have a couple of trunks, a large cradle, a wardrobe, and a box or two all full of their clothes. Four dead plants in pots complete the scene. The bed is a typical French bed. A mattress about eight feet thick and a feather bed about four feet thick, separated by two sheets. It is very comfortable, but I generally leave it to Dutchy and use my cot.

General Headquarters

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Feb. 14, 1919

From: Adjutant General

To: Commanding General 2nd Army.

Sub: Morale in the A. E. F.

1. General Pershing directs me to enclose herewith excerpts from a memorandum on morale in the American Expeditionary Forces which was prepared by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, at the suggestion of the 1st Section at G. H. Q. The Commander in Chief has been much impressed by the memorandum as being very suggestive and of great value at this time, especially to professional soldiers, for it gives as few papers do, the point of view of the American civilian, and we must not forget that it is the American civilian who has not been in the Army for more than a year, and who hopes and expects to return to civilian life in the very near future, that makes up the major part of the officer and enlisted personnel of our Army today. It is necessary therefore, that we understand and appreciate this point of view in order that we may keep our men healthy and happy and return them to the United States enthusiastic over their military experience.

2. The Commander in Chief desires, therefore, to call this memorandum to the especial attention of your staff officers.

By command of GENERAL PERSHING
Robert C. Davis
A. G.

Several other factors, besides Y. M. C. A. work etc. which I am discussing in the following paragraphs are matters which obviously can affect the spirit of the troops.

(a) *Uncertainty of plans for returning home:* It is unnecessary to remark that the thing uppermost in the minds of the troops is the desire to return home. This question dwarfs all others and has apparently become in some parts of the army, almost a mania. Rumors, often of the wildest sort, fly from group to group, and the troops seem to vibrate between hopes and despair according to the latest report which they can obtain relative to the plans of the Army for returning them home. These rumors often have to do with the future use of troops, and I have heard in various parts of the Army from Soldiers, that they expected to be sent to Russia, that they expected to be sent to the West Coast of Africa; that they expected to be used to rebuild the devastated areas of France; that they expected to have to quell uprisings in the Balkan



States, etc. In other words, it is the indefiniteness of their status that seems to worry the men as much as their enforced sojourn in France."

"(c) *Hours of Drill*: The question is raised whether the long hours required for military drill are producing the results desired. Most of the men in the Army are not looking forward to any career as soldiers. They did not get into the army because they had any special predilection for soldiering. They answered the nation's call in the time of crisis, and gladly made themselves part of a war machine. But now that the crisis is over, they turn instinctively to their peace time habits of mind and are impatient with any attempt to continue unrelieved, the military tasks for which most of them have no natural fondness. In other words, the MOTIVE is gone out of the whole business and the ideal of perfecting them in the profession of arms is not to them an acceptable substitute.

Official Diary

Tuesday, February 25, 1919.

More rain. Horse detail goes to Toul to bring back 150 horses. Range party out again and has an afternoon of continuous rain. All entries for tomorrow's 88th Division Horse Show left for Gondrecourt tonight.

Wednesday, February 26, 1919.

The horse show arouses much difference of opinion as to whether or not we got a square deal. In any event we only took a few second and third prizes. Our vehicles are pretty shabby in comparison with the new unscarred ones against whom we competed. If the Horse Show had contained a class for vehicles, with three major offensives on their service records, we might have done more.

Thursday, February 27, 1919.

Heavy rain and snow. Firing resumed on the range. "D" Battery detrains at Gondrecourt at 8 A. M. arrives in Gerauvilliers at 11 A. M. The whole regiment is pleased because a Major's commission just came thru for Capt. Kuechenmeister. He sure deserves it. Movies tonight in both towns.

Friday, February 28, 1919.

Lt. Lathrop takes command of "B" Battery; Major Kuechenmeister takes 1st Bn. as Major Einfeldt has been absent sick in hospital for some weeks. Discharge for Robert L. McNair, "C" Battery, comes thru. He's off at once.

Saturday, March 1, 1919.

Capt. Pierce and Lieut. Whittaker drop in from sick leave, on way to St. Aignan and home. General Summerall, Commanding 9th Corps also visits us in P. M. Officers' call. Hand shaking—and he asks and answers his own questions. "Of course your men are happy—they do not complain—well, well, that's fine", while Kickie's vocabulary is reduced to two words—"Yes, sir". He also visits 2nd Bn. Hqrs. at Gerauvilliers. Lt. Covington leaves for a French University after saying goodbye to every one at "Mr. Cafe's house." Colonel Penner returns and resumes command of the regiment.



The "Old Man's" Return

From a Private Diary

Colonel Penner phoned about six o'clock in the evening, asking that a car be sent for him. He was COMING HOME!

All arrangements were quickly made. When his car hove in sight on the hill outside of Gerauvilliers, (the 2nd Battalion's town some two kilometers away)—buglers stationed there, announced his coming with a blast, and the battalion, formed in waiting in the village square stiffened to a proud "Attention."

His car drew up in their midst. Discipline was forgotten. They howled, and yelled and cheered themselves voiceless, and the Colonel stepping out made them a glad little speech. We heard the racket of their shouting over here, and it warned of his approach.

At the head of the street when his car turned the corner, the buglers blew "Attention" for us—and the band wheeled into formation ahead of the old war torn Dodge in which he rode, leading him along with the good old 32nd Division March.

Slowly, down the muddy, dirty street they came. The band wheeled off to one side of the hollow square formed by the waiting batteries of the first battalion, and the car stopped in the center, after which the band side stepped and closed the gap.

Our Colonel was surrounded. By men, every one a friend. He was "home" again.

The cheering completely drowned the loudest music of the band. It lasted interminably—subsided—was renewed—and I thought it would never stop.

The Colonel climbed out of his car. His staff clustered about him. The boys howled again, as tho they were all crazy for joy. They were.

And the Colonel . . . with tears running down his cheeks . . . he tried to make them a little speech . . . he was choked with emotion . . . finally I heard the halting words, "My Boys! . . ."

That was all I guess. I couldn't see so well about then myself, and the gang cheered some more, so he wouldn't have to make a speech.

What a wonderful thing it must be, to have so earned and held the love of a regiment of soldiers!

Official Diary

Sunday, March 2, 1919.

An exceedingly dull Sunday.

Monday, March 3, 1919.

All kinds of good news—"Going to Germany"—"to 32nd at Coblenz and then to Antwerp". "Nigger artillery coming for 88th"—"home thru Belgium," etc.

Let's hope some of it is true. The school-bug bites everybody, all the Hq. force—many thru the batteries—but rumors of home-going make every one reconsider. Competition shoot starts to pick best section in each battalion for the Brigade competition. Six sections fire.

Band plays concert in evening at "Y" hut in Gerauvilliers



Big eats in sight



Find the richest man's barn



Gerauvillier



Assurance of Going Home

From a Private Diary

Badonvilliers, March 1st, 1919.

Day after day of rain and mud—rain in drizzles, and torrents and sweeping sheets...mud that is slippery and sticky, or watery and runny—mud that smears you from head to foot no matter how many times a day you clean up. If ever there was a combination of conditions and surroundings calculated to sap the morale of the strongest heart, we have it here in Badonvilliers.

One day, the result was that every one firmly resolved to get out of it on some pretext or other if it meant going AWOL. Just at this psychological moment, came an order announcing the establishment of the A. E. F. University. Also of the possibility of attending civilian colleges in both France and England.

Many fell. But Heinie and I are still sticking it out here.

Soon thereafter came the rumor that the brigade is going back to the old 32nd Division. This came by way of Brigade Hq. telephone. "How do you know"—we breathlessly asked. The Oracle only answered—"Wait till morning!"

Morning came. The courier brought the following letter telling our fate. Glorious news.

Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE

MEMORANDUM NO. 17

March 2, 1919

By authority of the Corps Commander the following information is communicated to the command:

1. The Brigade will return to the United States with its own Division, the 32nd, either via Coblenz or via Antwerp.

2. All officers who came to France with the Brigade and who are still in France and who desire to return to the Brigade will be returned. The same applies to enlisted men. Regimental commander will ascertain the wishes of such officers.

3. All officers and enlisted men in the brigade who came from other organizations since arrival in France will be returned to those organizations if they so desire.

4. Existing vacancies in the commissioned personnel will be filled at once. Regimental commanders will submit recommendations accordingly.

5. Regimental commanders will submit lists of officers in their regiments who are especially deserving of promotion but who for lack of vacancies or similar cause have not been promoted, with recommendations in each case. These lists will be forwarded from this office for consideration of the Corps Commander.

By order of Colonel Scott:

J. W. GILSON,
Major, F. A. U. S. A.
Adjutant.

Joy! Shouting! Excitement? Well I should say so. The telephone jangled and buzzed with requests for cancellations of all school applications thruout the batteries.



Official Diary

Tuesday, March 4, 1919.

The big news is confirmed by written orders! Cancellations of applications for school roll in. Everything's jake, and all we want to know now is "When do we start?" P. S. Red arrows are blossoming forth by the score. Section firing competition continues. Six more sections competing their score, for the 57th Brigade competition.

Wednesday, March 5, 1919.

Rain. Scraping mud from streets helps a little. No more red arrows to be worn yet awhile. Eight sections fire in the competition shoot completing the contest to represent battalions. "F" Battery not included as they have not yet rejoined.

Winners: 1st Bn. "C" Battery—Chief of Section
Sgt. Henry Richter
2nd Bn. "D" Battery—Chief of Section
Sgt. Judd Addis.

Thursday, March 6, 1919.

General Irwin resumes command of the 57th F. A. Brigade.

Friday, March 7, 1919.

Brigade competition between winners of battalion competitions, direct fire, section chiefs conducting. "C" and "D" Battery sections representing the 120th are polished to the last buckle. Weather fine. The field at the firing point is crowded with visitors. Major General Weigel, Division Commander, 88th Division, is present with his brigade commanders and staff. General Aultman, Chief of Artillery 2nd Army also present. Six sections, representing the battalions of the 119th, 120th and 147th take part in the competition, and there are some fine exhibitions as section after section leaves the starting point, moves smartly to the firing point, unlimbers and goes into action. Sergeant Addis' section of Battery "D" 120th fires last and wins the Brigade championship by a remarkable exhibition of cool horsemanship, snappy, unhurried work by the gun crew and perfect adjustment of fire.

Sunday, March 9, 1919.

"Pay Day! Pay Day! That's the call

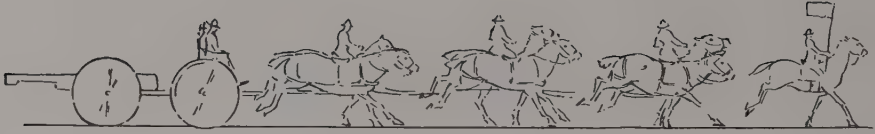
I love the best of all!"

But old Mama Mears the Q. M. of the 88th Division, stings a lot of fellows. He can find more authority for not paying a soldier than any paymaster we have so far encountered.

Inspection of quarters in morning. On account of bad weather conditions, all officers and men of 2nd Battalion are required to take a shot in the arm.

Saturday, March 8, 1919.

Sunshine and rain. Plenty mud. Boxing and wrestling matches at 119th "Y" in evening at Mauvages. Some of our gladiators compete. Our gang thinks we would have won more bouts had we chosen the referee. Sunday P. M. a bout between the Fightin' Dentist, Lt. Cressey and Lt. Richter of "C" Battery. Richter put a shade on Cressey. (a red bloody one!)



Many men laid up from the results of the anti-typhoid inoculation, which was a triple dose.

Monday, March 10, 1919.

Fine spring day. 1st Bn. fires in the morning and hurries back from range to clean up for a review tomorrow. "F" Battery under Captain Bigelow is on the way here. Just before leaving they were inspected by General Pershing, who complimented them highly.

Tuesday, March 11, 1919.

The finest day spring has brought, and ideal for the ceremony. Maj. Gen. Weigel of the 88th Div. reviewed and inspected the regiment. He was accompanied by General Irwin. The field was fine—things moved without a hitch (except the man with "C" Battery's guidon being bucked off his horse just in front of the reviewing stand) and the inspectors found very little to criticize. General Irwin was surprised to find that none of us expected to "stay in the army" and he also informed us that he has a bunch of French Croix de Guerres lately awarded to members of the 120th to be presented soon. "F" Battery is detraining at Gondrecourt tonight and moving to Gerauvilliers.

P. S. We're all in the Jug! Regiment under arrest until every one has a red clover leaf on (88th Insignia). Red arrows roused the General's ire, so all "pleasures" are suspended till we again brand ourselves with the "Clover".





Clover Leaves or Red Arrow?

From a Private Diary

Badonvilliers,
March 11th.

We're pinched! The whole regiment is in the coop! Jugged.

For why? How come?

Because—General Weigel went on a rampage, after he got home from inspecting us today, and thought over the absence of his pretty red clover leaf insignia for the 88th Division, and he ordered all leaves, passes, pleasures, trips out of regimental area, suspended until every man in the regiment wears a red clover leaf instead of the good old Red Arrow of the 32nd.

You see, we had a big Regimental Review and Inspection today, and the General looked us over. As fine a spring day as I ever saw. With the entire outfit mounted, we marched out to the big aviation field some four kilometers down the pike and there paraded and circled and passed in review until the General got an eyeful.

It was a fine sight. I never will get over my liking for the scene which is depicted when you lead an artillery regiment out over a smooth rolling landscape under a bright sunshine.

After Captain Sammond had formed the regiment, which took up most of a twenty acre field, Generals Weigel and Irwin appeared on the scene, and we did all the usual ceremonies.

Everything went smoothly until C Battery came by and then Loomis with the Guidon, dipped it in salute to the general and the bronco he was riding got excited by the red flag and started to bucking. He did a good job too, threw the rider off and then ran between the lead and swing teams of the right section and tied up the parade for a moment, but that was nothing out of ordinary with horses feeling as they do these days.

Later—while inspecting the staff, the General got sore because most of the men had ripped off the 88th insignia since we had news that we'd be "returned to our own division."

Also—when he asked about half of them whether they intended to stay in the army, they usually answered—"No sir. I should say not!" and he couldn't quite understand that either.



Official Diary

Wednesday, March 12, 1919.

The usual sort of a day. Colonel Penner goes to horse school at Commercy. The spirit of re-union brings "F" Battery officers to Badonvilliers for a party at Mr. Cafe's, and on this auspicious occasion, is born:

THE 120TH MARCHING SONG

I love to hear the Infantry with its bold and martial tread,
The sound of the galloping Cavalry re-echoes thru my head;
But sweeter still, than any sound that mortal ever made
Is the sound of the 120th agoing on Parade.

CHORUS

Oh! It's "Cannoneers, prepare to mount!"
It's Action Front!—or Rear!
The man who does his damndest is the loyal cannoneer—
The sound of the Soixante Quinz is the sweetest ever made,
The sound of the 120th a going on Parade.

(Repeat after each drink)

It's Double Section Right Oblique,
The Drivers do that fine,
A move to either flank brings them right up into line,
The sound of the cussing drivers is the sweetest ever made
The sound of the 120th agoing on parade.

Thursday, March 13, 1919.

Weather fine. Nothing to report except that half ration of forage has started horses eating up all the mangers; repair squads busy all the time. Sgt. Schuelke of Regimental Hqrs. office force returns from a furlough in Toulon. Capt. Schaefer discharged from Hospital, and under orders to return to the U. S., visits regiment.

2nd Battalion leaves for a two day maneuver with 352nd Infantry of the 88th Division.

Friday, March 14, 1919.

Beautiful spring weather—country starting to dry up. A party from 107th Engineers goes through on way to Germany, saying 32nd will be in Antwerp April 9th. Perhaps we'll move very soon. Colonel Penner returns from 2nd Army Horse school at Commercy.

2nd Battalion returns tired and hungry after a day of maneuvers and hiking.



Saturday, March 15, 1919.

A bright sunny morning—a warm breeze blowing. Every one feeling fine as we turn out for mounted inspection. A mile to the east lies our parade ground. It is an immense aviation field, lately abandoned. Spread out over its smoothly rolling acres, the Regiment fully mounted is indeed an imposing spectacle. The Adjutant forms them in "Column of batteries, double section line." Colonel Penner inspects each man and all horses, harness and materiel.

Then a competition is settled—the men with "the best carriage" win furloughs. Hq. Co. Fourgon and "B" Battery gun win over all the regiment.

It is mess time now. The columns start for home—a race develops between Batteries "D" and "E"—to see who will get to the road first and thus eat mess much earlier. It is a stirring sight—two whole batteries in column—racing side by side—red guidons fluttering at the head—the twinkling legs of hundred of horses trotting fast or galloping. "E" Battery won the race.

What does an army cost the tax payers when the present costs in Europe are:

Oats	\$ 8 a sack
Mules	\$600 each
Horses	\$500 each
Hay	\$125 a ton

Horses beginning to show effects of short rations, 7 pounds of oats per day for heavy and 5½ pounds for light animals. In spite of wire and tin protection they have eaten all wood within reach except the knots.

Sunday, March 16, 1919.

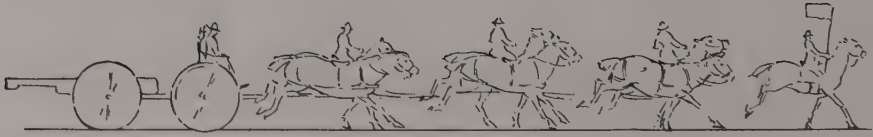
Men work all day getting ordnance ready for inspection by Ordnance Officer. We are warned that outfits whose materiel was criticized had their sailing dates delayed:—nothing like that will happen to us.

Big show tonight never came. The "Show every night" talk is all bunk. We go to the Y—wait—wait—wait—then go to bed.

Monday, March 17, 1919.

Weather fine, but no one appreciates it. Every one getting a shot of "triple hippo" in the arm—against Typhoid. It's a humdinger of a shot and makes a fellow awful sick. Ordnance officer inspects our materiel and lists needed repair parts.

Some of our officers serve on Special Court at Amanty to try ten men of the 147th F. A. accused of raiding a wine cellar in a French chateau. They have already paid 5,000 francs which seems punishment enough.



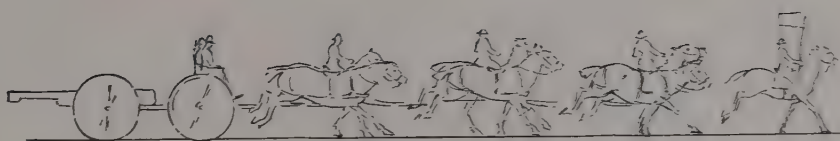
Maj. Gen. Summerall
(Right)



Brig. Gen. G. Leroy Irwin (center) Our Brigade Commander

Brig Gen. Irwin.





Col. Penner and Capt. Sammond



Col. Penner
and
Lieut. Col. Fish



Col. Penner inspects the Regiment



Tuesday, March 18, 1919.

All night the billets echo to groans of pain. Every one with a sore arm, chills and fever. The boys swear Doc Armitage and Doc Cottingham borrowed the Vets hypodermic, and that they inject a quart of vaccine every shot. Our band leaves for a tour of duty in the leave area.

2nd Battalion marches to range in a blinding snow storm.

Pass 121st F. A. (155 M/M) on road near Abbainville on a practice march with their new motorized equipment. It would have been quite useful to them a year ago.

Wednesday, March 19, 1918.

Second Battalion firing on Houdelaincourt range. General Irwin phones and gives us a going over on account of delay in beginning fire. Brigade ammunition officer had changed location of dump without notifying us and the time was lost locating it. However, the firing goes well and the problems are finished on time, so the general is well pleased.

Thursday, March 20, 1918.

We awake in a snow storm. Real March weather. But it won't last long. The band left just in time (on the 18th) to escape the cold weather. To Nimes they went, down on the Mediterranean. A two weeks job that will be as good as a leave. Lt. Bewick in charge and Henry Winsauer left out, due to being on leave himself. Assistant Band Leader Leo Schoepf conducting.

Inspection of horses and stables by 88th Div. Inspector—pronounced O. K.

Friday, March 21, 1919.

Muddy and sloppy underfoot once more. Spring in this country is a bit elusive—here today and gone tomorrow.

Lt. Gallun returned from a "sight seeing tour" with a party of men sent to bring new automobiles from Gievres. They stopped both at Tours and Paris. Nice trip.

Capt. Tapping and Lieut. Slensby with entries from our regiment are at Corps Horse show.

Saturday, March 22, 1919.

Today's "Field Meet" is postponed. Too muddy and rainy for outdoor sports. Usual Saturday inspection of billets and materiel.

Lt. Kusserow and baggage detail return from a trip to Gievres, after barrack bags left last spring when we went to Alsace. They got about half of them and these had been half emptied. Tough luck.

This week's issue of the Stars & Stripes tells a tale of re-populated Juvigny and one of the pencil sketches portrays Col. Penner's old cave P. C. in that town. This brings out many reminiscences.

Capt. Tapping and Lieut. Slensby return from 9th Corps Horse Show without any prizes.



Sunday, March 23, 1919.

Spring has dropped in on us for another day. Many men leaving for Divisional School—IXth Corps Hq. In spite of the fact that we will leave the area very soon, they make the poor old artillerymen do the work—go to school whether they like it or not—and change them from students to KP's at will.

The Minneapolis Tribune prints an article, saying the 88th has a brigade of artillery "DRAFTEES" attached. We comment suitably, if not circumspectly.

The "Oklahoma Trio" puts on a show at our "Y".

During the day many officers and men ride over to Domremy, birth place of Jeanne d' Arc. Her home still stands in the village and on the hillside where she had her visions, a beautiful church has been erected.

Monday, March 24, 1919.

The 88th "Camp Dodger" gives us credit with the following—"The 57th F. A. Brigade has the honor of having spent more hours on the front—had less casualties while more ground was taken in front of it by the Infantry—and has fired more shells at the Boche than any F. A. Brigade in the AEF." From GHQ reports. We guess they're right! Some record for a little old N. G. outfit, hey what?

Today at Colonel Penner's direction, all former members of the Regiment were written of the fact that we go home soon, and that they may transfer back to us if they so desire.

Tuesday, March 25, 1919.

Rain—mud. Another "war". March 20 kilos to the scene of battle. Carnage ends about 1 P. M. All officers go to a "Y" hut to listen to critiques by General Naylor, Chief of Staff, 9th Corps, General Summerall, Commanding General 9th Corps and General Weigel, Commanding 88th Division. "Y" girls handing out refreshments go over bigger than the generals.

Colonel and party return at 4:00 P. M. Lieut Alexander returns to regiment after separation which dates back to Saumur, when he with Capt. "Zwei" Einfeldt, Lts. Jim Leaman, Gordon Hall, Donald Armour and Nelson Boice were transferred to the 78th Division. Lt. Hall died of wounds received in action.

Turning in wagons now. Horses soon. Preparing to leave. Delousing progresses at the rate of a battery a day. Heavy casualties in the ranks of the cooties.

Wednesday, March 26, 1919.

Rain. Inspection of paper work by Brigade. In Battery "B" Lt. Lathrop's edict, "Greased shoes or no chow" sends several from the mess line and Bulletin Board blossoms forth with a poem.

Movies in "Y" in evening showing pictures taken of soldiers' relatives in Milwaukee and elsewhere and many recognize familiar faces.



Lieut. Walsh, 2nd Bn. Adjutant and Lieut. Unland, Battery "D" transferred to 6th Division. They applied for commissions in the Regular Army.

Thursday, March 27, 1919.

Rain—Cold—High winds. All dope indicates that we leave within a couple of weeks for Brest or St. Nazaire instead of Antwerp. 32nd will go home via French port. Colonel Penner and Major Kuechenmeister go on three day leave to Paris.

Lieut. Allen Falbe to duty as Adjutant, 2nd Bn. in place of Lieut. Walsh.

Friday, March 28, 1919.

THE 88th DIVISION MOTOR SHOW comes off with a bang! It was a fine show.

Preparatory orders had been issued saying that in the judgment of all motor transportation, LENGTH OF SERVICE would be considered and would influence the granting of prizes.

Our motor kings—Zawaska, Bunde, Fredericks and Egan worked night and day for over a week painting, polishing brass, scraping mud, tinkering carburetors, removing the very bolts from the frames in order that they might shine from the excess application of elbow grease.

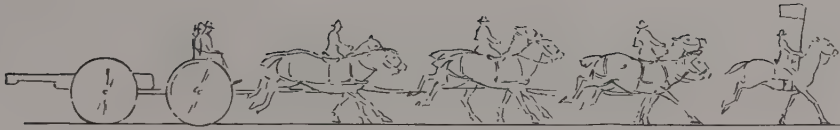
We "had a cinch"—winning prizes—in this show. Of course. Hadn't the old Dodge run some 25,000 miles over the battle fronts of Europe, since the early days of Alsace—and the motorcycles too. Why they'd climbed in and out of all the shell holes from the Argonne back thru history, uprooting a tree here and there it is true, or cutting wire in a cross country flight. While just now, in their new coats of O. D. paint, with engines in mechanically perfect condition, they looked as good as on day of issue.

The cycles and the cars went to the show. The Judges were most unkind in their remarks. Forgotten was the promise—"length of service considered!"—and Fredericks says they actually bawled him out for bringing over such wrecks. They are all we have and we were ordered to enter. "That side car is on the bum—got a hole in the bottom!" said the first man. The Ford was "used" and the Dodge not much better. They chased us off the field!

For the 88th had secured brand new issue cars—had polished the various parts before assembling. Then bolting them together (although the bolts were not tightened) they had loaded all these "exhibits" in motor trucks and hauled them to the field where they were placed upon prepared spots, not a speck of mud in evidence. Of course they won all the prizes.

We don't regret their action—we know the "prizes" belong to the manufacturers who made the cars more than to the 88th who assembled them. And we know that our own transportation, thru unbelievable care, is ready to give as much service as their's, after all its use on the front.

We receive notice that "accountability and responsibility" for U. S. property again goes into effect on April 1st. We hope to have orders to turn in our property before that time, preparatory to going home.



Headquarters Thirty Second Division

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
RENGSDORF, GERMANY

28, March 1919

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 23

1. It is with sincere pleasure that the Division Commander publishes to the command the following letter from the Commander in Chief:

Major General William Lassiter,
Commanding 32nd Division,
American E. F.

My dear General Lassiter:

Please extend to the officers and men of the 32nd Division my sincere compliments upon their appearance and upon the splendid condition of the artillery and transportation at the review and inspection on March 15th. In fact, the condition of your command was what would be expected of a division with such a splendid fighting record.

After training for several months following its arrival in February 1918, it entered the line in Alsace and held this sector until the time of the Aisne-Marne Offensive, when it moved to that active front. On July 30th, it entered the line on the Ourcq and in the course of its action captured Cierges, Bellevue Farm and the Bois de la Planchette. The attack was resumed on August 1st, the division pushing ahead until it crossed the Vesle, and captured the town of Fismes. On August 28th, it again entered the line and launched attacks which resulted in the capture of Juvigny at the cost of severe casualties. During the Meuse-Argonne offensive the 32nd Division entered the line on September 30th, and by its persistence in that sector it penetrated the Kriemhilde Stellung, taking Romagne and following the enemy to the northeastern edge of the Bois de Bantheville. On November 8th, the division took up pursuit of the enemy east of the Meuse until the time when hostilities were suspended.

Since the signing of the Armistice the 32nd Division has had the honor to act as a part of the Army of Occupation. For the way in which all ranks have performed their duties in this capacity, I have only the warmest praise and approval. The pride of your officers and men justified by such a record, will insure the same high morale which has been present in the division during its stay in France. I want each man to know my appreciation of the work he has done and of the admiration in which he is held by the rest of his comrades in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.



Saturday, March 29, 1919.

Field meet again postponed on account of heavy snow. Our 1,700 half starved horses, most of them standing in snow drifts and lashed by a biting wind in the open sheds, suffer severely.

"Liberty Belles" shows at Badonvilliers "Y" hut in evening.

Sunday, March 30, 1919.

Weather continues bad. Good show this evening.

Monday, March 31, 1919.

The big news continues to come. April 8th we are finished with the 2nd Army, 9th Corps, 88th Division, and turned over to the C. G. SOS for travel to Port and we hope—32nd Division.

Major Mears, our beloved Pay Master calls up "ordering Lieut. Lathrop C. O. of Battery "B" to "walk to Gondrecourt" and *also walk back*" as punishment for forgetting to sign his name on a voucher. The Adjutant tells him we dont punish Battery Commanders like naughty children. Colonel Penner and Major Kuechenmeister return from leave.

Property inventories of all organizations completed preparatory to resuming "accountability and responsibility" tomorrow. Some job.

A Lieutenant Colonel and a Major from the 7th Division make a survey of our billets and stables. Their outfits are to be the next tenants of our town. They left our midst looking profoundly gloomy.

Tuesday, April 1, 1919.

Pay day—and all but nine men get theirs. We're sorry for the nine—but we have to have some kind of a goat for Mama Mears.

Today we start breaking stone. Put striped suits on our Road Menders and we'd feel "right back home again" in Waupun!

General Irwin inspects billets in Badonvilliers and Gerauvilliers.

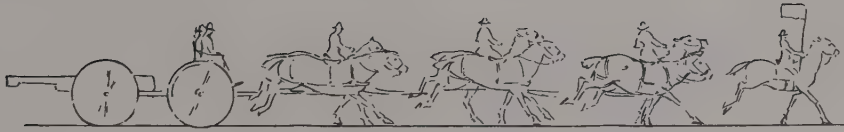
Wednesday, April 2, 1919.

News comes that we turn in horses at once. Great joy registered by Stable Police, etc. All sorts of activity in preparation for moving.

Thursday, April 3, 1919.

Spring weather. Cpts. Sammond, Bigelow and Van Brunt leave for old battle fields on the Vesle and the Soissons Plateau to photograph graves and look over the scenes of our fights.

"Delousing" is one of the principal activities these days as we are warned that not even a mascot cootie will be permitted to embark.



Friday, April 4, 1919.

Cloudy—more rain coming. Turning in all materiel to Mauvages park, under guard, pending arrival of S. O. S. Ordinance Officer. Lieut. Hannifin, Battery "C" in charge of detail at Mauvages. All cavalry mounts, including the beautiful Saumur horses, were turned over to the 88th Div. remount today. Commission received for some of our Saumur graduates, who were denied them by the order of November 11th halting all promotions. The following Sergeants become 2nd Lieuts, but many are in doubt whether to accept as most of them will be surplus in the regiment and may be transferred and prevented from going home with the outfit.

Andrew F. Bell
William Butler
George C. Carney
F. G. Houlehan

Albert F. Jeffries
R. G. Kellogg
William H. Kraske
Harold A. Morgan

Saturday, April 5, 1919.

Sun and a warm day. Many horses going to remount station, details in charge of Lieut. Pilgrim, Veterinarian. Word comes that General Pershing will review us with 88th Division. We don't *want* to turn out with them, so are pleased when order is later rescinded. Big Brigade Review instead, with several medals coming to us. We turn over some single mounts to 88th Div. Hqrs. Company.

Boxing tonight—about eight bouts.

Capt. Zeb French and Capt. Needham, from Regular Army divisions, attached to regiment for duty; having put in for immediate discharge, they are to go home with us.

Sunday, April 6, 1919.

Fine weather. Church in morning. Regimental policing of orange peels and candy boxes left from Saturday's spree. Preparatory inspections because of Brigade Review tomorrow.

Orders come for our train movement to Base Port. A circular states that the last issues in France will be a "suit of blue denim and a diploma from French Government."

Monday, April 7, 1919.

Brigade Review by Maj. General Summerall, 9th Corps Commander, at Rosiers field. Expresses cordial appreciation of the Brigade's services to the officers in a good-bye speech, while Sgt. Maj. Browne plays Regt'l Commander and marches the regiment home.

Capt's Sammond, Van Brunt and Bigelow return from trip thru old battle grounds, where they found many interesting relics in our former positions.



All remaining horses turned in today and for the first time in the history of the regiment, we are a completely dismounted outfit. The "chevaux" have been our companions, patient, willing and long-suffering as the soldiers who cared for them. It means a tremendous load of work lifted from our shoulders, but a regretful parting nevertheless.

Tuesday, April 8, 1919.

Good weather. Turning in balance of equipment. Little to report.

All of the new Lieutenants except Lt. Kellogg were ordered to report today to the officers' depot at Gondrecourt. This means that they may not go home with us.

Wednesday, April 9, 1919.

Fine warm day.

Time devoted mostly to cleaning up. Horses all gone—materiel all gone—no harness to clean. We feel sort of "lost".

79th Division show at the "Y" in evening. Our Band returns from leave area with smashed horns as evidence of a big auto wreck and miraculous escape during the last days at Nimes.

Thursday, April 10, 1919.

Making "segregation lists" whereby all men are split up for demobilization in the "States", going to camps nearest home place of enlistment. About three fourths of the regiment will go to Camp Grant, Ill. intact. These days, the clerks are the boys who carry the load.

Band goes to Gerauvilliers and 2nd Bn. puts on formal retreat parade and review.

Friday, April 11, 1919.

After orders received to move on 15th to St. Nazaire, a later wire says "leave 18th for Brest". Colonel and party plan a rush auto trip to the Argonne.

All organizations busy making sailing lists. (8 copies).

Saturday, April 12, 1919.

Rain, mud and gloom on account of the postponement. Every day in France seems a month now. Several officers leave for short final visits to the battlefields.

Sunday, April 13, 1919.

Another change in the orders makes 15th entraining day again. Wires worked to recall the officers on three day leaves, including Colonel Penner and party. More rain.



Back Over Argonne Fields

APRIL 12-13th, 1919

From a Private Letter

We made a trip back thru the old battle fields of the Argonne, just for a last sight of the places that cost America so dear, to photograph a few graves of the boys we're leaving here behind us, before we go away, perhaps forever.

It was a miserable desolated scene—that stretch of land from Dombasle to Bantheville—more mud even than in November—worse roads, and now at least, no people to speak of. Everything was just the same as when we left it over four months ago, except the fact that the thousands and thousands of soldiers were no longer in evidence.

Yet—Spring has already touched the land with the first faint colors of her coming, and a few early wild flowers graced the hidden forest nooks where the Boche once lay in wait, and now and then a kindly spray of colored bloom sprang forth from the grave of one of our buried comrades. I picked some flowers for you my dear—I'm sending them herewith—from the Argonne, from the Bois de Bantheville, and the Foret de Hesse, from the Bois Hazois and the graveyard in Somerance—flowers which probably no one saw bloom this year, for that is a totally deserted country in which only the skeletons of villages remain.

We left Badonvilliers at daylight the other morning, breakfasting in Bar le Duc, and heading then for Dombasle which town used to be our base of supplies.

Reaching this place, we took the forest route thru the Foret de Hesse, stopping at the cross road in the woods by our first battery positions, which we had long since named "Cotties Corners" because Cottingham, our forward position surgeon, had his dressing station there for quite a long time. We walked back thru the forest, past the position from which the big French 240 Mm gun used to fire, rocking the earth with the concussion of its explosion, back to the Colonel's old P. C. where I took a picture of him in the doorway, after he had looked over the bunk where he used to sleep, down in the dark and muddy depths of the hole with its log roof; thence to the battery positions, the Battalion P. C.—the kitchens and so on.

Leaving there, we went by a terrible road, fully as bad as when we first crossed this old No Man's Land, into the heights about Montfaucon.

Montfaucon—once the watch tower from which the Crown Prince of Germany trained his giant telescope on the valleys stretching for miles away to Dead Man's Hill and to Verdun, watching the fight from a safe place—which place is now, however, a mass of ruins.

It recalled to us the early days when our batteries down near Malancourt fired thousands of rounds into the stony hillside upon which the tower is built, while the 79th and the 37th divisions assaulted it, storming the crests and capturing the town.

I remembered it as a towering height of land, upon the highest pinnacle of which there were the ruins of a great church. This used to loom up as the first object visible in the fog of the dreary days, which were our lot then.



Today—it is almost leveled to the earth. Of the church just the four corners remain—the corners of the tower—rising into the sky like four short smokestacks of a dirty factory, the pink kalsomining of the interior marred by the bullets from rifles, machine guns and flying shell fragments. Over all the walls and over all the tombs of the graveyard at the front, are written names of thousands of American soldiers, who cling to the old habit of leaving their addresses upon any available smooth spot in public view.

This graveyard by the way, is a sight for the Gods. Hundreds of shells have landed within its small area, and almost every tomb and tombstone is shattered to greater or less extent. Here a figure of a Virgin, sans arms or legs or head. There a great marble shaft or block, splintered and rent completely asunder by the great explosions. Along the German side—good sized tombs or mausoleums, with the walls penetrated by “peep holes”, within which men took refuge from the shell splinters, while they observed the activities of the enemy line thru high powered glasses, and helped the batteries adjust their fire.



REGIMENTAL P. C. BOIS DE HESSE



We went to the old O. P. (observation post) from which I first had a look upon the strongly held German forests of this sector, but the drizzling rain now falling made it difficult to see far or to get good photographs.

Leaving after awhile, we went down the short road thru Ivoiry and Epinonville, and at this latter place, I well remembered how we came up there one day in the gloom of early evening, looking for a place to put our base (as I was then out of the battery and occupied with headquarters work)—how we marched across the rolling hills in mud knee deep, and over into the Bois Emont beyond, in which I finally selected a home in the "Crown Prinz's Wald House". Again we marched across those hills, leaving the car in the town. Past the poor little graves of some of our Signal Corps men, hastily buried in a shell hole now full of water, with just the tiny crosses and the regimental insignia visible above the wet ground—on past the battery position in the valley where Captain Swift was so grievously wounded and poor Lieut. Harris was killed trying to get him to a place of safety—into the wonderful little cottages, where we had the headquarters P. C.'s of our various outfits and on round thru the ammunition dumps, where my old friend Gene Pruett lost an arm during a heavy shelling.

From here on, we followed the line of the main advance, past Cierges and Gesnes, on into the town of Romagne, arriving there just at dusk and wondering if we'd find a place to stay that night.

What a sight that town was. I'd never seen it before, for it was captured not very long before we pulled out of the sector, being just about the last town taken by the 32nd Division. It was peculiarly destroyed. It seemed that nearly all walls of the houses were standing but the roof and the front of every house was completely blown in—a condition seldom found. It was a cold and cheerless prospect—the streets cleaned of debris it is true, but the yards and the interiors of the houses in a perfect mess of fallen stone, timbers, and broken furniture.

Going down the length of the main street, we came to a house set in the fork of the road marked with huge-signs "Keep out—Mined." We kept out. As we were sizing it up from the outside we heard talk in a nearby shed, and found a squad of the 15th Cavalry billeted there. Asking where we could find a place to sleep, we learned that there was a Y over the other side of town.

We found the place without difficulty and a little old shorty who finally answered my knocking said they were just packing to move over near the "grave yard" but we got a place to stay that night. It was impossible to get anything to eat there, so he took us over to "Headquarters."

"Headquarters" proved to be the layout of the G. R. S. (Graves Registration Service)—which is making a big central cemetery in Romagne. We found them living in board shacks with a big tent camp of some 3,000 or 4,000 niggers up on the hill side. And all along the slopes to the east of town were great yawning graves six feet wide and about 100 feet long, wherein they are planting the boys who are lying now in scattered graves all over the country thereabout.



The total dead of the U. S. in this war is somewhere around 50,000. Of these about 17,999 were killed and buried here in one small tract of the Argonne. And not so very distant—to be gathered up now and placed in this cemetery. There are all told about 26,000 bodies, they say—or about one half our dead.

The officers welcomed us. Visitors are strangely enough, not infrequent. Nearly every day they say, some 10 to 20 officers drop in from just such trips as ours, looking over old scenes, hunting graves of friends, etc.

They had eaten supper but they got the cooks busy and while waiting we sat about talking and listening to the rain coming down in torrents outside, the dreary landscape fortunately shut out by the silk cloth window panes which let in light but which you cannot see thru.

Sitting over back of the roaring stove, one of the medical lieutenants talked to me at length. He had been here but three weeks and the work evidently got on his nerves. He didn't like it. "The worst job in the A. E. F." he emphatically announced, "digging up the dead."

He said that the niggers seemed about equally divided—some of them seeming to actually glory in the work and never tired of talking about it. But that the other half saw approximately a million ghosts every night after they went to bed, and were hard to handle.

Its ugly work—and so utterly foolish I think. I know if I were dead over here, I'd much rather be lying on some windswept hill-top, where friendly hands of comrades had buried me, than to have a bunch of niggers taking my bones out of Mother Earth's kind embrace, and sticking me in with a hundred others. Why don't they let the dead rest in peace!

Well, we had supper there. While we ate, a Lieutenant Colonel breezed in and said "Gentlemen, you'll have to show me your orders for being here. I'm from the Inspector General's Department and this is my job—to investigate."

Way up there in the wilds, this was a surprise. Of course we had our orders o. k. but there were three officers there who will get theirs. They were from St. Nazaire, and had orders giving them permission to visit Nice, and had stopped in Romagne "on their way home." That is about like having permission to go to New Orleans from Tampa, Fla., and "stopping in Cleveland on the way home." Somewhat off their beat. They'll be court martialed I suppose, but I should worry.

Going back to the Y. M. C. A. we built a fire in the big stove, played the piano, and sat about talking until nine o'clock, when every one turned in on cots by the fire, sleeping in fine comfort until morning. We had expected no such luck.

Next morning we followed the road through Sommerance and past Cote Dame Marie—the hardest Obstacle that the boys crossed in all this fighting, for



there on that steep hillside, covered with the most tangled and matted heavy undergrowth, the Germans had, in a natural fortress, established their second line of resistance,—the foremost pillars of the Kriemhilde Stellung, and there they were determined to hold fast or die in the attempt.

They died—of course—but thousands of our boys died too, and in the rolling fields which lie before this hillside, between it and the little town of Gesnes, there were thousands of bodies lying on the day following the big assault, just as far as eye could reach. Fields dotted every few feet with the tumbled twisted bodies of men cut down by machine gun fire as they advanced.

We went up on top of the crest—walked thru the hundreds of Boche machine gun nests—there were some men missed by the burial squads, even now unburied—one of them still sitting against the trunk of a tree with his gas mask in his hands, just as he'd been caught by an unexpected shell burst. We went then to the battery positions, across shell holes which still gave evidence of the miraculous escape of our boys from many casualties here—past the great steel and concrete bomb-proofs which we occupied after chasing the Germans out—and over all the land we found the same old debris of war, for the salvage squads had not penetrated this far north yet.

Passing on along the crest of the Stellung, just this side of Sommerance we came to the deep ravines where the Marines and the Rainbow Division were stuck for days, unable to go forward, altho the old 32nd was forging on ahead.

It was in one of these ravines, that a son of the Colonel's partner was supposed to have been killed. Harold Reilly his name was. A surviving Sergeant had told the Colonel afterward that when the Marines went over the crest just at this spot, Reilly and his pal had hopped out of the ravine with a machine gun; a shell landed just behind them catching both with the spray of fragments. We searched the nameplates of perhaps 200 graves without avail, so decided that the Sergeant might be wrong as to the exact location.

In the town of Sommerance, there is naught but wreckage—scattered ruins—reduced to almost powder, for the most part, tho here and there the shell of a house is standing. Over all is the scattered mass of bricks and stones and timbers, while in the Church there is every evidence of the Boche shooting things up with explosives before they left. I have pictures from there and picked up a peculiar little bit of glass framed statuary remaining unscathed.

As I stood in the doorway of this church which is on a high knoll, looking down over the village hunting for graves in the gardens about, I spied two old Frenchmen up on top of one building fixing the roof. Going down, I found that one family had moved back. The Germans had planted wheat in the fields hereabout, during the season they held this front, and now these wise old folks had come back to harvest it, for it is doing nicely and will take care of them if they can live somehow until July.



Going on then to the town of Landres St. George we found the same conditions—and then—just as we climbed thru the shell holes and bogs of a sunken road at the edge of town, we saw another of the many strings of crosses, and climbing out, the Colonel took one and I the other. Almost immediately we found the marker of the boy we were searching for, and it was quite a bit of luck at that, to find it among so many. Likely he'll be taken up later and reburied in the Romagne cemetery.

We took a picture of the grave for his father, and then went on.

Down the road we came at last to the hillsides of the Bois Hazois—which the Germans held for long after the 32nd passed on one side of it, firing into our ranks whenever chance permitted and doing terrible execution.

But after the Marines finally started forward, and when on November 1st, we turned loose on this country the terrific fury of our rolling barrage, it paralyzed the Germans and cleared the way to victory in these woods and many others on the road to Germany.

From the Cote Dame Marie, after it was captured, we used to see from the Observation Post clear into the Bois Hazois, and in one corner of it we had discovered a 77 German gun, waiting for tanks, should we send them. Now—we went over hunting for it, and found the piece still there, overlooked by salvage crews. At the place (which was literally torn to pieces by 120th shells) there was evidence of dead Germans, and a few horses lay in the woods about, to add to the ensemble of foul odors. Boche material was scattered all over. As there was so much of it, I became "souvenir hunter" for the moment, and picked up a Boche carbine for Don.

It was to this place that the Colonel had followed the infantry, after our barrage had passed on and they were advancing. We went to a little cave not far off, where he and a couple of Loots had gone that memorable day. In the cave they had found a dead Boche officer and a soldier. As the Colonel turned away, a live one appeared which he promptly took prisoner. Finding him slightly wounded, he was sent on to the rear for treatment. I guess that was probably the 120th's only official prisoner. Today—the Boche officer and the soldier were still lying there, tho some one had stolen the officer's Iron Cross which the Colonel remembered he wore and had left with him.

Down below the hill from this woods (Bois means woods) is a famous strong point—la Dhuy Ferme—which our guns shelled incessantly together with the Bois de Bantheville and the town of Bantheville.

The farm is almost utterly destroyed, but wooden shacks have sprung up all about, and a few lonesome Frenchmen are herding there, several hundred Boche prisoners who are kept at work repairing the roads in the country round about. These roads, however, are so far almost impassable. The way the DODGE stands up and keeps going over such stuff is simply remarkable. I never would have believed a car of that class could do it.

We traveled the Bois de Bantheville, looked over the many places we'd fired upon—circled thru the town which is the worst destroyed in all this sector, with not one house standing even five feet high, literally pulverized.



Then going back thru Romagne, we cut off thru a by-road until we came to the old "last stand" in front of Gesnes, hoping to get to this town that way and at the same time to pass Lt. Harding's grave. Just at the place where he was buried—at the edge of a wood about fifty yards from the German wire, where they had shot him while on scouting duty—is the little cross, beautifully carved considering the circumstances, setting forth name, rank, and date of death, surmounted by metal wreath, probably filled there by B. Battery boys, to which outfit he really belonged.

I photographed the grave, hoping to send a picture to Mrs. Harding later, and then after a last look at the place, we started down the road, but soon found it impassable. The salvage men have been blowing up great ammunition dumps hereabouts, and often as not, they had been mined by the Germans, before they left, so that when they exploded one about 50 yards away from the road, a second explosion ran entirely under the road itself and blew it up too, making a hole which now has become a lake filled with water.

We got turned around somehow and back on the main road to Gesnes. At this place, we stopped at a very fancy little boche bungalow, built in the good old days when this was almost a "rest area" for them. Lighting a fire in the perfectly good stove we cooked dinner, and then looked about the place. The cottage was interesting. Built of little short three inch logs, split, with bark outside, kalsomined inside half way down from the ceiling by an expert workman, and paneled below a wainscoting with burlap of rich colors. Over the inside of the porch was the fancy lettered sign of "Gott strafe England!" Inside, on one of the burlap panels, we found where the four occupants had made life size silhouettes of each other's heads, four Boche officers. We cut out these panels and I kept two of them for myself.

At this town we had our Regimental Hq. for quite a long time, and the place held many memories of rather exciting happenings. They shelled the batteries and headquarters here most of the time—the men living in dugouts and eating outside "between shellings," at a large table under the trees. One evening when a whole group of men were sitting about having chow at this long table, a shell burst just at the end of it, one of the "whizzbang" type that comes in so quickly that you don't have time to duck. It never hurt a soul, for some miraculous reason, but they upset the table in the rush for dugouts and spilled all the bean soup they had that night for supper.

Another time, one of those shells lit just against the little cottage where old Fritz the cook had his kitchen, pushing the logs in but not quite coming thru. Nearly scared him to death, but he kept right on cooking.

Then just at the edge of C. Battery's dugout, which was not over three feet deep, they dropped a big shell one day. The hole is still there. It would make a good excavation for the basement of a school. About 30 feet across and 20 feet deep. Big chunks of dirt a yard square were thrown up high in the air. It would have killed a whole battery had it lit in their midst.

We looked all about—took all the pictures we wanted—including the grave of Sgt. Carl Weigell, who was the only man killed outright at this place, tho several others later died of wounds,—then—we climbed aboard the old car and started for home, the sun coming out now that we had finished our trip.



Waiting for Cars



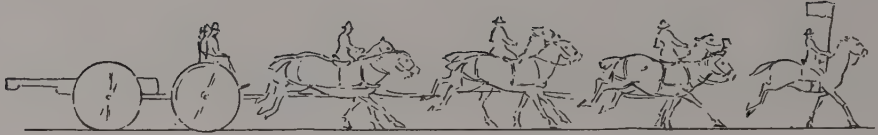
Last Meal in Mauvages



Loading for Brest



Who's the Little One ?



Official Diary

Monday, April 14, 1919.

Orders again changed, so that we leave tomorrow for Brest. Brigade Headquarters and other regiments moving. Weather bad. Busy with final packing. Major Edw. Roth, Regular Army, assigned to regiment for trip home, assigned to command 2nd Bn. Captain Smith goes back to command his own Battery "F" and Captain Bigelow to the Supply Company.

Tuesday, April 15, 1919.

121st F. A. moves out. Orders are now so mixed that we don't know whether we go to Brest or St. Nazaire. Brest means a better boat. But we hope to leave tomorrow for somewhere.

News comes that all of 32nd in Germany was decorated by General Mangin. We "absent children" are duly joyful, and joiners for the 32nd Division Veterans Ass'n are coming in fast. Our last night in Badonvilliers, where we have made the longest stop since we left Camp MacArthur at Waco.

Since the armistice our men have lived under conditions unfit for animals, their homes the lofts of filthy stables, their meals eaten standing among the manure piles in the village streets, their water supply contaminated, their clothing soaked by the daily rains. Warmth and comfort are words that most of them have forgotten. They must be tough birds, as they all look sinfully healthy.

Wednesday, April 16, 1919.

Everybody busy early with final packing. We bid our Badonvilliers hosts a last good-bye. We have made many kind friends in this village of old men and women, not the least of whom is the capable and tactful mayor. The school children have learned "The Star Spangled Banner" in our honor and a sprinkling of American cuss words and Mr. "Cafe" has prospered sufficiently to buy a motor truck to haul his "bier" from Gondrecourt. Captain Van Brunt remains behind to wait twenty-four hours for any additional claims of the villagers. We move to Mauvages by truck in typical 120th moving weather,—rain and lots of it. Nothing to load but baggage and rations for the trip. Rolling kitchens ranged in a row along the track furnish us our last hot meal and the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross are on the job with hot coffee, cookies and oranges. The band parades and plays while loading of baggage goes on. Our train consists of 35 *American* box cars and two old German coaches, one alleged first class and one third class. The 2nd Looies draw the 3rd class coach and are far from happy; wooden benches with rigid straight backs do not promise much in the line of bunk fatigue. The box cars have been supplied with straw ticks and the men will be fairly comfortable. Our train crew is mixed American and French and they quickly develop an international feud. We finally pull out at about 3:30 P. M. and make slow progress to Gondrecourt where seven of our Saumur graduates who were recently commissioned and hung up in the replacement officers camp come down to see us off, deeply disappointed at not being able to go home with the regiment.

We leave Gondrecourt and feel that we are at last started on our 72 hour journey to the Base port. As we pull out Lts. Andy Bell, Bill Butler, F. G. Houlehan and Albert T. Jeffries make a rush for the train, having received their orders to rejoin the 120th. Lts. Morgan, Kraske and Carney are left behind with orders to join other divisions.



Headquarters 57th F. A. Brigade

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7.

April 18, 1919.

1. The following letter of commendation from the Commanding General Ninth Corps, is published for the information of the command:

HEADQUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
A. P. O. 932

FRANCE, 10 April 1919

From: Major General C. P. Summerall, Commdg. Ninth Army Corps.

To: Commanding General, 57th Field Artillery Brigade.

Subject: Appreciation of Services.

1. Upon the relief of the 57th Field Artillery Brigade from the 9th Army Corps, in compliance with the orders from Higher authority, the Corps Commander desires to convey to the officers and soldiers of this brigade, his appreciation and commendation of the services rendered by the command, not only during its presence with the Corps but thruout its participation in the campaigns of the American Expeditionary Forces. The review of this Brigade for the Corps Commander, which was held on April 7th presented an excellent appearance and gave abundant testimony of the high morale and soldierly spirit that now animates the command.

2. The Brigade is composed of the 119th, 120th, 121st, and 147th Field Artillery Regiments. The records show that the Brigade arrived in France during March 1918, and trained at Camp Coetquidan. Firing batteries from this Brigade were furnished to the Artillery Training Camps at Saumur and at Montigny-sur-Aube during the succeeding year. The 119th and 147th Regiments served in the Toul Sector from June 5th to June 22nd, 1918, in support of the 26th Division. The entire Brigade served in the Haute Alsace Sector from June 12th to July 22nd, supporting the 32nd Division. It participated in the Aisne-Marne Offensive from August 1st to August 25th, supporting the 32nd, the 28th and the 77th Divisions, and advanced against resistance twenty kilometers. Without rest, it made a forced march to the Oise-Aisne Offensive and supported the 32nd American Division and the First Moroccan Division from August 28th to September 6th. It participated in the capture of Juvigny and Terny Sorny, advancing eight kilometers. After five days rest at Wassy, the Brigade marched to the Meuse-Argonne offensive where it supported the 79th, the 3rd, the 32nd and the 89th Divisions; serving continuously without relief, from September 26th to November 8th. During this period it advanced 26 kilometers and suffered severely from the campaign. It was then withdrawn to a rest area, where it served with the 40th Division at Revigny, and later with the 88th Division in the Gondrecourt area.

3. Not only has the Brigade performed its full share of duty in the 32nd Division to which it originally belonged, but it has contributed by its efforts and its sacrifices to the success of many other divisions of the American Army. The work of the training batteries at the centers of Artillery Instruction has been no less valuable in contributing to the success of our arms than that of the batteries engaged in combat, and they are entitled to a full share of the credit which is due the command.



' En Route
to
Brest '



4. Every officer and soldier may well cherish with pride the privilege of having participated in the momentous events of the campaigns with this Brigade, and its history will be a lasting inheritance to the Army and the American People. The good wishes and the abiding interest of the Corps Commander will remain with the members of the Brigade in their future success.

C. P. SUMMERALL.

By command of Brigadier General IRWIN.

Frederick J. Kolb,

1st Lt. F. A. A. D. C. U. S. A.

Asst. Adjutant.

Official Diary

Thursday, April 17, 1919.

After a night varying in degree of comfort from the men on the straw ticks to the loots on their wooden benches, we halt at about 7:30 and all get out and wash up. At about noon we stop at a town on the Loire and serve hot slum from our own kitchens on the train. We resume the journey passing thru Bourges and stopping at Villefranche where we got hot coffee from the French and the band got out and played. Another night on the rails. In the first class coach (so-called) quarters are crowded—seven in a compartment, but these German coaches have good stout baggage racks over head and each one does duty as a bunk, but when the brakes are suddenly applied the sleepers do a nose dive.

Friday, April 18, 1919.

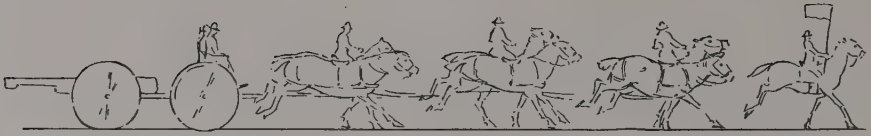
At about 9:30 A. M. we arrive at Le Mans where a very business like and hospitable Red Cross station serves hot coffee and sandwiches to the whole regiment. Shortly after leaving Le Mans we come to a stop and learn that an American troop train has been wrecked ahead of us and fourteen Americans killed. We are held up for hours, resuming the journey toward evening. During the evening we pass thru Rennes, near the scene of our training at Camp Coetquidan a year ago, which brings up many reminiscences of those busy days and thoughts of the loyal friends whose mortal remains we are leaving behind.

Saturday, April 19, 1919.

After another night on the rails we halt and wash up at Plouret and resume the last leg of the journey. We are now passing thru the familiar and picturesque scenery of Brittany. About noon we arrive at Brest. The first sight of the harbor with its many ships brought yells of joy from the gang. Baggage is unloaded and piled under guard and we are served a meal in big kitchens at the detraining point.

Baggage detail loads baggage on trucks. Men shoulder their heavy packs, fall in and the regiment, headed by the band, marches thru Brest and up the long hill some five kilometers to Camp Pontanezen, the Embarkation Camp, which we enter with band playing and colors flying. We are met by Major Einfeldt, who arrived a few days before on his way home from the hospital area.

There we are assigned to huts in a great area holding three divisions. Mess at kitchen which accommodates a Brigade in two hours, and made to "work on time". "A Battery messes at 6:29" "B Battery bathes at 9:45" "Detail of 50 men report at 7:22" so read the orders. Everybody is busy obeying a million or so of written orders



Camp Pontanezon-



from "Camp Hq." and if all goes well we ought to get thru this mad house in three or four days.

Sunday, April 20, 1919.

Everybody gets a physical examination, bath and change of clothing. Weather fine.

Somebody says it's Easter Sunday. It may be for all we know.

Monday, April 21, 1919.

Apparently we've hit the "22 days of sunshine in a Brest year".

After a delousing which left us with more cooties than we had originally, the paper work struggle began, clerks working nearly all night. Great details of as high as 800 men called for by day or night for policing, coaling steamers, making roads, etc. Pontanezen is an enormous big busy camp—over 110 buildings and the life and stir are gratifying after the dullness of billet towns.

At 3:00 P. M. we turn out all batteries for a Brigade review in a tiny field at the edge of camp—120th, 121st and 147th for presentation of French Croix de Guerre. Owing to wires crossed somewhere, the 147th is the only regiment receiving its recommendations in full. Captain Cottingham and Private 1st Cl. Theodore Janssen, Jr. Battery "A", are the ones honored in our regiment. Colonel Philipp Westphal returns to command of 121st F. A.

Council books and funds of all organizations inspected. Vanguard of 127th Infantry of 32nd Division arrives in camp from Germany.

Tuesday, April 22, 1919.

Another fine day. All the "unfortunates" who haven't been paid, drew all back pay today, in American long green. Some lads raked in nearly \$300.00.

The nigger labor outfit next door makes a fellow think of cotton picking time down south. Hundreds of big wide grins framing white teeth wherever you look. Some of their outdoor boxing bouts this evening were slugging matches worth seeing.

Orders just came, that we sail on SS *Wilhelmina*. The C. G. 57th F. A. Brigade is C. G. of ship—going aboard at 2:00 P. M. tomorrow, with our Battery "A" as advance party. Brig. Hq. and balance of 120th to embark at 7:30 April 24th. Here's hoping for a speedy return.

Colonel Bob McCoy with the 128th Infantry of the 32nd Division arrives in camp. Red Arrows all over the place and the Artillery and Infantry separated since the Argonne drive, renew old friendships.

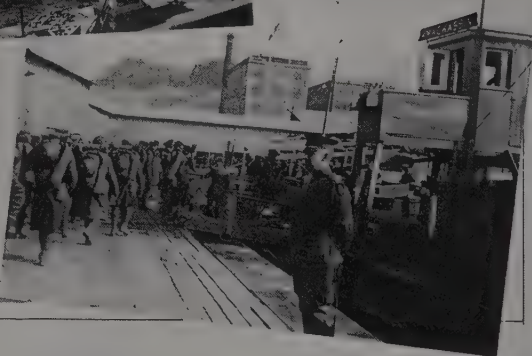
Wednesday, April 23, 1919.

Other units of 32nd arriving from Germany, 127th and 128th Infantry are in. General Irwin called as a witness in court martial and will not sail on *Wilhelmina*. Colonel Penner designated troop commander and goes aboard with Captain Sammond, Regimental Adjutant, and Battery "A" as advance party. Due to delay in unloading ship, sailing orders are changed to 25th.

Many men on pass visit Brest and take in the sights of this ancient city. Dozens of Americans, British and French warships are in the harbor and the sailors come ashore in boatloads. "Gobs" and "Limeys" fight on sight and street battles occur in every block.



· In Brest ·





Thursday, April 24, 1919.

Father O'connor, 32nd Division Chaplain, arrives in camp with Division Hqrs. and calls on his old friends of the 120th. At the boxing bouts at the "Y" in evening, Eddie Black and Sam Copen of "D" Battery 120th carry off the honors. Baggage detail leaves camp to spend night on the dock.

American Expeditionary Forces, France

France, Feb. 28, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 38-S

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS:

Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I cannot let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor. With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold; whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial cooperation you inspired the war-worn Allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully,

JOHN J. PERSHING,

Commander in Chief.

Official:

ROBERT C. DAVIS

Adjutant General



First step
Homeward



On Board the Lighter



In Brest
Harbor—



The Wilhelmina



Sailing Day

Friday, April 25, 1919.

At 3:00 A. M. we were astir and at 7:30 marching from Camp Pontanezen. We reached the docks at Brest at 9:00, our band playing all along the way, and the poverty stricken people of the districts we passed, waving—saying “Good-bye”.

After checking each man thru the iron gates, to the wharf, we were loaded aboard the “Knickerbocker” and the “Amackassin”, lighters, and down the harbor we steamed, past the presidents’ ship—the “George Washington”, past the “Arizona” and the British fleet now in harbor; past many German ships just brought in from the harbors of Germany, past many a little fishing dory with its faded red sail—until we edged into the side of the *Wilhelmina* and shot out the gang planks.

Battery “A” was waiting on deck to welcome us, and the checkers counted all men again—we were rushed and hurried over the decks to bunks in various compartments of the ship and after unloading baggage, the lighters pulled away.

Almost immediately, 12:30 P. M. we got under way and in an hour, the shores of France were but indistinct gray blurs upon the horizon.

Good-bye France. You’re a top hole little old country and you gave us some darned interesting times, but no one is sorry to leave you.

Prospects for a fine voyage. We have the ship practically to ourselves, as there are only a bakery company and a few casuals on board, besides our outfit and 57th Brigade Hqrs.

Saturday, April 26, 1919.

Yesterday everything was rather confused. Took a long time to finish serving mess and get settled down. Today we’ll get a system working. A few men have been seasick, but merely from the ground swell, for the sea is very calm. The day has been warm and sunny—men lying about all over the decks, with nothing to do but loaf—except a few small details. Movies and band concert tonight.

In the evening we passed a steamer homeward bound, but slower than the “*Wilhelmina*”.

Sunday, April 27, 1919.

Another fine day. Services at eleven followed by a band concert. Dinner to-day consisted of turkey and cranberry sauce, asparagus salad, peach pie, ice cream and coffee. We had forgotten there was such food in the world. Us for the Navy next war. Every one enjoying the fine sea, good eats and lack of work. A good commissary serves lunch at any hour and the Red Cross, Y, K. C. etc. are all with us, in good shape. “Abandon ship” drill in afternoon but we don’t get any thrills out of it, as we did coming over. Most of the subs in the German Navy, we saw tied at a wharf in Brest harbor. Passed a steamer this evening, far off on our starboard bow. Hope to catch and pass the *Frederick* with the 119th F. A. before we make New York. More movies and concerts.



Boarding the Wilhelmina



Chow time at Sea



Monday, April 28, 1919.

The weather is still running fine. This unruffled sea is most remarkable. Set our watches back two hours this morning. We are plowing homeward at great speed and now expect to make port by Saturday. Have overtaken and passed several vessels, including the "Grant" and the "Matawaska" on which our lost "horse detail" came to France. The sailors talked back and forth with flags, learning that they had troops of the 35th Division aboard. A school of porpoises convoys us for a while today.

Tuesday, April 29, 1919.

All day long we loaf about the decks, or have a little horse play for exercise. Some boxing bouts to be staged between soldiers and sailors, in which the sailors will probably get trimmed. The voyage is beginning to get just a bit tiresome for we are all anxious to see the old Statue of Liberty again.

Wednesday, April 30, 1919.

Sea beginning to kick up a bit and some of our warriors suffer loss of appetite. The ship's band and our own have grown very chummy and combine to play concerts daily. Movies every evening in the ward room.

Thursday, May 1, 1919

Quite a sea running and many are missing from the mess lines.

Friday, May 2, 1919.

The last two days we've had a rough time of it. Wind blowing half a gale and heavy seas running. This packet bobs and rolls and pitches like the deuce, due to lack of cargo in her hold, and consequently only the lucky ones have escaped severe seasickness. The sailors have named the *Wilhelmina* the "Rolling Willy."

Officers and men alike have devoted their time to feeding the fishes and its no uncommon sight at meal time to see twenty or thirty mess kits filled with half eaten food, waiting for their owners who beat a hasty retreat to the decks when the qualms came on.

We lost speed on account of headwind, from 370 down to 325 miles a day, so there is doubt if we'll make port by Sunday. Weather moderating today and folks feeling better.

Saturday, May 3, 1919.

The ship's commander received a wireless during the morning changing our destination from New York to Boston, and we changed our course.

Today we had the big fight. Several bouts, topped off with a "Cup Fight" which proved to be a ridiculously funny battle royal between four husky niggers from the ships crew.

In the regular bouts, the army had decidedly the best of it, though the judge's decisions were calculated to please our courteous navy friends.

Weather fine and we make good progress. We take advantage of the leisure to convene a board to take action on battery council books as many "vouchers" have been lost in our wanderings thru France.



The Middle
of the
Ocean



Loafing in
the Sun



Heavy Seas



The Stern

Officer's Sun Bath



A Bite from the
Commissary

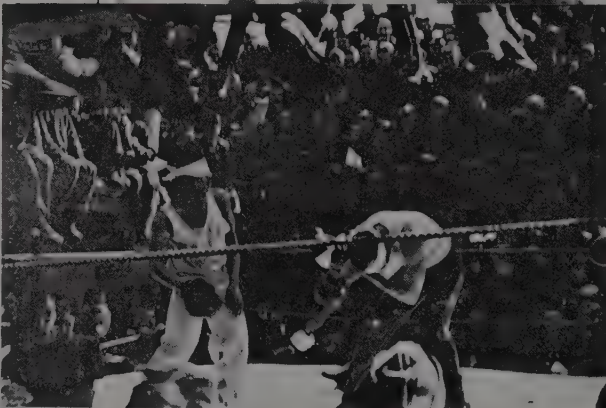
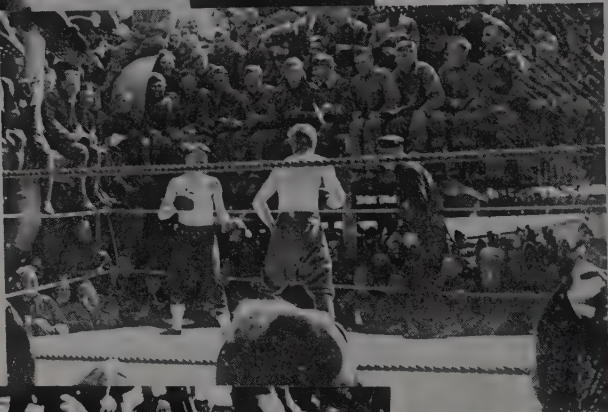
Who won
the War Jake?





Micky McCain
Cleans Up

A Bloody
Battle



The Cup Fight



U. S. S. Wilhelmina

AT SEA—HOMEWARD BOUND

Comdr. W. J. GILES, U. S. N.
Commanding

Colonel CARL PENNER, U. S. A.
Commanding Troops

ARMY & NAVY

Entertainment, May 3, 1919

Selection—Band (Army & Navy) —Bandmasters. . . . P. A. Migan & H. Winsauer
Bout No. 1 Petrie (Navy) vs. McCann (Army) Prize \$10.00
Instrumental Solo Pvt. G. Sutherland, Bakery Co. 324
Band Selection
Bout No. 2 Fostner (Navy) vs. Copen (Army) Prize \$10.00
Vocal Solo Pvt. R. Pendergast, A-120-F.A.
Band Selection
Bout No. 3 Cavanaugh (Navy) vs. Jenssen (Army) Prize \$10.00
Specialty—Cook George "Ole"—Pvt. E. J. Witkowski—Pvt. L. Fisher
Band Selection
Bout No. 4 Ski (Navy) vs. Black (Army) Prize \$10.00
Juggler E. J. Witkowski
Band Selection
Vocal Trio Privates J. Reynolds, T. McAveney & Sgt. C. Jones

CUP FIGHT—PRIZE \$10.00

H. G. Alston—C. W. Post—J. W. Hatney—L. Sheperd—C. H. Chandler

ANNOUNCER

J. F. LaSalle, Pharmacist

REFEREE

H. P. Gleason, Boatswain

COMMITTEES

NAVY

Lieut. A. R. Schofield, USN
Lieut. (jg) A. J. Dandeneau, USN
Pharmacist J. F. LaSalle, USN

ARMY

Capt. J. M. Clinch
Capt. B. VanBrunt, 120 FA
Lieut. Wm. Martin, 120 FA
Lieut. J. H. Jackson, 120 FA

REPRESENTATIVES

RED CROSS

K of C

Y. M. C. A.

JUDGES

Lt. Comdr. W. J. Blake,
USNRF
T. F. Mefford, Y. M. C. A.

J. M. Hurley, Red Cross

Lt. Col. I. A. Fish, USA
L. Raab, K. of C.



Land Ho!

Sunday, May 4, 1919.

Today, nearing home, as the old *Wilhelmina* steamed thru the mists of early morning, the decks were thronged with eager eyed soldiers watching closely for a first glimpse of our home shores. About nine o'clock, a low lying streak of dark cloud on our port bow developed into the rugged coast of New England and in a little while the sun broke thru, showing us the many landmarks along the capes and bays of Massachusetts. The pilot came aboard and soon we drew into Boston harbor. As we steamed slowly up the harbor, a naval vessel veered in close alongside and aboard it we saw the Wisconsin Welcoming Committee, who cheered and called for various people to wave, while we on board cheered back.

Then steaming into the docks, we were royally welcomed by the Red Cross ladies and other welfare organizations, who cheered and loosed a flock of red, white and blue rubber balloons and bombarded us with doughnuts and chocolate, and later fed us buns and coffee, etc.

Loading quickly on a three-section train, we pulled away for Camp Devens, finding cheering crowds all along the way at each town and cross road and railway yard to cheer and say "Welcome Home". We were surprised and indeed much gratified to be received in such fashion by the New England folks.

At Camp Devens, we detrained in a hurry and were soon in the two story barracks, like those we had occupied at Camp Merritt fifteen months ago. Mess and then delousing which continued till well into the small hours, before the entire regiment had passed thru. If any cooties survived, they can certainly tell of as harrowing experiences, as any soldier from the front.

Monday, May 5, 1919.

Camp Devens does not seem as well organized as some places we've been, but today we're settled down in fairly comfortable style and expect to leave soon for Camp Grant.

The 150th M. G. Bn. of the 42nd Division, old Wisconsin National Guardsmen are in Camp Devens. Photographers busy taking battery pictures. Many relatives arrive to welcome their returned "heroes". Mr. Jackson B. Kemper turns over to Colonel Penner \$1000.00 from the Milwaukee 32nd Division Homecoming Committee, to be used for any of the men who are "broke".

The Y. W. C. A. Hostess House makes us all feel at home.

Tuesday, May 6, 1919.

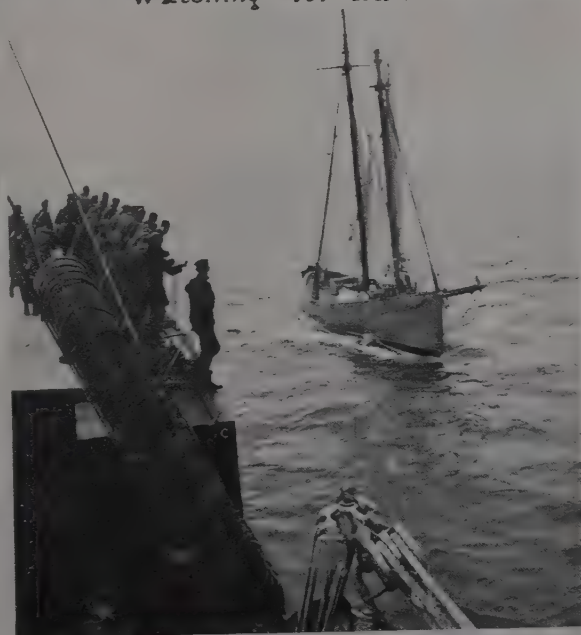
Much picture taking going on while we wait for trains to take us to Camp Grant, including movies to be shown at Milwaukee theatres. Officers and men who are to be discharged at camps other than Grant, preparing to leave for various destinations.

Wednesday, May 7, 1919.

During the morning, the regiment formed and marched to the outskirts of camp, where on a hillside amid practice trenches, barbed wire and underbrush, reminding us strongly of the Cote Dame Marie, we close in and unflinchingly face a battery of cameras for a regimental picture.



Watching for Land



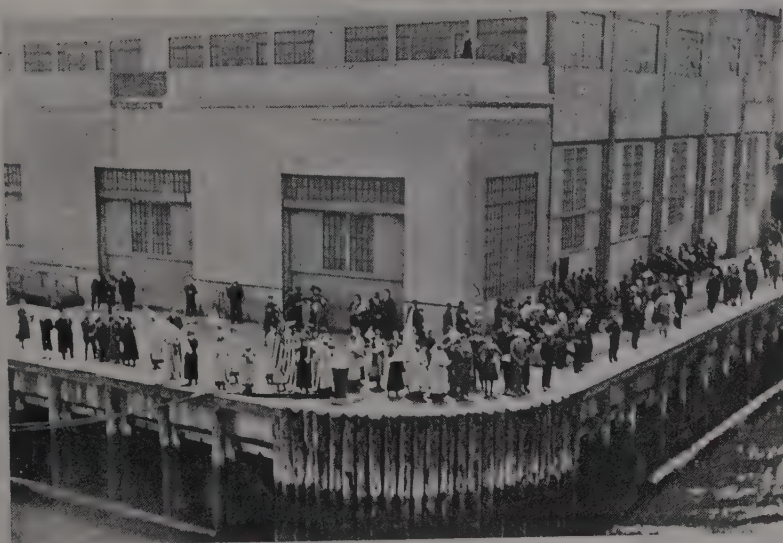
The Pilot comes Aboard



First Sight of U.S.A.



Milwaukee Welcoming Committee —



Boston Greet us Cheerily



What we dreamed About



Mr. F. A. Hathaway, of the Wisconsin Y. M. C. A. who made many friends in the regiment during our mobilization at Camp Douglas and training days at Waco, has come to Camp Devens to welcome us and arrange for an expedition to Boston.

Meeting in evening by representatives of all organizations of the regiment and the 120th Field Artillery Association is formed and a constitution adopted.

Thursday, May 8, 1919.

Three hundred strong, a party led by Colonel Penner, Major Kuechenmeister and Capt. A. H. Smith, under the guidance of Mr. Hathaway and financed by the Milwaukee fund, descends on Boston by special train. We are met by the Mayor's committee and march to the City Hall, taking in many old landmarks on the way. Address of welcome by Mayor Peters. We proceed to the State House and are welcomed in a speech by Governor Calvin Coolidge, who afterwards escorts us thru that historic building. Men are dismissed on Boston Common and scatter to see the sights. Assemble again in the afternoon and proceed to the ball park as the guests of the Red Sox and watch them beat Walter Johnson and the Washington Americans 3 to 0, after which we again scatter for individual sightseeing trips. The Y. M. C. A. provides sleeping accommodations for the night, at the Army and Navy "Y".

Friday, May 9, 1919.

Regiment begins the process of disintegration. Many tried and true friends begin to leave for various destinations. Special entertainment in evening at one of the "Y" huts for 120th F. A. and 150th M. G. Bn. Farewell talks by Colonel Penner of 120th and Major Graef of the 150th.

Saturday, May 10, 1919.

Meeting of representatives of all units to complete organization of 120th F. A. Association, in P. M. and the following officers were elected:

President, Col. Carl Penner; Vice-President, Capt. A. H. Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, Capt. C. F. Sammond; Chaplain, Father Wm. P. O'Connor; Historian, Lieut. H. M. Appel.

Dance in evening at Hostess House. Rain.

Sunday, May 11, 1919.

Rainy and cold. Preparations for move tomorrow. Heavy baggage loaded.

Monday, May 12, 1919.

At 12:30 P. M. assembly and roll call and at 2:00 P. M., headed by the band playing "On Wisconsin", we march to the trains for our last journey as a regiment. Sleepers, Oh Boy! We pull out at 2:45 P. M. and begin a beautiful journey thru New England. Regiment now traveling in two sections as we have only a little over a thousand men left on our rolls, all those whose homes were nearer to some other camp than Grant, having been detached at Devens. Our segregation lists show that our regiment, recruited to 1500 men wholly in Wisconsin two years ago, had on its rolls at time of sailing homeward, men from every state in the union and one each from Canada and Mexico as well, and with a normal strength of 1500 men, over 2700 men have been on the rolls in the two years.



Tuesday, May 13, 1919.

Woke in the morning to find ourselves at Suspension Bridge. During a long stop at Niagara Falls, where both sections of the train met, the men were marched down to the gorge and enjoyed the view. About 2:00 P. M. we stopped for an hour at St. Thomas, Canada, which recalled our stop there in February of a year ago. At Windsor we were ferried across to Detroit and in the railroad yards we passed thru a specially constructed chow car from which the Red Cross fed us bountifully, while the band played all the old standbys. At 9:00 P. M. we pulled out for Chicago.

Wednesday, May 14, 1919.

Seven A. M. found us passing thru Chicago and shortly before noon we pulled into Camp Grant where many relatives were on hand to greet us. For the last time we form and march to the barracks, behind the old band. Officers and men assigned to barracks and now we begin the final work of breaking up the regiment. Camp officers give the assembled battery officers instructions and we immediately begin preparations for turning in such property as we still have.

Thursday, May 15, 1919.

Men and officers begin going thru the discharge "mill". All battery and company council books receive final audit and books, vouchers and remaining funds are turned in. Needless to say, very little money remained in any fund.

Major Driver, Assistant Adjutant General of Wisconsin in camp arranging for special trains to home towns of our various units. Wisconsin Legislature visits camp in a body to welcome home the Wisconsin men of the 32nd Division. Captain Swift former Battery "A" commander, wounded in the Argonne, visits regiment, almost fully recovered. 121st F. A., 127th Inf., 128th Inf. arriving in camp. In the evening we assemble all of the men at one of the barracks and Colonel Penner announces arrangements for transportation to homes and bids all a final farewell.

Friday, May 16, 1919.

Today practically all discharges have been completed and many are leaving for their homes. Officers listen patiently to the discharge lecture by a solemn old colonel of the Regular Army, painting the beauties of universal military service. Recruiting officers of the Army diligently solicit enlistments among the men, with very small results. All except Batteries "E" and "F" receive final pay and \$60.00 bonus. Practically all men from the home towns of the regiment are waiting over till tomorrow to go home on the special trains with the gang.

Saturday, May 17, 1919.

Batteries "E" and "F" paid off this morning. All discharges, except those of a few special cases, were completed yesterday and today special trains are leaving for the home cities where the units of the regiment were organized. Great receptions await the boyish veterans of the 120th. The largest group, composed of Battery "A", parts of Batteries "B", "C", and "D" and of Supply Company and Headquarters Company leaves on a special over the C.&N.W. Railway, arriving in Milwaukee about 1 P. M.



OUR COLORS PASS FOR THE LAST TIME



They are the first of the Thirty-second Divisions units to arrive home and it seems to the home-comers as if the whole population of the city had packed itself about the station. The eager men pile out on the platform, with no top kicker bawling "Fall in"; happy reunions everywhere as waiting mothers find their husky sons. A few brave mothers and fathers of sons who didn't come back are there to add their welcome for those who did. The cheers of thousands drown the brass bands. Happy groups make their way to the lines of waiting automobiles and are whisked away to their homes. The crowds disperse.

A pile of battered O. D. trunks and officers' rolls in the deserted train shed; scattered graves on French hillside; happy homes and desolate ones. These are the reminders of the two years of toil and sacrifice and suffering that went into the moulding of a powerful, high spirited regiment. The 120th Field Artillery will march and fight no more.

Finis la Guerre.

* * *

Last Page From A Private Diary

After Seven Years

Time has erased the sourness engendered by those trying post-war months. Has dulled the edge of sorrows and grievances. Blurred the memories of things, both good and bad.

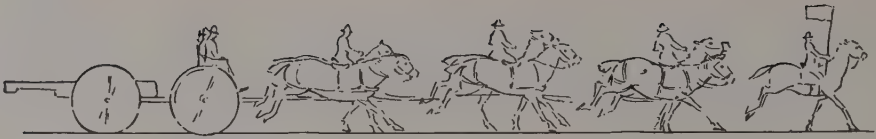
The most frequent thought to come to me as I read thru different pages detailing the activities of one day or another, is a question—"Did this ever really happen—or is it but a dream?"

The years have brought their changes in people and in circumstances. Some old time comrades have disappeared. From others comes the infrequent word direct or second hand, with news of progress and activities. A few old friends remain at hand, treasured as Life's rarest blessings. Gradually the "War" is slipping from present interest into the archives of the Past, and soon naught but remembrance of its excitement, its romance, its glamorous appeal will remain.

What the Future holds in store, none may say. But probably it will bring other wars to inflame the minds and excite the imagination of Youth in that day, as it did in mine. Doubtless a time will come despite our fondest hopes, when our babies of today, grown then into man's estate, must choose to fight for the flag we followed.

And if such evil days do come, I hope that then this rather tiresome record of one individual's experience in the "Great War" may in a measure forewarn them of the trials which lie ahead, and strengthen them with the knowledge that a soldier's greatest hardships and heart aches are not experienced upon the actual fields of battle, but that they come from the endless chain of monotonous days doing anything else but fighting.

In the final analysis, the greatest of all a soldier's weapons, and the hardest one to master, is—patience.



Part 2

THE SUNDAY SENTINEL

Part 2

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1919

THOUSANDS ACCLAIM RETURNING RED ARROW SOLDIERS

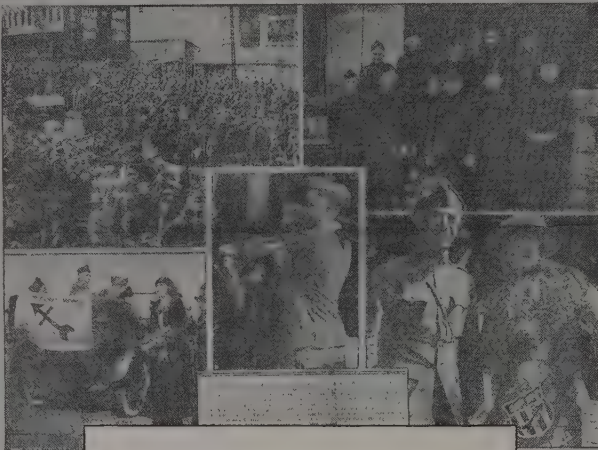
KIN REJOICE AND SOLDIERS ARE FEASTED

Joyous Celebrations Are Held in Homes of Returned Members of the 120th

MANY JOIN IN WELCOME TO THIRTY-SECOND MEN

Army and Navy Ochs, Thelers and Baseball Club Will Entertain Veterans of War.

SCENES AT THE DEPOT WHEN "LES TERRIBLES" REACHED HOME AFTER OVERSEAS SERVICE



120TH GIVEN BIG WELCOME UPON RETURN

Thousands Hour Greeting to Artillerymen of The 120th as They Reach the City.

WAITING AUTOS CARRY YANKS TO THEIR HOMES

Col. Penner Given Tribute From War Mothers as He Steps Off Red Arrow Special From Camp.

MOST MEMORABLE DAY OF MY LIFE

Col. Penner Says He Can Not Express Appreciation of Big Reception.

SOLDIERS FEEL REPRISE

Men in the Army of the United States.

SOLDIERS OF 32ND PROUD OF RECORD

Victory in the World War.

HAVE SPECIAL CITATIONS

Engineers of the Army of the United States.

Relic
of
that "Day of Days"
when we came
Home!

Printed and Engraved By
HAMMERSMITH-KORTMEYER COMPANY
116 East Michigan Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

